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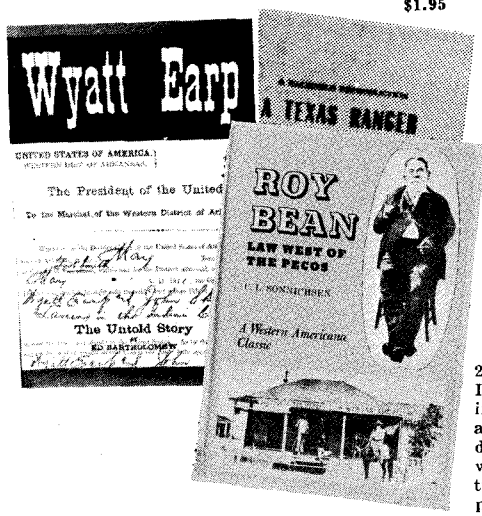

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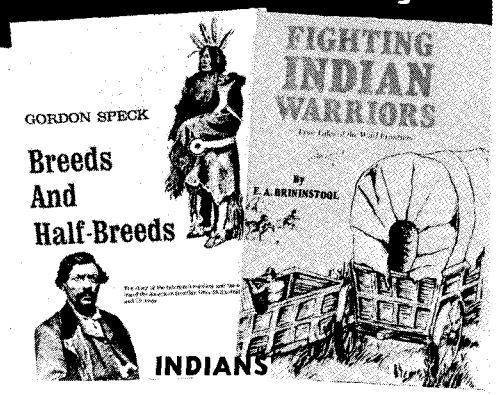

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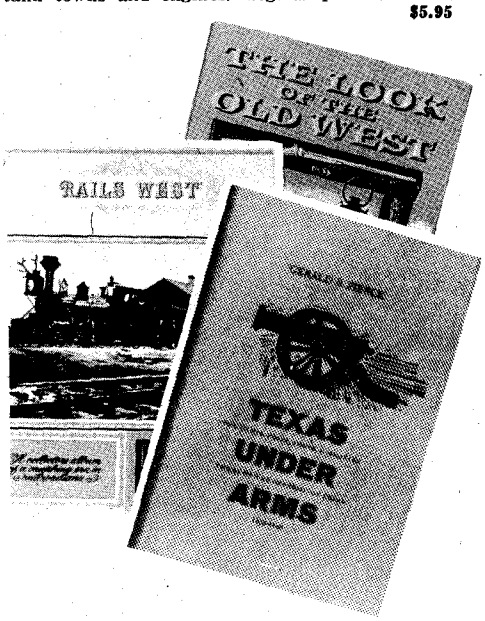

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Volume 20, No. 6
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True West

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TWENTY YEARS—
—And I Ain't Scalped Yet!

TWO DECADES is a heckuva long time to stay in the publishing business and still keep your hair—not to mention your ragged shirt and tail-feathers! And not to mention your senses (which are only a few inches under your scalp)!

It all started in the summer of 1952 in a very small cabin exactly thirty-two feet from beautiful Dell Creek in the Hoback country of Wyoming. I mean, that was the first *physical* work done on TRUE WEST, a simple title that came to me one night at three a.m. when I had associated every other term that could possibly go with "West," except the one word appropriate to what I wanted to tell—the actual *truth* about what happened out there beyond the Mississippi long years ago and why.

The *idea*, however, started way back in 1934 when I was going to a business school in Fort Worth. For the life of me I can't remember why I was in the office of a bank president up there (probably to try and float a small loan!), but I can remember *very* clearly that he pulled a pulp fiction Western from a drawer of his desk, slammed it down in front of me with a startling bang, and asked rather righteously, "When is someone going to publish a magazine about the West that a man can leave on his desk!"

It startled me so that I don't even remember the answer I gave. It was probably something brilliant like "I dunnoooo. . . ."

This man told me that he read Westerns at night before going to bed, that he loved Westerns, but was flat ashamed to keep the pulp-type magazines around where people could see them. I had no idea that eighteen years later I would be the man who would at least *try* to improve the "Western." In those days I was writing pulp fiction myself to get through school, and my name was on the cover of that magazine he showed me—in fact, that is why he slammed it down under my face! I thought that one over for quite a spell.

(Continued on page 74)

Illustration by Willard Ballow

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Pack Train

I would like to know if any of your readers can tell me where Mesquite Pass is, and if anyone would know of a Jack Hollom Freighting and Pack Train Company in the Western states in the 1890s. —Lela C. Baratta, 1986 Continental Drive, N.E., Atlanta, Georgia 30345

Electronics Pioneer

Your write-up in the December 1972 issue brought back old memories of the Lone Ranger (WXYZ), as I saw it first hand. My old friend, Alvin Schaub, was radio engineer at the station until he retired a year or so ago. We were going through the studio one day and found ourselves in the sound effects room while they were rehearsing the Green Hornet, which was also a WXYZ production. WXYZ received top awards for their sound effects. At the time I was there they were using a leather cushion, struck by a wooden bar, to represent Silver's hoofs. They also used coconut shells on marble for riding in the rocks, a sand box for riding in the desert, and a gravel box when riding in the river bottom. The sound was well timed. When Silver was walking or running the sound was matched accordingly. Dozens of sound effects went into a single program.

At the time they were rehearsing the Green Hornet, it was a restaurant scene. The sound men were moving plates, cups and silverware and talking, it being picked up by a microphone nearby. Thanks for the memory.

This write-up also brought back the days when I started my own sound business in 1919. I was the first to receive radio in northern Michigan, later pioneering Ham radiophone, FM, FM-stereo and T.V. I was the sole owner and manager for over fifty-two years. I guess you would call that pioneering in the electronics field.—Jim C. Moulton, Route 1, Grawn, Michigan 49637

Threepersons

I am very much interested in corresponding with anyone knowing the Indian lawman Tom Threepersons.—Philip M. Lo Piccolo, 1066 Route 9, (River Avenue), Lakewood, New Jersey 08701

Those Durn State Lines!

Reference to the February '73 issue of TRUE WEST, "Rolling Stone" by Lynn S. Langfield, photo "Hotel Chewaucan in Paisley, California."

Goose Lake is south of Lakeview and Paisley is, as the story says, north a two-day walk, in Oregon, not in California. I guess two slaps across the "seat covers" with a wet TRUE WEST will be an adequate punishment.

"Chewaucan" literally means a squaw can walk across it without getting wet in the summer time.—Steve Peters, 2427 California Avenue, Klamath Falls, Oregon 97601

Skroh

I would appreciate any information about the murder of a man and wife in Monte Vista, Colorado about 1920. They were my relatives by marriage. Both were killed by a neighbor. Their names were Mr. and Mrs. Skroh.—John Bata, Box 451, Needville, Texas 77461

Notes on Transportation

I was born in 1907 and raised on the plains of Texas and have traveled extensively in most southwestern states, so a lot of your stories are doubly interesting to me, as I have been in the locale of their making. The only person that I have known personally that I read about in your magazines is J. Frank Norfleet of Hale Center, Texas. We borrowed a fish seine from him in 1925 and went to "Harts Camp" and had a big fish fry. At that time Harts Camp was a dirt dam on, I believe, Running Water Draw. It was a watering place for the Spade Ranch and was well supplied with tasty catfish.

My father, J. W. Roberson, freighted from the railhead at Amarillo to Plainview, Petersburg and other towns. He drove oxen and, later, horses and mules. He was a pioneer in West Texas and held the office of county commissioner for two terms. We lived in Petersburg and he traveled by wagon to Plainview to hold court. I used to go with him and we stayed in a wagonyard and cooked our own grub. I was so young I got in the picture show free.

We left the plains to go to Kentucky in 1917 in a Model T Ford. The roads through Oklahoma were still just wagon roads and the farther east we got, the worse the roads. Finally, just before we left the State of Oklahoma, we hit a stump in the road that knocked our T Model bowlegged. We finally limped to Siloam Springs, Arkansas and could not find a mechanic in town (there was none). So a blacksmith named Sweet took the front end apart and worked two days on it. He had to weld some parts on his forge. For this he charged three dollars and did a perfect job. The country around Siloam was so beautiful that Dad bought a farm there while we

(Continued on page 38)

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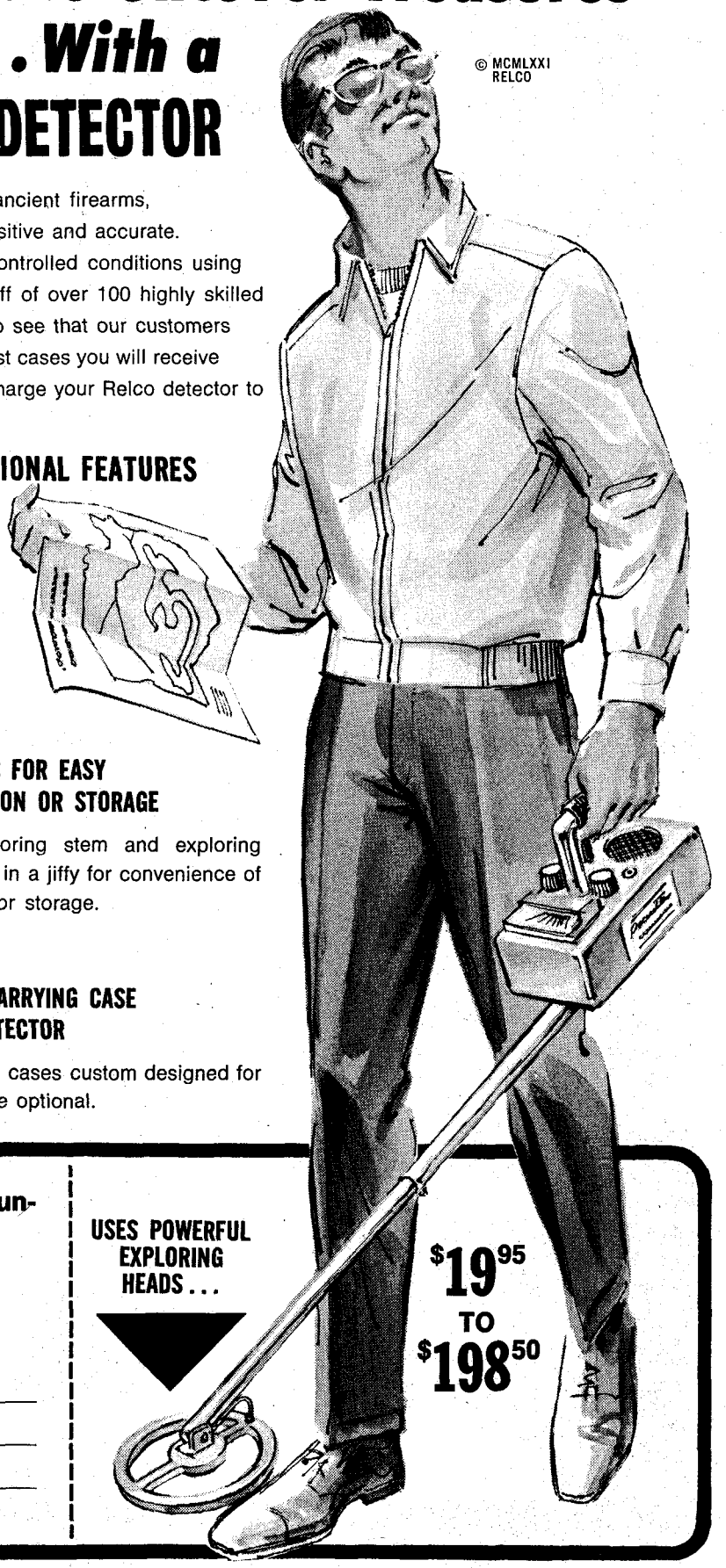

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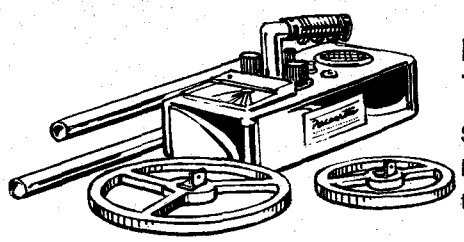

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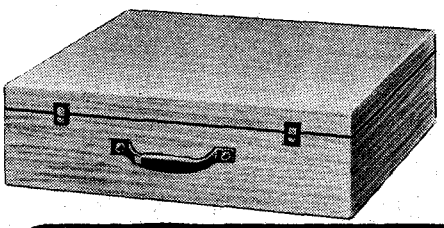

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For almost fifty years one family ran Las Vegas, New of the city were passed. They did much good, and per

THE SHERIFFS OF SAN MIGUEL

By MILTON W. CALLON

Photos Courtesy Author

Secundino Romero

Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

"BROWN is in jail awaiting trial, and may be lynched tonight." It was in this manner that Russell Kistler, owner and editor of the *Optic* of Las Vegas, New Mexico, forecast the tragedy of the early morning hours of July 13, 1882. He was unaware that Brown's peril would also launch the legendary career of the incumbent sheriff, Hilario Romero; or that a regime would be born which was to reign with an iron hand in San Miguel County for almost a half-century and become familiarly known as the "copper-riveted political machine."

W. G. Brown was the alleged murderer of Frank Mair, owner of the West Side Meat Market. Mair was a kindly old German who loved his schnapps and spent most of his evenings in the Las Vegas Beer Garden. Brown had worked in Mair's slaughterhouse until his employer caught him stealing and selling some of the company beef.

While serving a three months' jail sentence for his crime, Brown openly threatened to "do the old man in" after being released. And he meant it.

On the night of July 12, 1882, when the Las Vegas Beer Garden closed, Frank Mair stepped out on the street to stagger home. Brown accosted him a short distance from the bar and pistol-whipped him into unconsciousness. Mair died almost immediately from a fractured skull.

The accommodating meat market proprietor was well liked by the people of Las Vegas, and editor Kistler's prediction was academic—a virtual cinch.

Sheriff Hilario Romero, age thirty-nine, had lost some prisoners to a lynch mob the previous year, and had promised himself never to suffer such an ignominious situation again.

Lynching was almost a way of life in Las Vegas after the coming of the railroad in 1879 and, according to Miguel A. Otero in his book *My Life On The Frontier*, the formation of a vigilante group was as casual and unconcealed as a holiday celebration.

POSTERS appeared throughout the community calling the vigilantes together, and by nine in the evening a crowd was gathered in the plaza of Old Town. The central committee of the vigilantes met in secret. A new rope was purchased, greased and tied in the proper knot; false faces were provided and a large battering ram was procured to smash in the doors of the jail.

In the meantime, Sheriff Romero was making preparations of his own. He strengthened his corps of deputies to fifteen and all were posted atop the buildings around the plaza, armed with Winchesters. At half past twelve in the morning the leaders of the lynch mob moved on the jail. Three assaults were

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Mexico. From brother to brother, father to son, the keys taps some harm—these fearless and powerful Romeros . . .

made on the doors to no avail.

From that point on, reports vary. Some said that Romero fired warning shots over the heads of the vigilantes from his post atop the jail; others claimed that Romero and his deputies fired directly into them.

According to Editor Kistler, "The sheriff called to the crowd to desist but they paid no heed to the command, whereupon the guards fired three volleys from Winchesters. Four men fell badly wounded. Ed Browne (a young boy of fourteen and an innocent bystander) was shot three times in the thigh and leg. Fritz Meerbold had his thighbone badly shattered; James Shora had his instep broken and an unknown man was injured in the leg. The former two will die. Another attempt will probably be made tonight by a stronger body of vigilantes."

The *Optic* editor couldn't stand prosperity in the matter of his prognostications. His average plummeted considerably when the citizens of Las Vegas decided that Sheriff Hilario Romero was not going to cooperate in their vigilante games. There would be a trial. W. G. Brown was found guilty of murder at the March term of court in 1883. He served seven years of the sentence before being pardoned by the governor. Shortly after his release he was reportedly "run over by a railroad train and crushed to death."

THE LEGEND of Hilario Romero began amidst the resounding thuds of a battering ram, the sharp reports of Winchesters, and screams of the wounded. Hilario was the third son of five born to Mr. and Mrs. Miguel Romero of Santa Fe County. The Romero family moved to Las Vegas in 1851 and Miguel began freighting on the Santa Fe Trail.

Hilario's brothers were Eugenio, Trinidad, Benigno and Margarito. His brothers were destined not only to enhance the Romero legend of "law and order" but to build an invincible political machine, perpetuated further by two sons of Eugenio—Secundino and Cleofes.

Most of the old-timers held Hilario Romero in legendary esteem. He was "fearless," "courageous," "strong," "honest," and generally referred to as "the best lawman that San Miguel County ever had."

The most frequently told incidents in his life, such as the following, lend credence to his prowess as a law enforcer. Nicholas Aragon worked for a Texan near Liberty, New Mexico, now Tucumcari. At a particularly slow period he asked his boss to pay him what was due so he could take provisions to his family at Park Spring, just a few miles southeast of Las Vegas. When the Texan refused to give him money or a leave, Ara-

The Romero brothers. Standing on left, Benigno; at right, Trinidad. Seated left to right: Hilario, Margarito, and Eugenio.

Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

Cleofes Romero

Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

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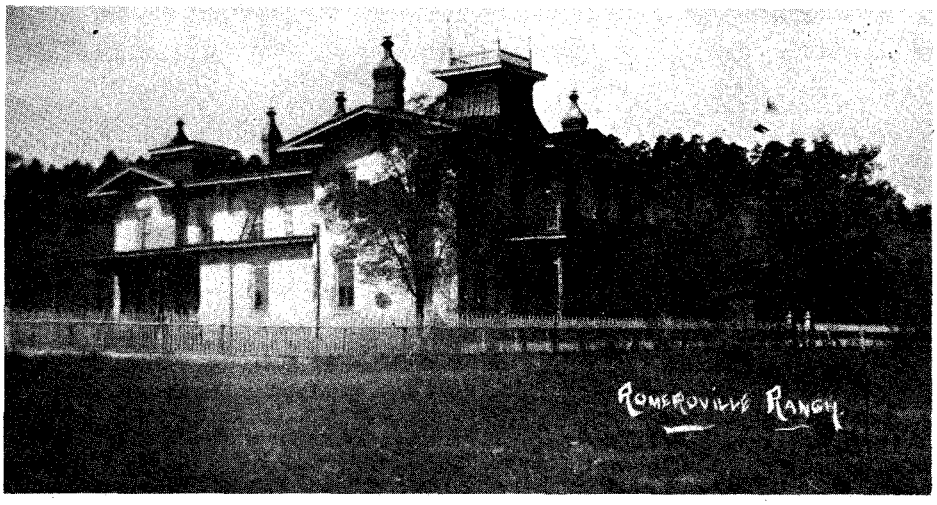

The 32-room mansion built by Trinidad Romero. It burned to the ground in 1832.

gon rustled three cows and headed for home. The law was quickly on his trail.

The posse, composed of more amateurs than professionals, set up an ambush for their quarry. In the maneuvering, Aragon backtracked and hid in an arroyo. Through carelessness or over-confidence, two members of the posse exposed themselves and were promptly killed by Aragon. The remaining members took off in one direction and the fugitive in another, leaving the three cows to the next branding iron.

The posse soon reorganized with additional members and trailed Aragon to his home where they trapped him under heavy gunfire. After Aragon killed another deputy the leader of the posse sent a messenger to Las Vegas to bring up Hilario Romero and his deputies.

Hilario arrived on the scene alone. He chided the officers severely and stated that he would take the culprit "without harming a hair on his head." Scouting around the adobe hut until he came within speaking distance, Hilario called out for Aragon's surrender and added, "If you give yourself up I'll see that you are not hanged."

After a few tense moments Aragon asked, "*Quien es*?"

"The sheriff of San Miguel," Romero replied.

Aragon asked him to step out where he could be seen. When Romero showed himself, Aragon surrendered immediately.

As the sheriff walked into the hut he noticed a rifle and pistol on the floor. He instructed his prisoner to pick up the rifle and holster his pistol. He then said, "Come with me. If they kill you, they'll have to kill me too."

The fearless action of Sheriff Romero put him in full command of the situation. He informed the impromptu posse that he was taking his prisoner to the penitentiary in Santa Fe, about sixty-five miles to the west. He had promised Aragon that he wouldn't be hanged and he didn't want to take a chance with another Las Vegas vigilante mob. Those who were familiar with the incident say that Romero slept under the stars with his prisoner the night before they reached Santa Fe.

Another occasion in Hilario's career as sheriff is worth noting. The ranchers in the Anton Chico area, about thirty miles south of Las Vegas, were being harassed continually by a notorious and extremely dangerous Indian. No one cared to try to bridle him. When his depredations exceeded the tolerance of the townfolk and the sheriff, Hilario sent word to the Indian to come into town and "take your medicine." The Indian replied by a friendly courier that if Hilario Romero was man enough he would come out and bring him in himself.

Upon receiving the challenge, Romero sent two of his men to bring the Indian in the best way they could. After being welcomed by a barrage of gunfire from the Indian's house the two deputies returned to say that two men weren't enough to make the arrest. This brought a scoffing rebuke by the sheriff, who vowed he would bring the Indian in without benefit of a rifle or hand gun.

In a short time Hilario came up with a plan. He sent a few dollars to a man who lived in the vicinity of the Indian's home and instructed his friend to throw a *baile*. The sheriff specifically requested that the Indian be invited to the dance. On the arranged evening, Hilario and one of his deputies attended the dance and waited outside until the Indian was well into the swing of things—firewater and the ever-increasing tempo of the Spanish dances.

At an opportune moment Hilario and his deputy slipped up behind the Indian and attempted to overpower him. The Indian's strength matched the best the lawmen could muster. The deputy was hurled across the room and the sheriff found himself facing his adversary alone. The Indian managed to get to his knife and was lunging with vicious strokes.

"Shall I shoot him, Sheriff?" yelled the deputy.

"Shoot him, hell!" Hilario answered. "Use your strength and help me!"

The drunken condition of the Indian began to take its toll as the brawl continued. While the deputy would momentarily immobilize the victim's arms from the rear, Hilario would step in with his Sunday punches. The officers finally prevailed and the Indian was shackled for a ride to the Las Vegas jail. It was in this tradition that Hilario Romero earned his legendary place among the sheriffs of San Miguel County—bring 'em back alive, relatively unharmed and without the aid of the customary hardware.

An old bottle that once contained the Romero Drug Company's "cure-all," La Sanadora.

HILARIO served two terms as sheriff and retired from law enforcement in 1886 to join his brother Trinidad in the freighting and mercantile business. The eldest Romero brother, Eugenio, was elected to succeed his brother. Eugenio's exploits as sheriff were more political than judicial. He served one term and then sought more lucrative political fields.

Lorenzo Lopez, the mayor who had arbitrarily divided the two communities in 1884 by declaring the incorporation of the City of Las Vegas illegal, succeeded Eugenio. This was a job Lopez had wanted for some time. He had gathered a motley gang of toughs and organized them into what was known as *Partido del Pueblo Unido* (United Peoples Party). Within the framework of this political group were two affiliated organ-

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izations, *La Sociedad de Bandidos de Nuevo Mejico,* (The Society of Bandits of New Mexico), and *Gorras Blancas* (White Caps).

The Las Vegas Land Grant totaling 500,000 acres had not been patented by the Court of Private Land Claims and was being contested in the courts. The heirs of the original petitioners were striving to gain control of the vast acreage. Lorenzo Lopez was among the leaders of his group, whose Ku Klux Klan tactics, fence cutting and cattle rustling were their principal attributes. No one's property was safe unless he qualified an an "original land grant heir" under Lorenzo Lopez's interpretation of the term.

Rising within this criminal aggregation was an ambitious saloonkeeper, Vincente Silva. The laxity of the law within the sheriff's office permitted Silva to organize his own gang of thieves and add vicious murders to the list of crimes. He soon was termed "New Mexico's Vice King of the Nineties." From 1889 to 1895 law enforcement was an unknown quantity in San Miguel County.

Lorenzo Lopez's United Peoples Party remained in control of the sheriff's office until 1895. During this period the more respectable people of the county organized a vigilante group which they called *Sociedad de Mutua Proteccion* (Society of Mutual Protection). They campaigned vigorously against the forces of the Lopez party and prevailed upon Hilario Romero to again run for sheriff. His reputation clinched the election and ultimately sealed the fate of the Silva gang and the United Peoples Party.

Vincente was indirectly responsible for his own death. The Silvas had adopted a daughter when it became evident that they were never going to have children of their own. To satisfy his ego, Vincente made love to another woman and when she became pregnant she insisted that her child bear the Silva name.

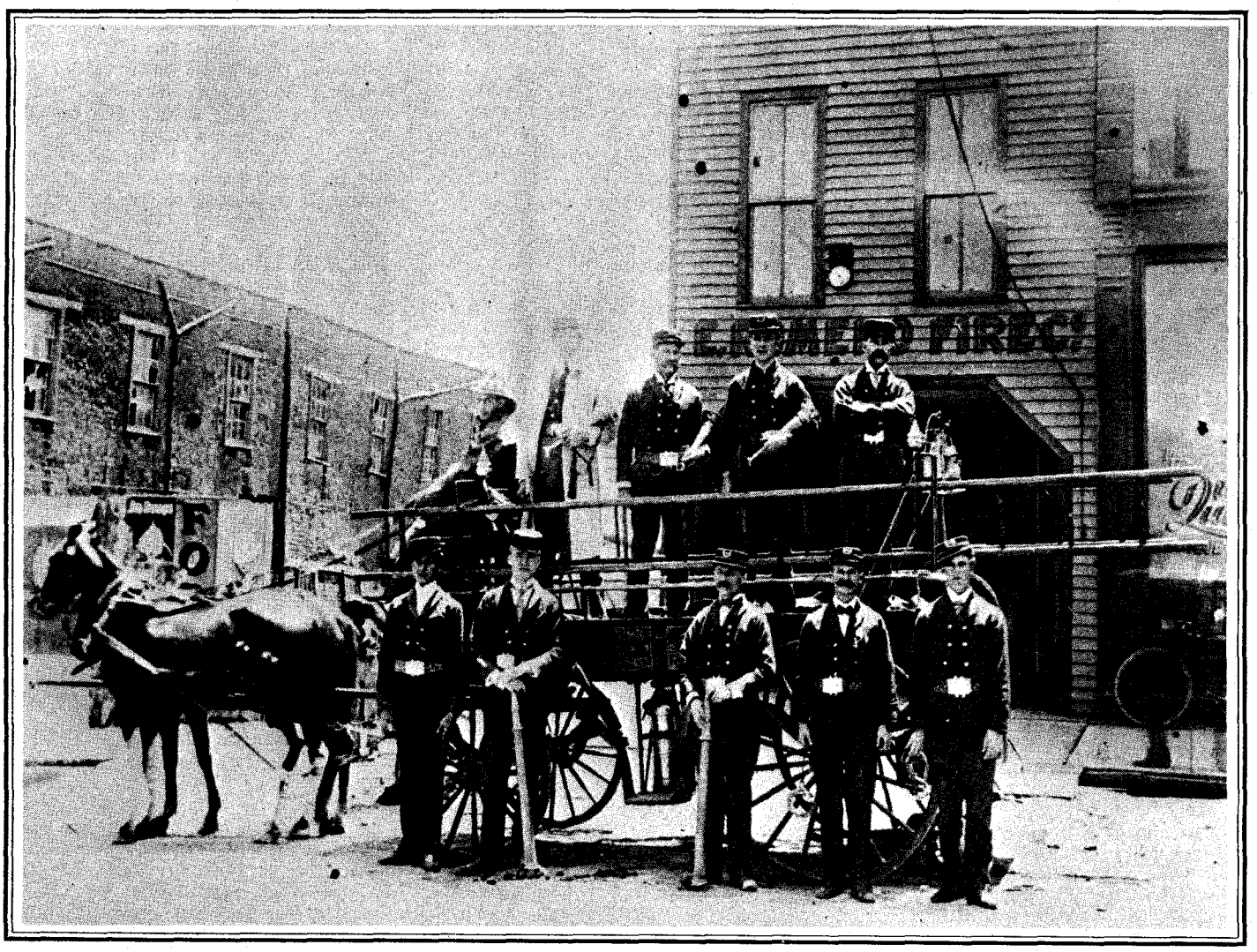
Vincente solved the problem by kidnapping his adopted daughter, and by a clever ruse luring his wife out to a secluded ranch on the pretense that the girl would be waiting there. Upon his wife's arrival, Vincente brutally murdered her and buried her body in an arroyo. But there was to be no new Mrs. Silva.

Unfortunately for the groom-to-be he had needed the aid of a few members of his gang. They were so disgusted with his brutality that they dealt the same medicine to Mr. Silva. (The bulging money belt he wore around his waist was no less a factor in the murder.)

SHERIFF Hilario Romero began to put things right in San Miguel County and by the turn of the century the Romero family was in full power. He retired in 1898 and, although a man by the name of Montaño was elected sheriff, Cleofes Romero, eldest son of Eugenio, served as chief deputy and practically ran the office through the strength of the Romero name. Margarito Romero, brother of Eugenio, was the county tax collector in 1900 and retired in favor of Eugenio at election time. Secundino Romero, the third son of Eugenio, was district court clerk, and another of Eugenio's brothers, Benigno, was president of the Board of the Insane Hospital in Las Vegas.

It wasn't long before the people of the town realized that in cleaning up the county's crime they had traded one form of dictatorship for another. On November 2, 1900, shortly after Cleofes Romero was elected sheriff for his first term, the *Optic* came out with a banner line reading: THE ROMERO FAMILY HAS DRAWN $200,000 FROM THE COUNTY. The next day the *Optic* blazed forth with a front page cartoon depicting Eugenio as an organ grinder (mustachio and goatee) with "baby Cleofes," gavel in hand, seated on the hand organ and Secundino with cup in hand thrust for-

The E. Romero Fire Company hook and ladder team; Ludwig Ilfeld, driver.



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ward at the door marked "*Votantes.*" The caption line read: "The 'Steenth Biennial Tour of the Romero Family for the Suffrage of the People."

The rivets were set and punched with the election of Cleofes Romero as sheriff. The "copper-riveted political machine" was in high gear.

Cleofes proved to be a tough *hombre* when it came to law enforcement. He received more press notices than his legendary Uncle Hilario. On February 10, 1906 the *Optic* reported the following:

"Sheriff Cleofes Romero returned last night on No. 9 to this city with Oscar E. Coffin, who was indicted by the recent Grand Jury for grand larceny, and whom the officer captured at Terre Haute, Indiana, after a chase of nine days and nights through five states of the Union.

"Coffin was employed as a switchman in the local Santa Fe yards and on August the 4th of last year was discharged. He received his time check and also a check for 66 cents for overtime and on presenting them to the cashier the latter made a mistake and gave him $66 for the overtime check. Coffin left immediately for parts unknown, and nothing was done until he was indicted for grand larceny by the Grand Jury and the warrant was turned over to the Sheriff.

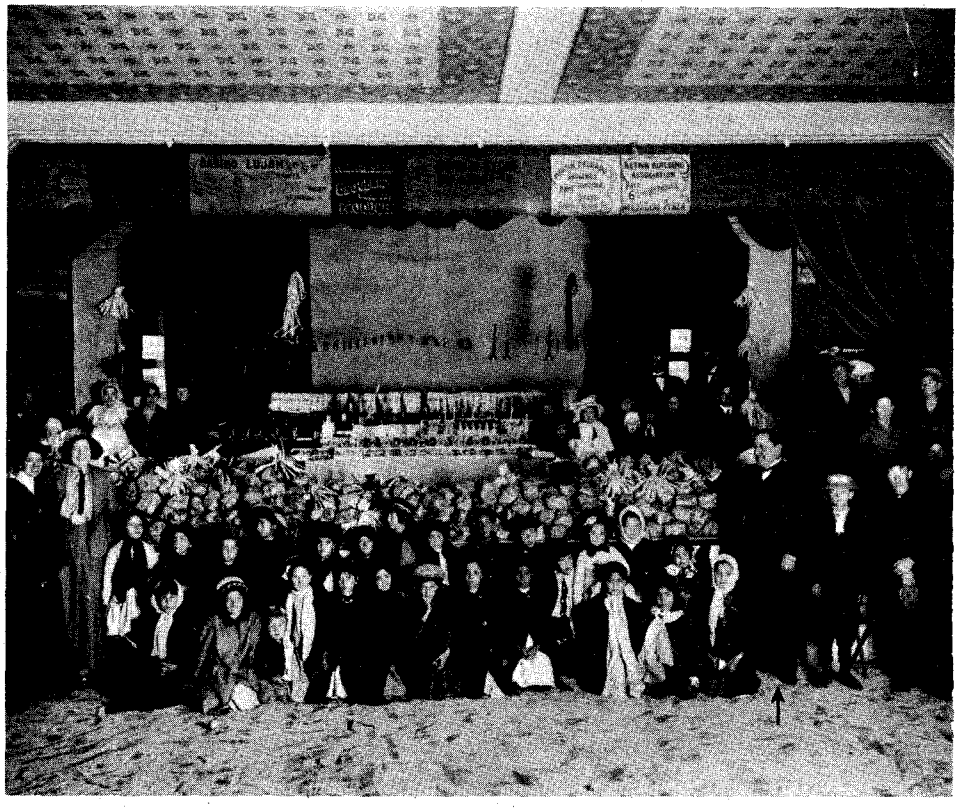
"In company with the railroad detective, Ben Williams, he traced his man to Kansas City, then to Galesburg, Illinois, from there to Chicago, and beat him by half a day to Terre Haute, Indiana.

"Here the officers laid in wait for their man and got track of him when he applied for a position at the railroad shops. He was promised a position and was later lured from his house by a young local deputy sheriff dressed as an engineer and was arrested by Sheriff Romero."

Cleofes also showed some of his uncle's guttiness while taking a convicted murderer to the penitentiary in Santa Fe. He permitted his prisoner to go to the toilet on a fast passenger train on the way to the prison. The culprit jumped through the toilet window with Cleofes close behind him. They landed fifteen feet apart. The sheriff was thrown head over heels among the rocks and underbrush. But the storytellers say he came to his feet bleeding profusely from his cuts "with his six-shooter in his hand and the fugitive covered."

UNDER the tutelage of his esteemed Uncle Hilario, Sheriff Cleofes Romero learned all the fine points of law enforcement. He was tough, and could be brutal. He had his informers and knew the crime records and patterns of habitual criminals. He had also learned the art of cunning deception. This was best displayed in the case involving the rape of Margaret Carling, a Las Vegas telephone operator.

Miss Carling was on her way home from work on the night of February 10, 1908 when she was attacked by two men. She was dragged into the alley and viciously assaulted by one of her assailants. She was severely beaten and raped.



Annual benefit for children of Las Vegas sponsored by Margarito Romero (on far right).

The attackers escaped before help arrived in answer to her screams. The following day suspects were rounded up but all provided solid alibis.

Cleofes was not immediately informed of the crime but when the news reached him he began visiting saloons with questions for the bartenders and patrons. Suspicion fell heavily on one, Felipe Garcia, an unsavory character who had already served a term in the penitentiary for a similar assault. Romero took him into custody.

When the suspect stoutly maintained his innocence, the sheriff devised a ruse. The method used to obtain a confession is best told in the parlance of the day. The *Optic* reported: "Sheriff Romero procured the preliminary confession late last night by strategy, completely breaking down the man's nerve. At about 11 o'clock he rushed to the prisoner's cell and dragged him out. Standing before the barred doors of the reception room of the jail, were fifteen or twenty men armed with rifles and revolvers, causing a terrible commotion. Garcia immediately wanted to know what was the matter and the officer told him that a mob was there to take him out and hang him. He informed the prisoner that if he would tell him all, he would defend him from the mob to his last breath, but if he remained obstinate, he would turn him over to the tender mercies of the citizens.

"The inhuman fiend immediately told the sheriff the entire story, but declared that his companion was a tramp and he did not know his name. The sheriff told him that he knew he was lying as he would not take a tramp with him on an affair of that kind, and then he changed his story and asserted that the man was a baker and had left the city. The sheriff took Garcia by the arm and started to lead him towards the men waiting outside and the prisoner drew back and informed the officer that Prudencio Martinez was the man wanted.

"The prisoner was informed after he told the story that the mob was only one organized as a ruse to get him to confess. . . ."

FEBRUARY 1908 was a busy period for Sheriff Cleofes Romero. Before the Carling story left the front pages of the *Optic*, the brutal murder of J. H. Teitlebaum splashed across the headlines. Teitlebaum was a well-known Jewish merchant and real estate man of Las Vegas. He also had a store in Tecolote, New Mexico, ten miles southwest of the city. The community was shocked to hear that he had been bludgeoned to death in his home adjoining his store in Tecolote.

The body was discovered on February 16. Indications were that he had been struck on the head. It was the opinion of examiners that he had been hit with a coal oil bottle and then jabbed in the face with the neck and broken edges of the bottle. The body apparently had been brutally kicked around the floor after death.

Cleofes Romero didn't get the news until the day following the discovery of the crime. He took off for the tough little backwoods village on a seemingly cold trail. As was his custom in all such cases, he frequented the saloons and bistros, plying the habitués with questions. Soon he discovered that David Encinias of Tecolote had been spending money like a counterfeiter. When he learned that

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Encinias hadn't worked in weeks he confronted him with an accusation of murder. The suspect's nervous attitude convinced the sheriff that he had the murderer—or at least an accomplice—so he carted Encinias to the Las Vegas jail. Two of Encinias' cronies also were picked up—Estevan Dominguez and Leandro Romero (no relation to the sheriff).

The prisoners were kept apart and after considerable questioning without results, the sheriff confronted Dominguez and Romero with a confession by Encinias purported to involve Dominguez and Romero in the murder. Romero cracked under the strain and told a wild story of robbery and assault.

Leandro Romero incriminated Teitlebaum's wife, a young and beautiful Spanish girl, accusing her of suggesting that he could solve all their problems if he murdered her husband. Leandro said she had become tired of her sixty-year-old husband.

The *Optic's* accounts of the Teitlebaum murder were laced with the brave and brilliant exploits of the heroic sheriff who had solved the case. He moved up rapidly in political esteem throughout the state and when the incumbent warden of the state penitentiary at Santa Fe was forced to resign, Cleofes Romero was appointed to fill the position.

Upon his appointment on March 21, 1910 the Board of County Commissioners placed his brother Secundino in the sheriff's office without a dissenting murmur. The Romero tradition carried on.

SEC ROMERO, as he was familiarly known, turned out to be the most astute politician of the Romero family. He served as clerk of the Fourth Judicial District from 1897 until his appointment as sheriff in 1910. He was a delegate to the Republican National Convention in 1900; chairman of the Republican Central Committee of San Miguel County; served three terms as mayor of the town of Las Vegas; and was appointed United States Marshal of New Mexico in 1912.

Sec Romero, too, came in for his share of law enforcement glory even before he wore the sheriff's badge. On the evening of October 30, 1905 he had been alone on his ranch east of Las Vegas. Rumors had been going around that an escaped convict from the penitentiary, Romaldo Varela, was in the neighborhood of the Romero ranch and that he had vowed to kill the first Romero he came across.

By some force of extra-sensory perception, Sec became uneasy and went to his front door to scan the approaches to the house. He was just in time to see Varela jump from behind a bush and level a Winchester at him. With the quickness of a mountain cat he took a leaping roll back through the doorway. Then running to his bedroom he grabbed his six-shooter from the belt and holster lying on the bed. In the last glow of twilight Sec circled in back of the house and barn and came upon his would-be assassin before Varela cauld make up his mind to run for cover. In the Romero tradition, he turned his prisoner over to the proper authorities "without harming a hair on his head."

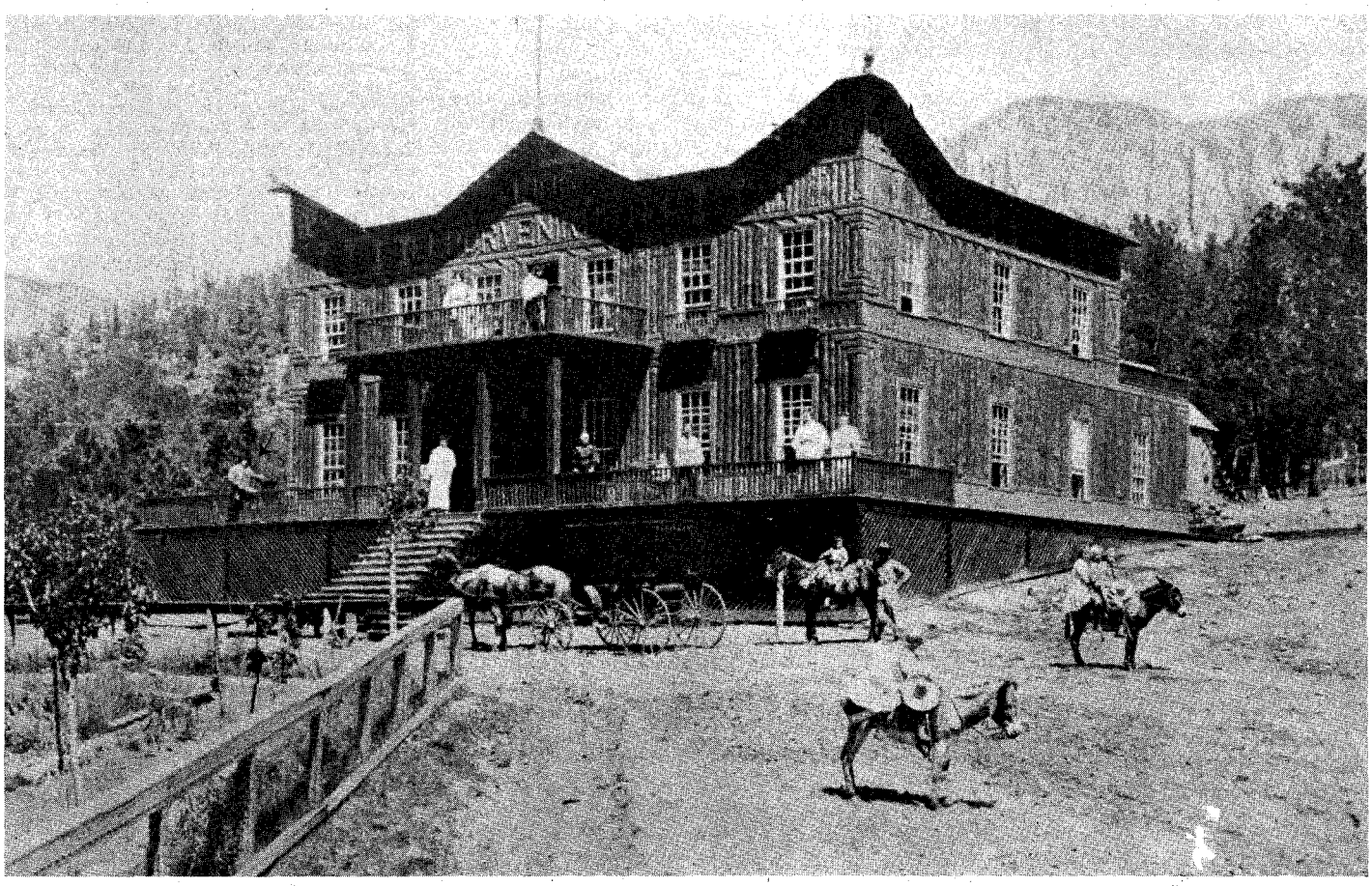
If all the word-of-mouth stories are valid, the cleaning up of the White Caps, the Lopez criminals and the Vincente Silva Gang was a Romero family project. Some say that Sec was a leader of the vigilante group that either hanged or sent the culprits to prison.

Oddly enough, it was Secundino Romero, the most politically active of all the sheriffs of San Miguel, who committed political suicide and sheered the rivets on the "copper-riveted political machine" of the Romeros. It became his burden to bear the cross for all the shenanigans pulled off by the legendary Romeros during their many years in power.

The bell began to toll with Sec's candidacy for governor of the new State of New Mexico at the Republican Convention held in Las Vegas in 1911. Sec lost the nomination at a convention held in his own backyard. The delegates tried to soothe the wound by nominating him for Secretary of State but a fellow townsman, Democrat Antonio Lucero, beat him out in the general election.

As a faithful member and worker for the Republican party of New Mexico, his constituents submitted Sec's name to President Taft for the position of United States Marshal of New Mexico. Prior to

El Porvenir (The Future) Hotel, built by Margarito Romero (the man on porch at extreme left). It burned to the ground.



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the Republican Convention held in Chicago in June 1912, the President had refused to place Sec's name in nomination for the Marshal's position. Two weeks after the convention closed Sec's name was again given to President Taft who this time immediately placed him in nomination.

The Washington *Herald* of August 13, 1912 gave the alleged reason for Taft's change of mind: "Briefly, the charge is that Romero is a notorious ruffian, whom President Taft twice refused because of his record as sheriff of San Miguel County, N. M., and that his nomination now is the result of a deal made at the Chicago convention by which Romero's cousin [Federico Chavez], a delegate instructed for Roosevelt, switched to Taft, making his flop conditional upon Romero's appointment."

The delegation to the convention from New Mexico had been instructed to split their votes between Taft and Roosevelt but when the vote was taken, it was recorded each time as seven for Taft and one for Roosevelt. Apparently, others defected with Federico Chavez. According to the *Herald*, when Federico was questioned, "He replied, in effect, that he had to do it; that it was the only way to get his cousin, Secundino Romero, appointed Marshal for the State of New Mexico."

The legendary halos over the heads of the Sheriffs of San Miguel County continued to slip when the nomination came before the Senate Judiciary Sub-committee. Ninety-seven pages of fine print were devoted to the hearings in the *Congressional Record*. Most of the testimony exposed the alleged methods used by the Romero clan to retain their political stranglehold on San Miguel County.

Much of the damaging evidence involved an incident that occurred during the 1911 statehood election. Sheriff Romero allegedly held a number of Democrats prisoners under false charges and refused them bail so that they were unable to vote. Judge Elisha V. Long, a former Chief Justice of New Mexico, went to the jail in an attempt to obtain bail, but Sec Romero threw the seventy-six-year-old judge out and was accused of cuffing him around rather brutally.

Eleven pages of the Senate hearings were devoted to murders committed during the Romero regime. In most cases the murderers were apprehended but never brought to trial, allegedly because they were Sec's Republican constituents or had pledged to renounce the Democratic Party and vote the Republican ticket.

Regardless of the damaging evidence, the Romero legend was not to die in the Senate chambers. Sec was eventually confirmed as United States Marshal for New Mexico though his halo was tarnished and his influence was temporarily confined to the Marshal's office and the County of San Miguel.

ALTHOUGH he had been thrown a worked-over bone to compensate for his defeats in the statehood election, Sec Romero was not one to accept defeat easily. David J. Leahy, a perennial politician of the Romero faction, had won the judgeship of the Fourth Judicial District composed of San Miguel, Mora and Guadalupe Counties. Sec knew how to collect a political debt and also, having served his political apprenticeship as clerk of the court for twelve years, he knew how to use the court and the presiding judge. The fabulous half-a-million-acre Las Vegas Grant was under the jurisdiction of the Fourth Judicial Court judge and Sec was riding high in his own little bailiwick once again.

This Romero era continued for another decade as he served as marshal, sheriff of the county, or mayor of West Las

Above, Juan Maria Augostini, the old hermit. (Apparently the hermit's name is recorded in many forms. Our sources indicate that he was born in Italy as Giovanni Maria Augustino, but became known to New Mexicans in Las Vegas by the Spanish translation, Juan Maria de Agostino. In Mesilla he was called Juan Justiniani, since he was a descendant of Justinian the Great.) Below, the people rest after completion of a pilgrimage to the holy place of the Hermit on Cerro del Tecoloté (Hermit's Peak). The Brotherhood of the Hermit was founded by Margarito Romero (arrow). Photo taken around 1908.

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The cave of the hermit, Juan Maria Augostini, located on Cerro del Tecoloté (Hermit's Peak), near Las Vegas, New Mexico.

Vegas—whichever job or combination thereof suited his plans. Then two seemingly harmless individuals began to make pebble waves on Sec Romero's peaceful waters.

One, Lorenzo Delgado, had come up through the political ranks of San Miguel County in much the same manner as had Sec Romero. He served as clerk of the district court and on occasion when it wasn't convenient for Sec to serve as sheriff, Delgado was there to take over.

Delgado was a handsome man with an engaging personality, but his ingratiating demeanor was deceptive. When the going got rough he could bare his pearly white teeth. The legend surrounding the "Sheriffs of San Miguel" rubbed off on him when he broke up an embryo gang of terrorists, self-styled as *Los Caballeros de Labor*—a take-off on the Ku Klux Klan. In Romero fashion, he listened to his informers and chose the man he assumed to be the leader. Delgado visited the suspect's ranch and casually, with his wide deceptive smile, informed the man of a law on the books which prohibited the wearing of masks or the burning of crosses. The suspect was advised that Delgado's deputies were armed with .30-30 rifles with instructions to shoot to kill the first masked rider found roaming his jurisdictional province. That ended the Ku Klux Klan threat in San Miguel County.

Albuquerque produced the second harmless individual who was to seal the fate of the Romeros. Carl Magee was owner and editor of the New Mexico State *Tribune* in the 1920s, a crusader extraordinary. His avowed enemy was Albert B. Fall, Secretary of the Interior and a New Mexico resident. Magee suspected Fall of fraudulent land deals that led up to the Teapot Dome Scandal. He pursued his suspicions with the tenacity of the fabled frontier editor. This brought him in disfavor with all the heavy-handed Republicans of New Mexico, including Sec Romero and his right-hand man, Judge David Leahy. In retaliation, Magee took off on the Romero machine with a vengeance.

The constant editorial goading by the *Tribune* editor set the stage for the political demise of Sec Romero and Judge David Leahy, and an unrelated incident merely hastened the inevitable. Magee had severely criticized the Chief Justice of New Mexico, Judge Frank W. Parker, intimating that the judge was under the influence of the clerk of his court and really didn't know what was going on in his jurisdiction.

The subsequent court action probably resulted from a conspiracy between O. O. Askren, an able criminal lawyer, and the Romero-Leahy combination. Although this was never definitely established, it was evident that Askren felt confident that Magee could be disposed of if he had to face a libel suit in Leahy's court. Magee had to be silenced one way or another.

Askren filed the libel suit in the Fourth Judicial District even though the litigants were residents of Albuquerque and Santa Fe and the alleged libel had been published in an Albuquerque paper. To top it all off, Chief Justice Parker dismissed the remarks published about him as being inconsequential and not worth his consideration.

The trial that followed represented perhaps the most disgraceful court proceedings ever held in New Mexico. Magee was convicted of libel and sentenced to one year in jail on June 22, 1923. Hardly before the echo of Judge Leahy's sentence had died out, Governor Hinkle of New Mexico signed Magee's pardon and rushed the document to Las Vegas. In issuing the pardon the governor called the trial a conspiracy and more persecution than prosecution.

While Magee was in jail on the libel charges he wrote an editorial entitled "Who Is On Trial?" It ridiculed Judge Leahy and held his court in disgrace. Coupled with the governor's pardon and criticism, Leahy was in a fury. He quickly rapped Magee with contempt of court charges, but subsequent articles smuggled out of jail laid the wood to Sec Romero and Leahy. Four more contempt charges followed while Judge Leahy gave vent to "righteous rage."

(Continued on page 46)

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Right in the heart of cattle country and Indian country, and on the doorstep of the Royal Canadian Mounties, lay Calgary. With every ingredient necessary to rodeo immortality, a dream took possession of

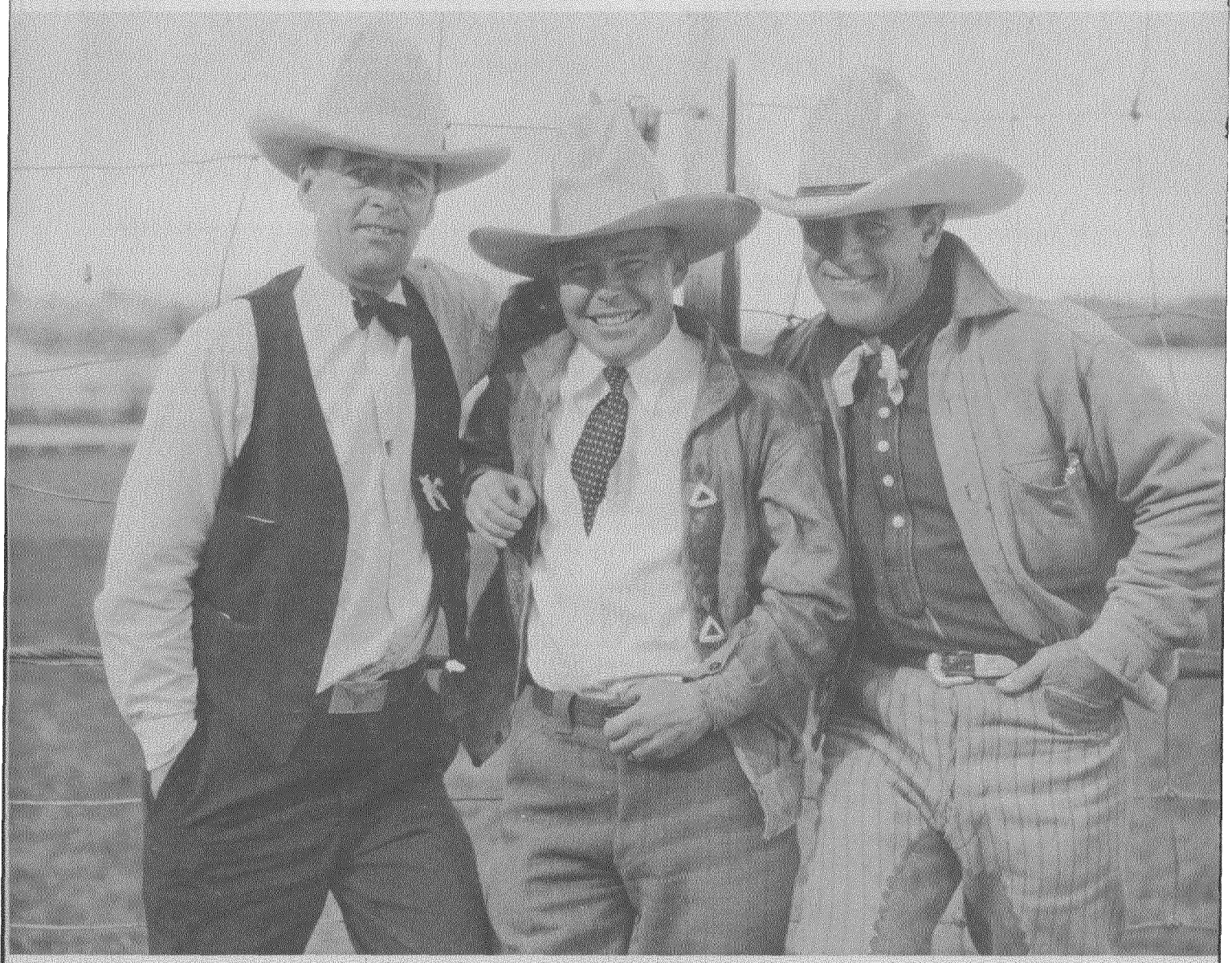
MY FRIEND

By WALT COBURN
Photos Courtesy Author

DURING the Labor Day weekend in 1912 when Guy Weadick and his first Calgary Stampede were making rodeo history I was working as a cowhand on my father's Circle C ranch in the Little Rockies cow country of Northeastern Montana. There was still enough free range left around these parts for a cowboy to swing a loop without it snagging on some scissorbill's fenced-in crop of tumbleweeds.

The Circle C outfit had been working for a couple of weeks on the fall beef roundup and during that time we had been out of touch with the rest of the world. So it was only when the first shipment of beef steers left Malta stockyards for Chicago around September 7 that we got the first word of the Calgary Stampede. During the era of 1912 the rodeo business that was destined to sweep the entire West and as far east as Madison Square Garden in New York was still in its diaper infancy. There were the Prescott (Arizona) Frontier Days,

On left, Guy Weadick; center, Walt Coburn; at right, Neal Hart.



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the Pendleton (Oregon) Roundup, and the Cheyenne (Wyoming) Frontier Days that were classed along with the Buffalo Bill Wild West Show and Zack Miller's 101 Wild West Show, and that was about the size of it. Long George Francis had been putting on his rodeo cowboy contests at Havre, Montana, a strictly local event on a small scale.

But the big news, and I mean BIG in every sense of the word, was the first Calgary Stampede. A few local cowhands who had been there at Calgary were drifting back with wild tales of the spectacular event.

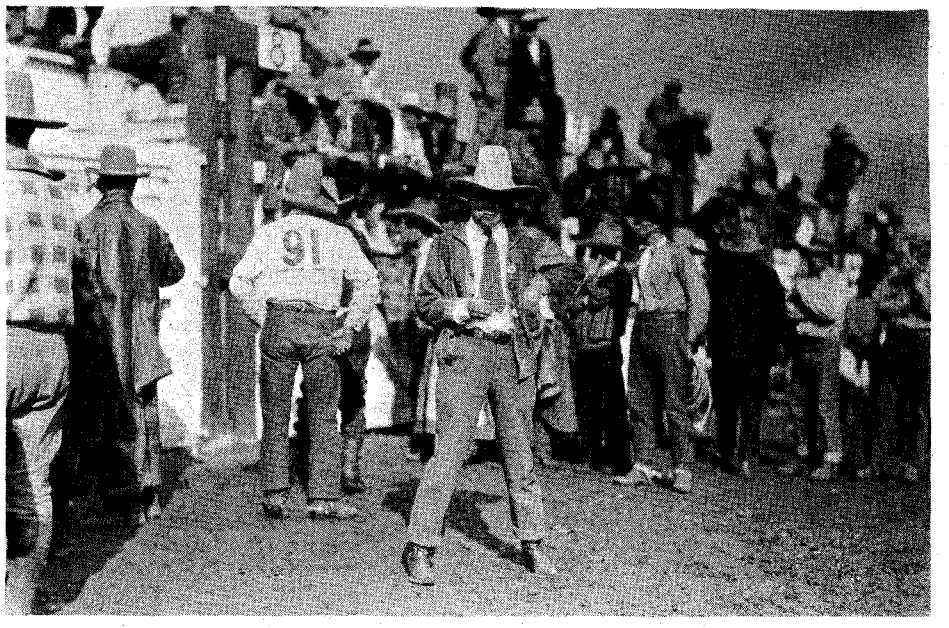
Like a lot of other local cowpunchers I had never seen a big rodeo, and the news of the Calgary Stampede was rich food around the bunkhouses, winter line camps, saloons and dance halls. The hitherto unknown name of Guy Weadick, synonymous with the Calgary Stampede, gained immortal fame. It was some time later that I learned that my brother Wallace and Charlie Russell, the famed cowboy artist, had attended the show. Thus I basked in their reflected glory for a while.

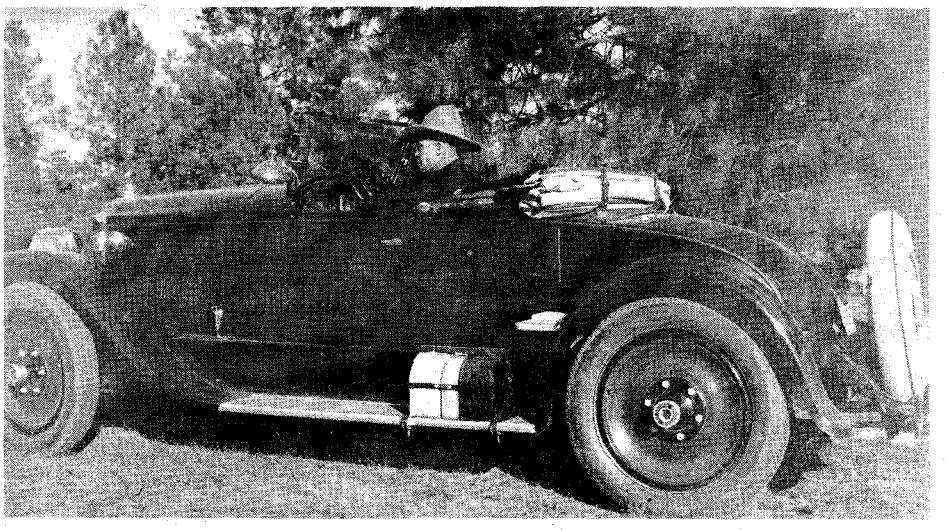
IT WAS sixteen years later, in 1928, when I was well established as a writer of Western stories, that I was destined to see my first big rodeo at by then the world-famous Calgary Stampede. Guy Weadick had sent me a personal invitation to attend.

When I wrote my editor, Jack Kelly of Fiction House, that I was going to the Calgary Stampede he strongly suggested that I offer a suitable prize for the saddle bronc riding event, which would be splendid advertising for me, and Fiction House as well. Jack Kelly would pick up the tab.

My wife Pat, having been born in Medicine Hat, Alberta, Canada, and having lived in Calgary a number of years, was more than happy to make the trip,

GUY WEADICK





and as long as we were going to Canada we decided to spend the summer at Banff. We shipped our new Packard roadster convertible from San Pedro, California to Seattle, Washington on the same steamboat we sailed on. From Seattle we drove to Montana where we crossed the border at Sweetgrass into Canada.

We reached Calgary a few days before the start of the show, and what a welcome we got! A suite of rooms had been reserved for us at the Palliser Hotel and an official Stampede car was made available if we needed it. Pat had many friends in Calgary and so I was on my own, but once Guy latched onto me he never let go and I was introduced to more cattlemen and old-time cowhands and rodeo contestants than I ever hoped to meet in my entire life.

About the first thing Guy did was to make me acquainted with the local liquor vendor. We had prohibition in the United States and here I was in a liquor store with shelves full of genuine Scotch and Canadian Rye whisky. I left there loaded with bottles to set up a bar in our suite for visitors. The saloons served only beer and were called beer parlors.

On our floor at the Palliser Hotel a dozen or fifteen cowboy contestants were gathered in one large suite of rooms: Mike Stuart, Lawton Champie, Breezy Cox, Earl Thode, Everett Bowman, and Buckshot Sorrels, all from Arizona; Bob Crosby from New Mexico; Ike Rude from Oklahoma; Paddy Ryan from Ismay, Montana; Pinky Gist, the rodeo clown from Phoenix; Pete and Harry Knight (not related) from Alberta; and Jack Van Ryder, the cowboy artist from Arizona. And a lot of others.

In another room on the same floor

Above, Walt standing near the chutes at the Calgary Stampede. At left, Walt at the wheel of his Packard roadster. It was in this car that he toured the countryside looking for Guy Weadick's Ranch. Note cans of gas, oil, and water on running board.

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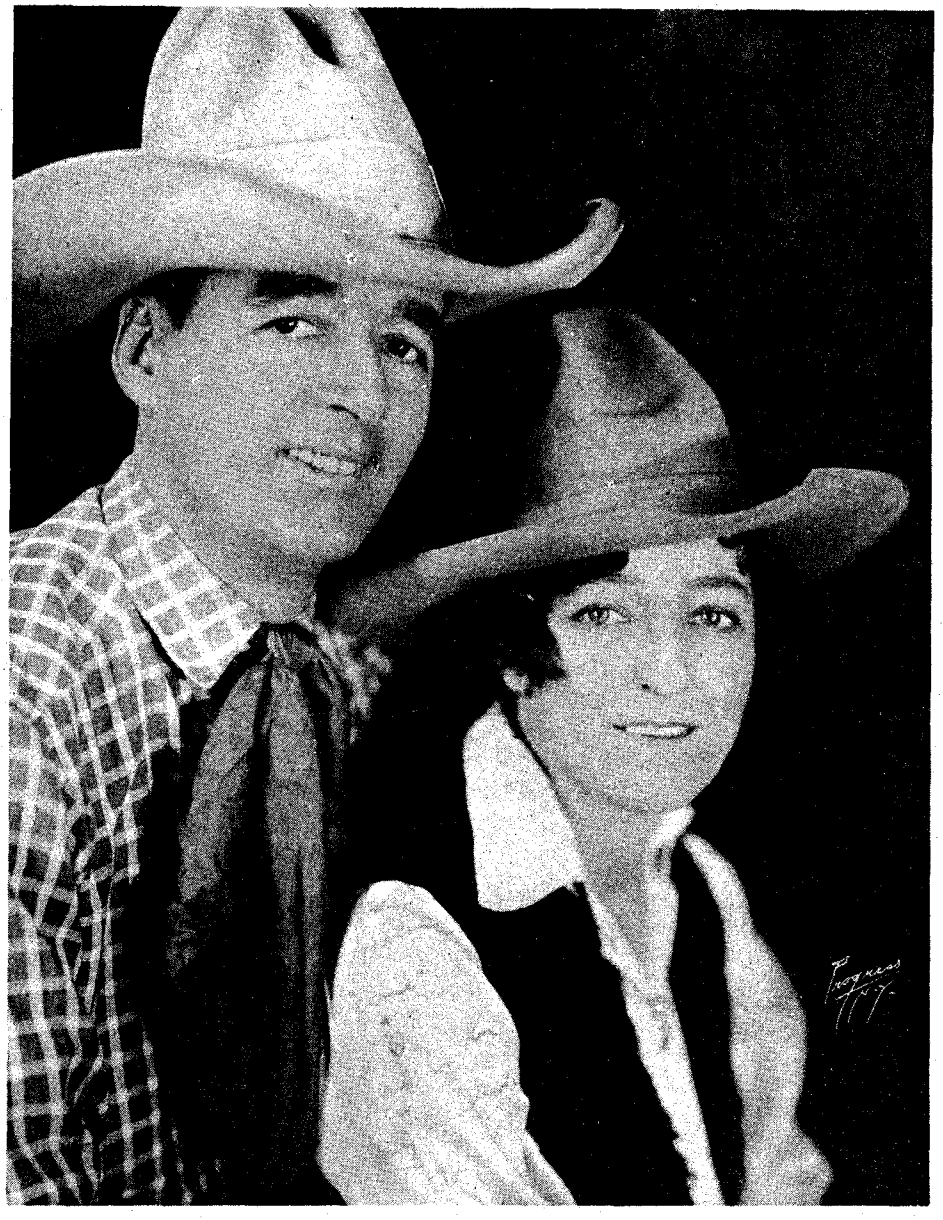

Guy and Flores LaDue Weadick in 1927.

were Roy Adams from Arizona and Jake McClure from New Mexico, two of the top team ropers.

There was Ken Riley, son of Senator Dan Riley from High River, Alberta, and his pal Walt Deegan who worked for Dan Riley's cattle spread. Dan Riley was entered in the famous Chuck Wagon Race that had been dreamed up by Guy Weadick back in 1923, a dangerous and competitive sport that was a test of driving skill and speed, and very spectacular.

There was Neal Hart, the western movie star, who had just completed a western movie filmed in Banff and at Guy Weadick's ranch at High River. Neal Hart was a Wyoming cowhand before he joined the 101 Wild West Show. Neal and Guy were old friends, along with Tom Mix and Hoot Gibson, Johnnie Mullens, Henry Grammer and Clay McGonagill, and other top rodeo and show cowboys.

In another suite of rooms at the hotel were Frazier (Spike) Hunt and his wife Emmie. Spike Hunt was then associate editor of *Cosmopolitan* and had a small spread at High River near Weadick's ranch. Both were neighbors of the then Prince of Wales at his EP ranch at High River.

Spike Hunt had invited one of his prominent authors, Peter B. Kyne, to be his guest during the Stampede that year. Kyne was one of the highest paid writers in the country—completely out of my lowly pulp writer's bracket. When I found out I was to ride in the parade with Peter B. Kyne I balked like a mule. I told Guy Weadick I would much rather ride with the cowhands, and so I rode with Ken Riley and Walt Deegan as outriders for Dan Riley's chuckwagon in the parade.

Shortly before the long parade left the fairgrounds I caught a brief glimpse of Kyne, sitting a gentle Palomino horse with his brand new California silver-mounted saddle. Kyne had been in the Grizzly Division of the Field Artillery stationed near San Diego before they went overseas in World War I, where the roll call of officers read like a list of V.I.Ps. During the time Kyne was at officer's school he must have had a little training in riding, judging from his erect military seat in the saddle with one hand holding the bridle reins, the other hung down stiffly at his side. It was not the natural seat of a cowhand.

ONCE we left the fairgrounds and were on the paved streets of Calgary the mile-long parade moved slowly, with long stops in between. I'd been up late the night before, as had Ken Riley and Walt Deegan, doing some two-fisted drinking, and like the majority of the cowhands and rodeo contestants we were a little hung-over. Every time the parade halted for ten or more minutes we took turns hoisting a beer at one of the beer parlors along the route.

At the rodeo grounds I usually sat in the press box, sometimes in the judge's stand, but I was mostly behind the bucking chutes, hunkered down on my bootheels swapping tall tales with the cowboy contestants where I felt more at home. At night, after the show, I'd go from one room to the next at the Palliser. The Arizona rooms held half a dozen single beds and a couple of bedrolls and were cluttered with gear, saddles, hogging strings, chaps, spurs and ropes.

One evening when I was there with half a dozen or more contestants, passing the bottle, clowning around, arguing about the judges' decision, or telling ribald stories, somebody in the hall began pounding on the locked door, wanting in. Nobody in the room paid any attention to the door-pounding so a boot soon came sailing through the large glass transom, making everyone in the room duck their heads where we sat in a circle on the floor. Then the husky body of the bronc rider and steer roper Lawton Champie from Arizona came feet first through the broken glass of the transom, one booted foot, one sock foot, to land spread-eagle with his shirt ripped. Lawton grabbed the bottle and opened the door to admit two other cowhands and that started some goodnatured rough-housing.

Jack Van Ryder, the Western cowboy artist from Arizona, had paid his entrance fee to enter the calf roping but when he showed up at Calgary he claimed he had a sprained ankle. It was bandaged and encased in a worn carpet slipper. Van Ryder, by some peculiar quirk in his nature, was negligent about his bathing habits, and the consensus of the rodeo contestants was that he stank like a monkey cage. So that evening they made him strip naked and take a hot soapy bath, keeping the bathroom door open so they could all watch.

When he finished his bath and started climbing out of the tub the contestants began throwing empty glasses and Van Ryder lost no time getting back in the tub. Every time a wet head showed, someone heaved another empty glass or an empty bottle until there were no more to throw. The tiled floor was covered with broken glass. When the boys tired of the game they threw in Jack's boot and old carpet slipper so that he could get out without cutting his bare feet.

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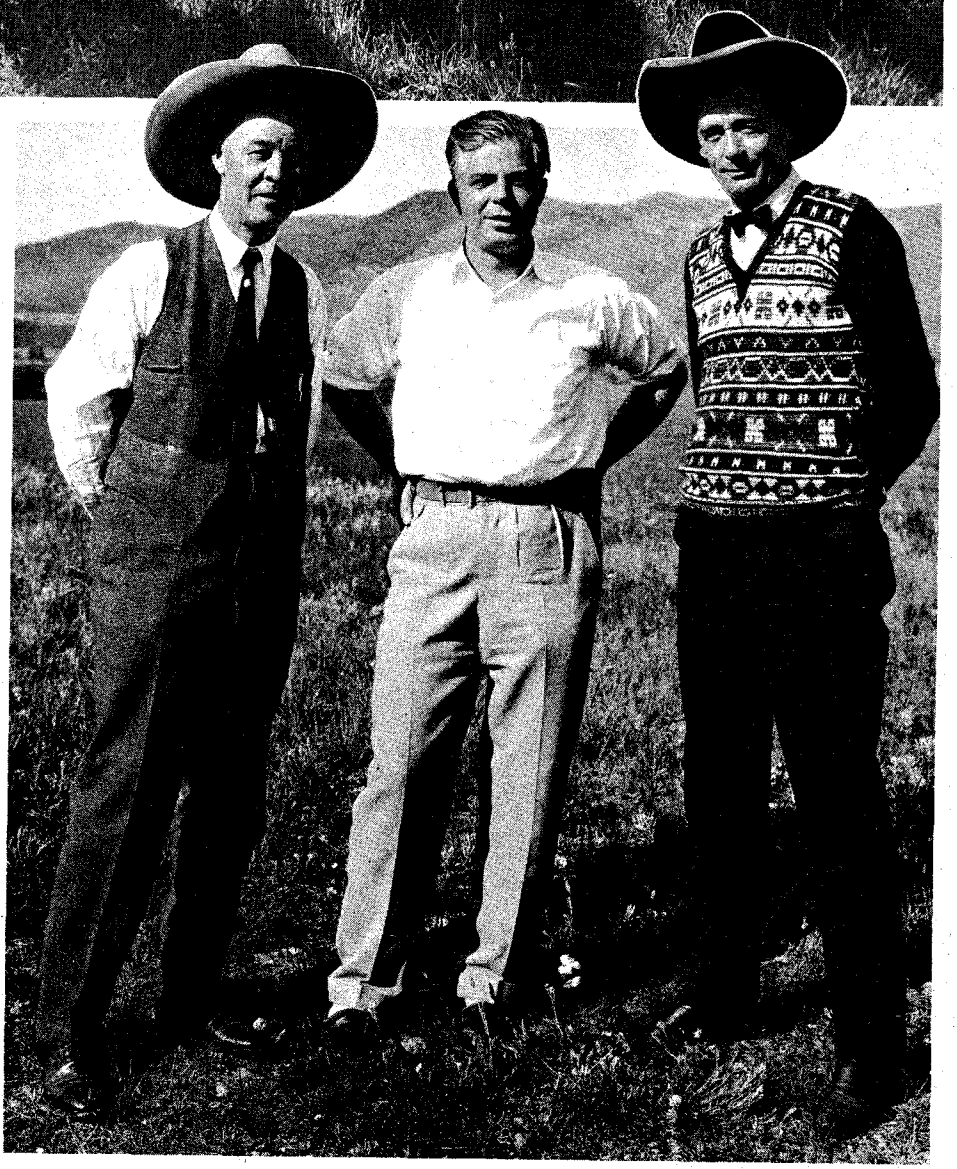

Above, Weadick's ranch near High River in 1928. Guy Weadick (left), his wife Flores LaDue, and Neal Hart. At right, in Calgary, Alberta in the middle '20s to film action scenes for Universal's movie, "The Calgary Stampede," is Hoot Gibson, veteran cowboy actor (center), Calgary Mayor George Webster (left), and Guy Weadick.

Jack Van Ryder had just returned from a successful showing of his paintings and etchings at a prominent New York art gallery. He arrived in Calgary with half a dozen $100 ten-gallon hats which the Knox Hat Company had given him to present as prizes during the Stampede. The winner of each major event was to get one, as well as the best dressed cowgirl at the ball to be held at the Palliser Hotel. My wife Pat, dressed in black trousers, black velvet sleeveless jacket, white shirt, and high black and white cowboy boots, won the $100 Knox hat.

I had cached my Stetson along with others underneath some chairs along the lobby wall near the ballroom entrance. I went in bareheaded. When I came out my hat was gone. It was the only hat I had with me and the next day I soon found out that every store in Calgary was completely sold out of cowboy hats. Luckily Pat's $100 hat was my head size, otherwise I'd have been bareheaded. And like Alice's Blue Gown in the popular song, "I wore it and wore it, and wore it some more"—but I shore as hell didn't adore it. That high-crowned ten-gallon hat looked like hell on me. It wasn't until we got back to the United States that I was able to get a low crowned, narrow-brimmed Stetson more to my liking.

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THE NIGHT before Peter B. Kyne returned to California, Spike Hunt threw an open house booze party in the suite of rooms he used for entertaining. The tall, sunburnt Hunt, though a dude from Bucks County, Pennsylvania, was an authority on Western Americana and later wrote some damn good historical books on the old trail herds. And while his main residence was back East he spent his summers at his Alberta ranch.

In Hunt's suite Peter B. Kyne had his fancy new saddle, chaps, silver-mounted bridle and spurs, ready to take with him. Among the other guests were Hunt's ranch foreman and a couple of his cowhands lapping up their share of free booze. When everyone was well oiled and Kyne remarked that he was taking his saddle and outfit with him to California next day, Spike's foreman examined the fancy saddle and said he could sure use a new saddle. One cowhand tried on the fancy bat-winged chaps, and the other cowhand buckled on the spurs and admired the bridle. In the end they talked the *Cosmopolitan* author out of his outfit, toasting him with the free booze and leaving him only his ten-gallon hat.

Among the contestants was tall, handsome Roy Adams from Arizona. Roy Adams and Jake McClure team-tied together and were in the money. They had their own room at the Palliser, separated from what Roy called the "Arizona bull pen" down the hall on the same floor.

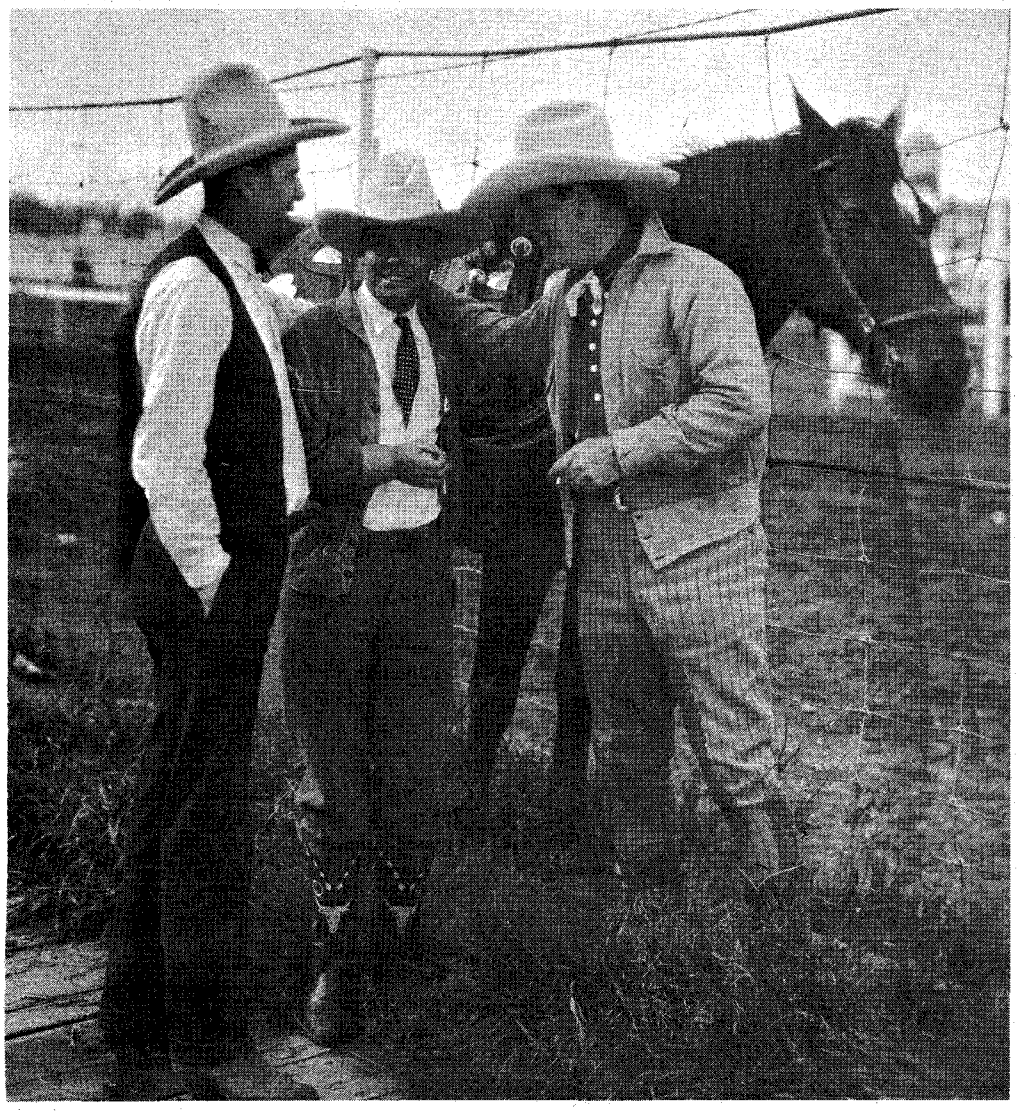
Roy Adams was a fancy dresser. His tight-fitting whipcord cowboy pants were tailor-made, as were his shirts and custom-made Justin boots, and he wore $100 Stetson hats. Roy was also a high-stake gambler, always packing two or three thousand dollars in his bank roll.

I was in Roy's room having a drink when I happened to mention that I'd had to leave my Colt .45 six-shooter with the customs officers at the port of entry into the United States, to be picked up on my return. Roy told me that he had managed to bring a little .32 automatic pistol across the line, and before I was aware of what he was doing he tilted the little belly gun toward the ceiling and fired a shot, explaining he knew the rooms above were sample rooms for traveling salesmen.

When we left the room and boarded the elevator there were two salesmen with their sample cases complaining that a civilized gentleman wasn't safe with these wild, drunken cowboys raising hell, hollering and shooting. Roy nudged me and dropped an eyelid and when we went to the desk to leave the room key the dude salesmen demanded to see the manager and proceeded to demand another room, away from the danger of cowboy bullets from below. But the manager told them they had better check out because there were no other rooms available and that he had a long waiting list.

Roy Adams looked down at the two young salesmen, a faint grin on his face. "You're looking at the couple of drunk cowboys who did the shootin'. You dudes want to make somethin' of it, have at it!" The cold chill of Adams' quiet voice scared hell out of the irate traveling salesmen who paid their bill and left in haste, glad to get out of such a madhouse.

Left to right, Weadick, Coburn, and Hart.



AFTER the Calgary Stampede was over, Guy Weadick asked me down to his ranch in the Longview area, southwest of Calgary, and before he pulled out gave me detailed instructions of how to get there. It was about fifty miles from Calgary to High River and from there only a short distance to Guy's ranch.

Sure that I could find it I left the next morning and all went well for the first thirty or forty miles as I hit the high spots on the rutted dirt road, with the top down and the breeze in my face, carefree and happy.

The sun was noon high when somehow I managed to get off the main road to High River, and when the road dipped down into a long draw that led to a gravel crossing over a flowing creek and topped the ridge beyond I found myself in the broad middle of a wheat farm with barbwire fences on both sides of a long lane that was too narrow to turn around in.

Ahead I sighted a cluster of farm houses and barns, a church steeple and a store. When I eased the Packard to a halt on the wide, dusty main street I was surrounded by a dozen or more bib-overalled farmers with long beards and no welcoming smiles. "I got off on the wrong road," I explained with a grin to the farmer who seemed to be the leader and held a three-tined pitchfork in a big calloused hand. I was getting edgy when a tall, lanky kid came scuffling his way toward my car.

"The preacher wants to know," the youth translated what the bearded man had just said in a foreign tongue, "why you here? He say you got a bottle of whisky. He say you better get out of our colony fast, before you get hurt."

The preacher pointed with the pitchfork back along the lane I had just traveled and I lost no time getting out of there, expecting a charge of buckshot in the back. Back on what I figured must be the road to High River I kept on that lonesome road until late afternoon, and there was now no doubting the fact that I was forty miles from nowhere and completely lost. The only chance I had was to turn around and go back before I ran out of gas, the tank now being about half gone. But like most cars in those days there were three cans strapped to the running board that contained a gallon each of gas, oil and water, since

(Continued on page 71)

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JESUIT TREASURE

The author calls it a rose-colored myth!

By FORD GREEN
Photos Courtesy Author

ALMOST every treasure magazine will carry at least one story a year about Jesuit Treasure at some mission or other in the southwestern United States. There are many photographs of alleged gold or silver bars with the brand "Kino" or "Father Kino" that some treasure hunter has claimed to have found. These stories make good reading, but are hardly useful in finding treasure.

At various times a high percentage of the Sonora missions, as well as the Arizona missions, were abandoned, and the present missions are not necessarily even on the same foundations of the original ones. Mostly the structures were of mud adobe (as contrasted with a lime adobe), though some rock was added at times.

Every mission, no matter how poor, is reputed to have had a rich mine, or probably several, most of which were "secret." The treasure stories always tell of finding evidence of mining in and around missions, claiming that such mining was the primary reason for the existence of the mission and that any religious activity was purely secondary to the extraction of metal. The Indians are invariably portrayed as having known all about these fabulous mines before the missionaries ever came along.

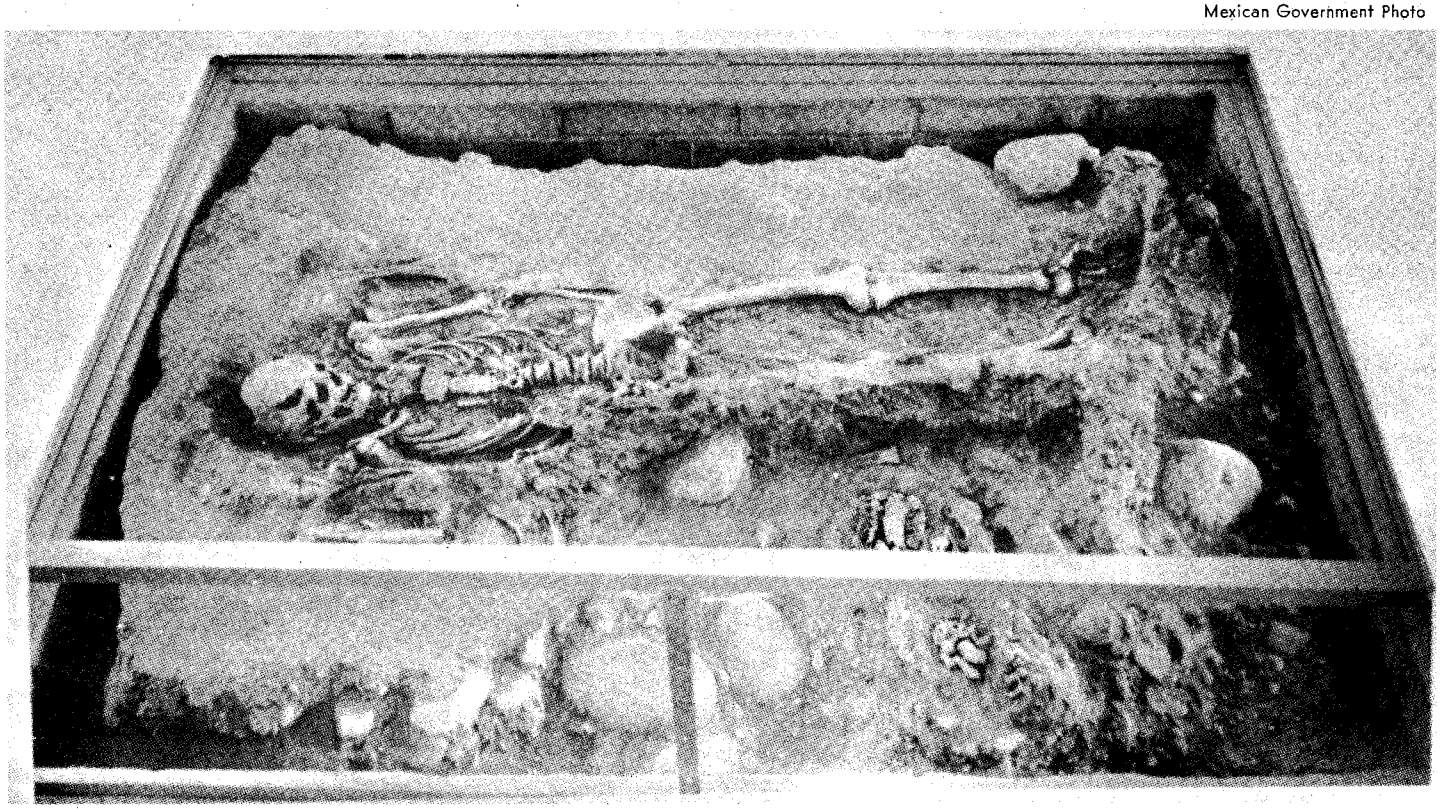
Much of this fantasy comes from legends that go back to Cabeza de Vaca and Coronado over four hundred years ago, from the remarkable skill of the Indians of the present day in the making of silver jewelry, and from the enormous wealth of the Aztecs. However the teller of tales does not consider the fact that these facts are totally unrelated and scattered over several centuries. There are always the "church records."

One of the most fertile and frequently worked legends about Jesuit Treasure has to do with the immense hoards that the priests had collected and were about to smuggle out when they were caught by an Indian revolt about the end of 1751. This treasure, gathered in several missions, reportedly was removed while under attack by the Pimas and was carried to mountains west of Papago Wells and Sonoyta, near the Arizona and Sonora borders. There it was supposed to have been buried. Other treasures dating from the Pima revolt are supposed to have been hastily buried around missions that later were wrecked by the Indians. In many instances the Indians are alleged to have sealed the treasure in the mine that it came from and to have put a curse upon both.

Parallel to this tale are those that were spawned from the manner in which the Jesuits were expelled from all Span-

The burial plot of Fr. Eusebio Kino was completely glassed in and preserved by Mexican archaeologists. It was discovered May 21, 1966 at Magdalena, Sonora, Mexico.

Mexican Government Photo



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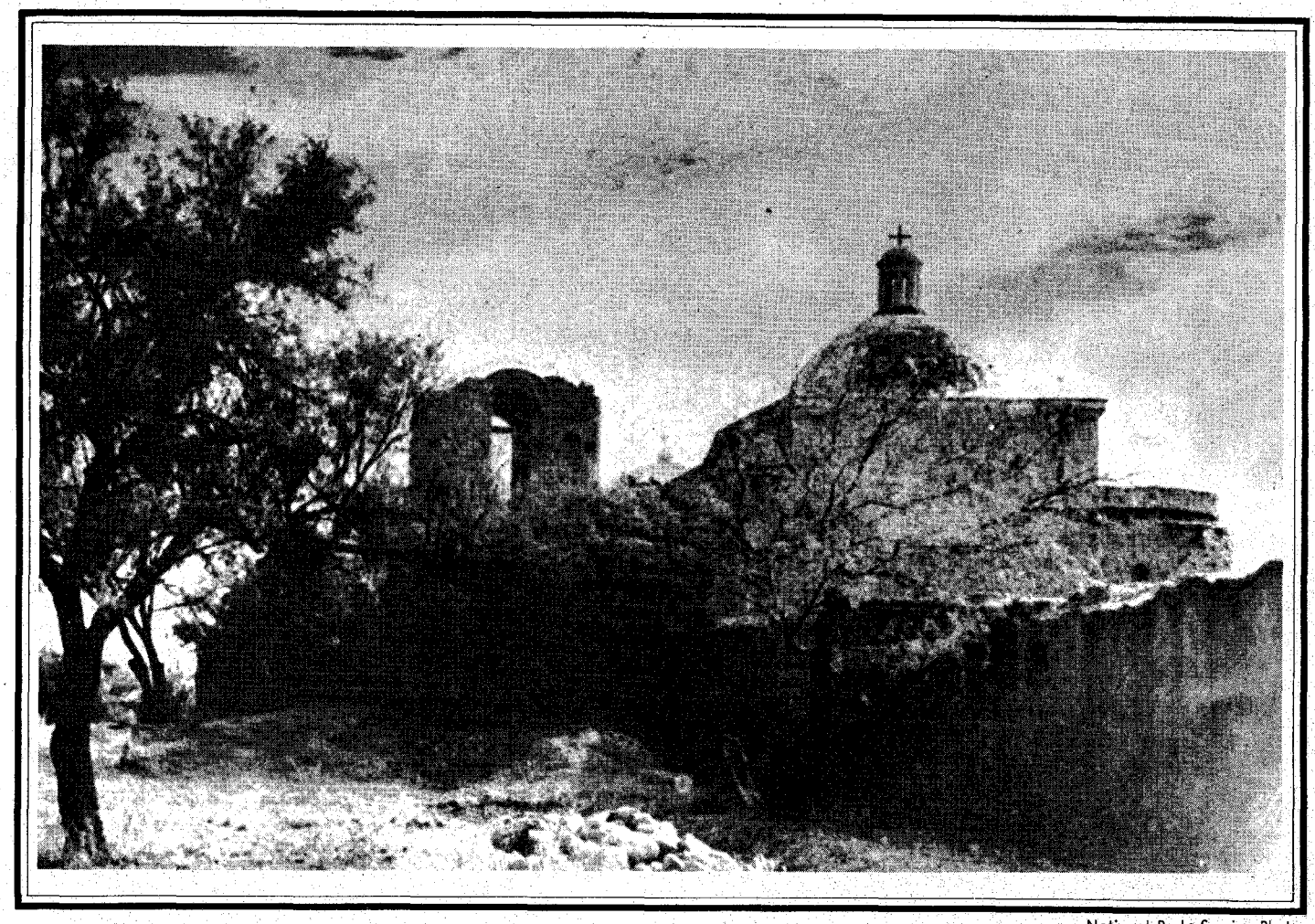

Old Tumacacori Mission, Arizona.

National Parks Service Photos

ish territory. Almost overnight they were told to get out and to turn over all property to other religious orders or to temporal authorities. (While Spain had lost some of its military power, this era, less than ten years before the United States was founded, marked the height of its economic power. Spanish Eight Real pieces were the standard of the world. Our first Continental Congress currency called for payment in Spanish milled dollars.)

The Jesuits were supposed to have rich mines and tons of accumulated treasure that was ready to be smuggled out of Pimeria (Arizona and Sonora); the treasure was supposed to have been "secretly" buried in and around the missions; the mines were supposed to have been filled in—with treasure as well as dirt, in some instances. Variously, if all added together, the total would surpass Pizarro's Loot of the Incas; and people are certainly, plenty of them, looking for it today. A lot of them claim to have found part of it, too.

SINCE Arizona is so highly mineralized, and also relatively accessible, the tales of these missions along with those missions just over the line in Mexico, are exploited. Farther into the Mexican interior tales get less lurid, but every now and then somebody will come out with a new one.

Many, many of these stories somehow get tied in with "Father Kino." Whatever he may have been, he sure had a good press agent. This relatively obscure missionary-explorer made such an impression that people are still making crosses and casting imitation ingots of treasure with his name on them. Undoubtedly the founder of a number of Jesuit missions in Sonora and Arizona, he lived from 1645 to 1711, and operated in Pimería from 1687 to 1711. During this time he made forty expeditions.

He wrote a treatise about observing a comet in 1680 before he arrived in Mexico in 1681. Almost immediately he set out to work in Baja California (1683-85). He was a German from the Tyrol, who entered the Company of Jesus (Jesuits) in 1665 and studied at Jesuit colleges in Trent, Halle and Ingoldstadt. He specialized in mathematics and mapping, as well as the Oriental missions and missionaries of The Jesuits. While in Pimería he compiled dictionaries of the Guaycura, Nebé and Cochimí dialects. Nobody will ever know how much territory he did explore. Certainly it was more than he is credited with.

The cult of Father Kino is largely an American creation. Though he is well known in Mexico, his fame is not as spectacular there as it is in our Southwest. He died in Magdalena, Sonora and was buried, as was the custom, in the floor of an adobe mission chapel. In time the chapel disintegrated and became the center of the square of the town, with Kino's grave being walked over by the people and driven over by the wagons on market day. It is only relatively lately that the grave was located and excavated to become a shrine. It is still off the beaten track.

Now, the Jesuits—who were they exactly? They were primarily a religious order devoted to learning, especially advanced learning. They were unique in that their order professed especial direct obedience to the Pope, bypassing all other ecclesiastical authority. At times this led to clashes in church politics. Spanish and Portuguese ministers, using forged documents, finally persuaded Charles III to expel the Jesuits from Spanish Territory. The forerunner of the expulsion from Mexico was the machination of Madame de Pompadour and Louis XV of France.

When the Jesuits first came to Mexico they were humble. This was only about forty years after the order was founded by Ignatius Loyola, a Spaniard. There were only fifteen to begin with in 1572—eight priests, three students, and four lay brothers (coadjutors). This was quite different from the number expelled in 1767.

In 1767 there were 42 establishments and 133 missions. To man these were 678 men—418 priests, 137 students, and 123 lay brothers (coadjutors). A coadjutor is an office unique in the Jesuit Order.

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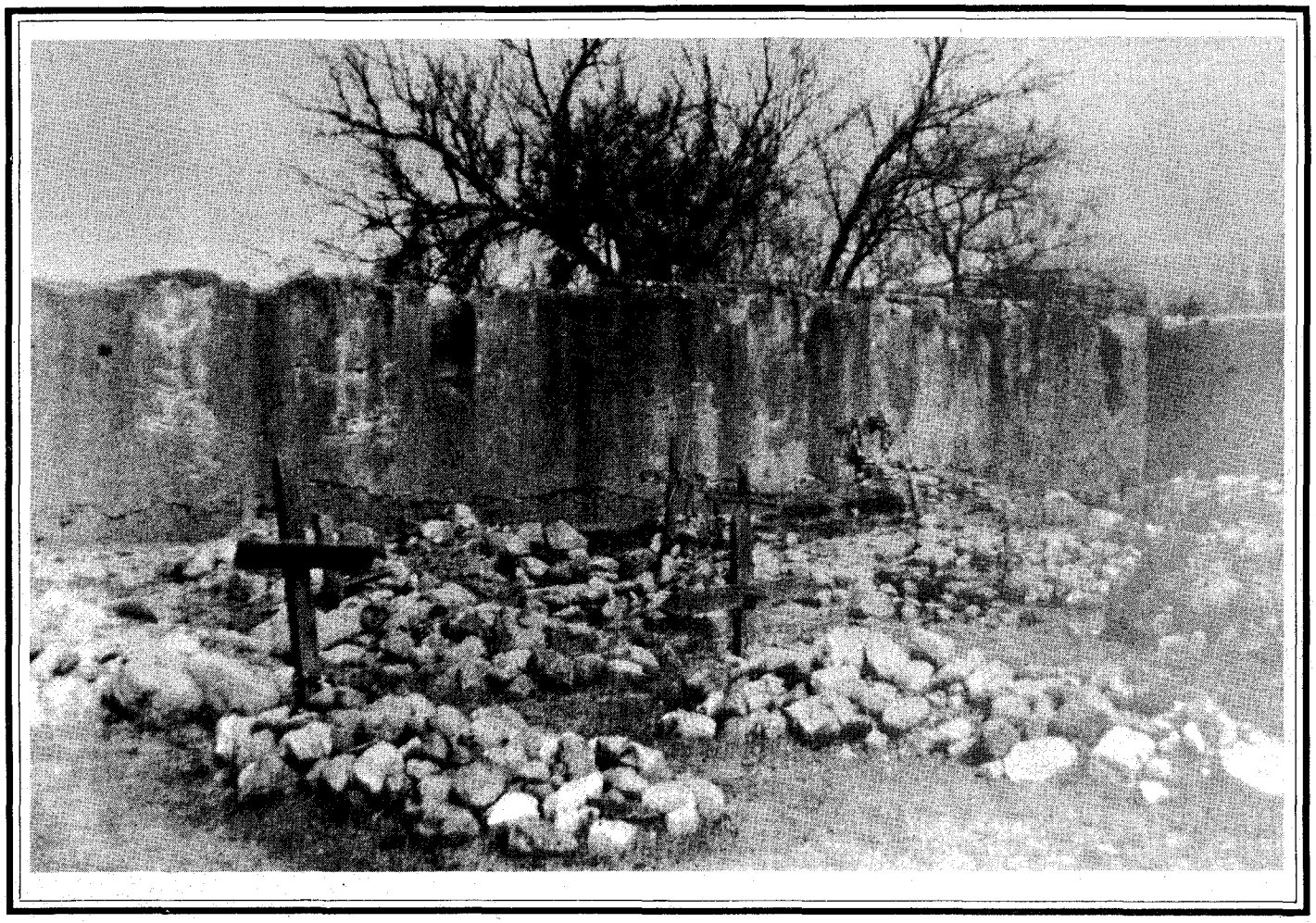

Burial yard at Tumacacori Mission.

The missions and establishments included twenty-five colleges, eleven seminaries, five residences and one house of profession (preparatory to the seminary). It would take a very high percentage of the whole just to man the missions that were in the remote Indian country—133 of them. These institutions were scattered in Cuba and Puerto Rico as well as in Central America. There was not, nor could there have been, any very extensive concentration of Jesuits at any one place.

Much of the detraction from the Jesuits came from tension (Protestant and Catholic fighting in Ireland). Probably their political activity was merely secondary to their higher learning, which in turn promoted radical ideas that wound up as politics. The same was probably true in Spain.

Another thing that helped in the inciting of resentment against the Order in Spain was the fact that a very high percentage of the members were from Central European countries. Foreigners with radical political ideas did not make for sweetness and light, especially in Spain.

Over the last forty-five years I have personally known several Jesuits. Some of them operate in South Texas as parish priests and missionaries, especially in one ghetto church here in San Antonio. And then there is the type exemplified by my friend, the late Fr. Mariano Cuevas, whom I first knew over forty-five years ago, at the University of Texas. He had been one of Mexico's leading historians of all time; then, he was out of Mexico on account of the century-old conflict between Church and State. More brilliant than most college professors, he returned to Mexico to keep on publishing historical works until he died in 1949. Here was a true Jesuit, with hundreds of years of thought in his brain and at his fingertips.

THE OPERATIONS of the Jesuits in Mexico were, in the main, directed to higher learning, exploration, and the spread of religion. This activity was in stark contrast to the sterile monastic religious contemplation of most cloistered convents. Of the latter there were over three hundred in Mexico City alone. It was estimated that at the time of the 1810 revolution eighty per cent of the real estate and fixed tangible assets in Mexico were controlled by religious orders in some manner—but the Jesuits had been gone for over forty years by then.

Of late years a source of rare and out-of-date coins is from "hoards" found in village churches. While these are of considerable value and interest to coin collectors, they are puny in terms of treasure metal-weight. They might have come from the poor-box of the church, or been saved toward the casting of a bell or for new candlesticks that more likely would have been brass than silver. Too, the coins might represent a poor Indians life's savings that he entrusted to Divine Protection in the village church against bandits. These pitiful amounts are not in the class of the tons and tons of precious metals alleged to be "Jesuit Treasure."

Let us see about it. Could the Jesuits have mined on a fairly large scale? It is possible that they could IF: they had located a mine of sufficient size; they had had the military's protection; they had had sufficient Indian manpower; they had arranged transportation to take out the metal and had a market for it when they got it out.

In the light of known facts, there is no physical evidence that there ever was a major mine of any kind in northern Sonora during the time of the Jesuits. All the real mining in Arizona in Jesuit areas has been post-Mexican War by Anglos. To exist, a mine had to have a military garrison, and that garrison came from the king's pocket, from which a Royal Fifth of valuable metal had better at least replace the out-of-pocket.

An exploring party to cover a priest could be afforded if there was a chance that someday a mine might be uncovered. After a missionary had become known to the Indians he was safe and needed no protection unless he got caught in a cross-fire between them and some Span-

(Continued on page 38)

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OLD-TIME OIL BOOM TOWNS

By W. L. ROBINSON
Photos Courtesy Author

FROM Borger, Texas; Seminole, Oklahoma; Smackover, Arkansas; Cotton Valley, Louisiana; Luling, Texas and the Gulf Coast country; California and other places they came—the drillers, roughnecks and tool dressers; tank builders and pipeliners; roustabouts and muleskinners; bootleggers and gamblers; prostitutes, dope-heads and hijackers. The boom was on!

Wink, Texas was a town of an estimated 15,000 people where less than a year or two before there had been nothing but shinnery and sand.

In 1926 Westbrook Oil Company drilled a wildcat well on the Hendrick ranch in Winkler County, Texas out on the New Mexico line and brought in what was called a gusher oil well. This was before proration—when the idea was to get the oil out of the earth and to market before the other fellow did. It took men and material to do this and do it in a hurry. This was called a boom. People who followed the oil fields were called boomers.

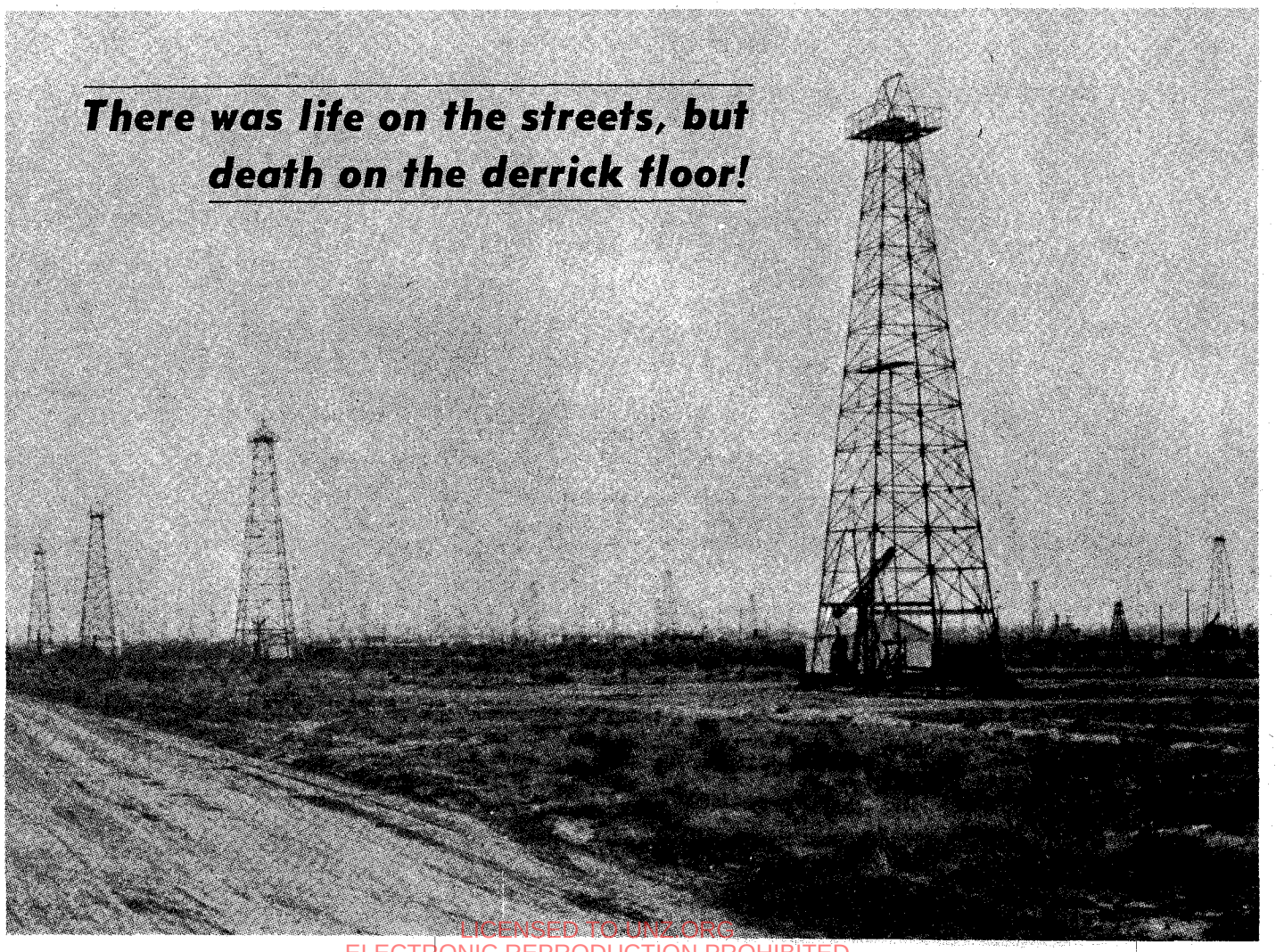
As this oil discovery was miles from any town with no roads to speak of, and cars were not much past the Model T stage, it was necessary for the men to live close to their work. Enterprising individuals laid out a townsite and called it "Wink." People began coming in and setting up businesses to cater to the men who were developing the field. For the businessmen it was a hit-and-run proposition. No one knew how long the activities would last, so they built as cheaply and as quickly as possible, putting up false-fronted sheet-rock buildings with tin roofs as a rule. Rent houses and apartment buildings were built the same way. It was a typical shack and tent town.

Other enterprising men set up a city government and had themselves elected to key positions such as mayor, city judge and chief of police and soon made it clear that bootleg joints, gambling houses, prostitutes and such would have to pay for the privilege of operating. The little makeshift jail was another source of income, as about all of the cases brought before the judge were fineable.

I arrived in Wink in the early part of 1928 and saw the town at its worst. It was common to find a dead man on a side street or in an alley in the morning

Oil well derricks as seen from the highway near Odessa, Texas in 1937.

Photo from **Picturesque Southwest**; Southwestern Publishing Co., 1937



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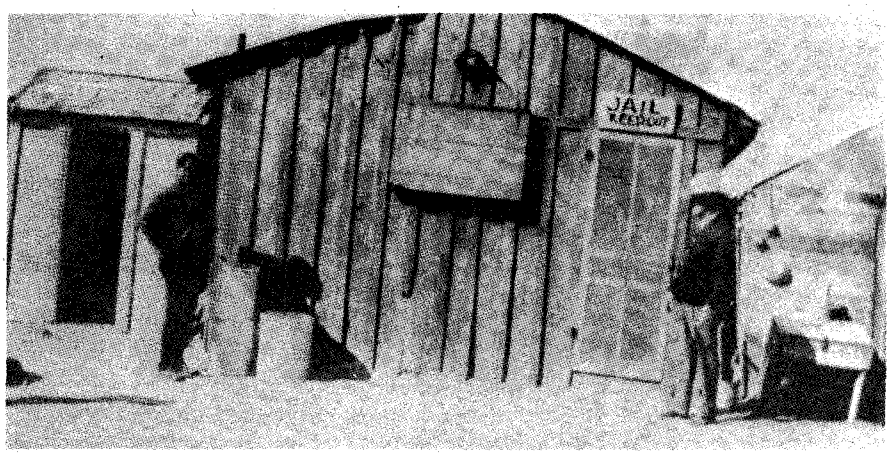
Photos this page courtesy Permian Historical Society Archival Collection, The University of Texas of the Permian Basin, Odessa, Texas

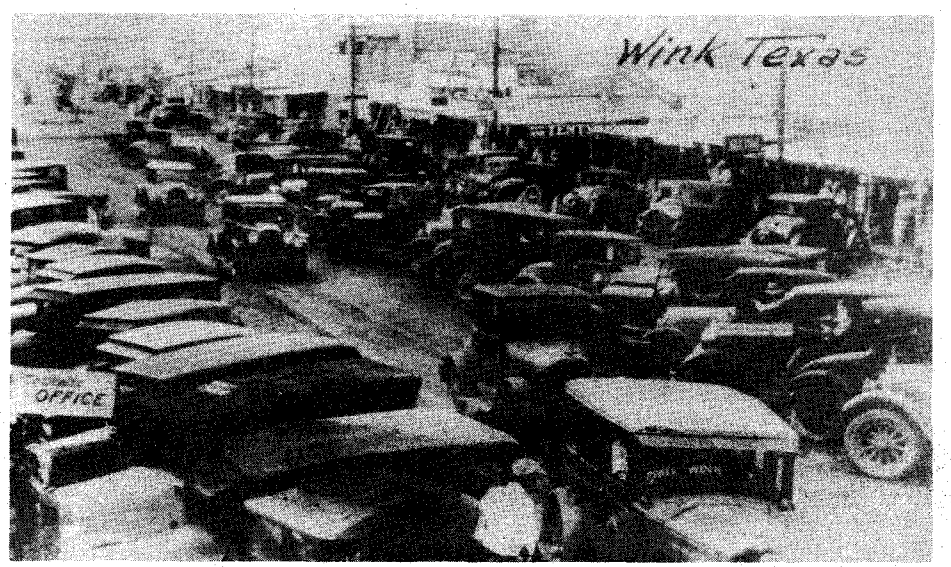
Above, Wink, Texas, no date provided. At right, this structure is believed to have been the first jail in Winkler County. The original courthouse did not have one. Below, *cars jam the streets of Wink.*



when the town began to stir. He might have been killed in a joint or on the street during a robbery or a drunken fight sometime in the night and left there. There were very few street lights.

As always, under these conditions, things soon got out of hand. The county sheriff, W. A. Priest, and the law-abiding citizens appealed to Governor Dan Moody for help, and he sent in the Texas Rangers.

The Rangers under the command of Captain W. L. Wright were not long in taking charge. About the most startling thing that happened was the discovery that the chief of police, a man known to us as Bob Williams, was an escaped convict from Oklahoma. On investigation by the Rangers it was determined that his correct name was Joe Rachate, at one time a member of the old Henry Starr gang in Oklahoma and had been sentenced to the penitentiary in 1914 for bank robbery. After serving about ten months he had escaped and assumed the name of Bob Williams and had managed to hide his identity until he was apprehended by the Rangers in 1928. They discovered that he had served six years on the police force at Smackover, Arkansas before coming to Wink. He was returned to the penitentiary at McAlester, Oklahoma. He gained his freedom again before long and was killed in the 1930s in an attempted robbery over in East Texas.



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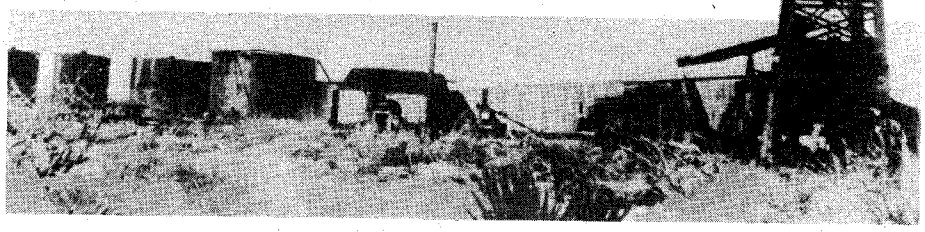
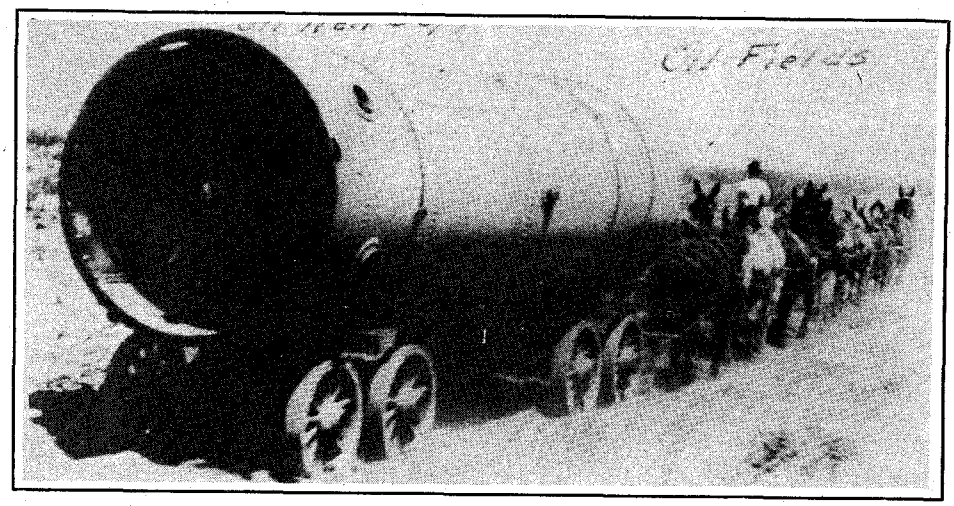
At top, an endless trek of teams and trucks to the West Texas oil fields. At right, the first oil well in Winkler Field. Below, supplies bound for the oil fields.





The Rangers closed up the gambling houses and bootleg joints that were running wide open, and arrested or ran out of town most of the worst outlaws, and soon things were quite different. Bootlegging, gambling and prostitution still went on but in a more discreet manner, and hijackers were not so bold.

There was a shake-up in the city government and things were run in a more orderly and law-abiding way. The Rangers stayed for some time, and even after they were removed they would drop in occasionally to see how things were. All this was just what the working men wanted. In all my oil field experiences in Wink, East Texas, and other places where it was necessary to station Rangers I was never bothered in any way. The Rangers always protected the working people, but they were rough on the criminal element. I could not pay too high a tribute to the Texas Rangers.

IN the winter of 1928 I was attending North Texas State Teachers College in Denton and had the usual trouble. I ran out of money, and as I already owed $150 I needed to go to work; but working on the farm for two dollars per day would take a long time to pay so large a debt. Just as things were looking the worst I was offered a roughnecking job at Wink. Roughnecks worked twelve hours a day, seven days a week for six dollars per day. Now that was real money! So I left immediately for Wink.

I rode the bus from Abilene, Texas west on old Highway 80 to Pyote, on the Texas and Pacific Railroad. Pyote was the shipping point for all supplies going to Wink which was established on caliche or hard ground about fifteen miles north of Pyote. There was a strip of caliche country from Pyote to Wink over which trucks passed and teams could haul heavy machinery and supplies fairly easily, but from Wink on out to the oil field there was nothing but deep sand.

The bus arrived in Pyote about three a.m. and when it came to a halt in front of a little all-night cafe, a man with a sawed-off shotgun cradled in his left arm walked out and asked if anyone needed a ride to Wink. A boy from Oklahoma got off the bus when I did and we followed the man into the cafe. I watched him and that shotgun pretty close. I had heard about these oil-booms. But it turned out that he was guarding a fleet of touring cars that were used to carry passengers from Pyote to Wink, meeting the through buses on Highway 80 and taking care of prospective passengers. Later I knew and worked with this man with the sawed-off shotgun. His name was Dick Baumgartner. He was quite amused when I told him how I watched him and that shotgun in the cafe that morning in Pyote.

Dick told me that the first car would leave for Wink at six a.m., so we sat in

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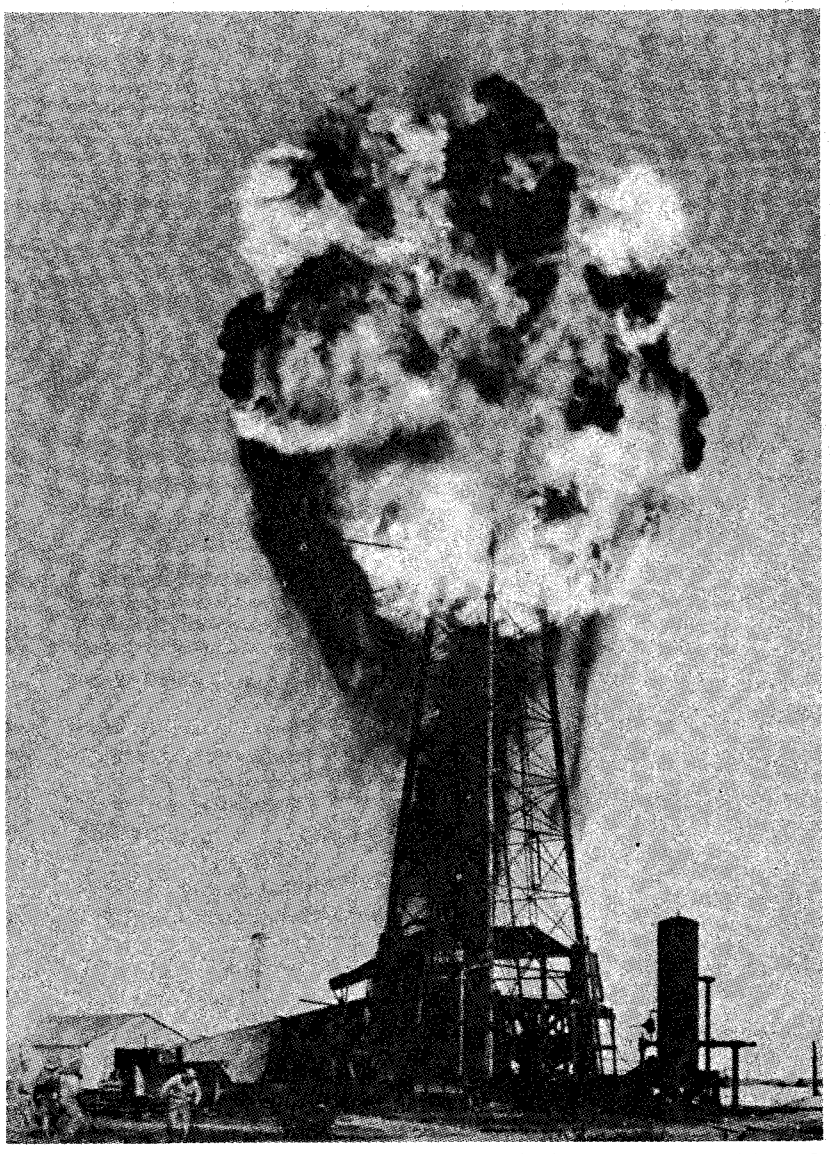

Photo from **Picturesque Southwest**; Southwestern Publishing Co., 1937

A burning oil well near Odessa, Texas around 1937.

the cafe and waited. At six o'clock we loaded up and started across the country. There was no established road, but you could travel anywhere as long as you stayed on the caliche ground. By this time of the morning trucks and mule-and-horse-drawn wagons were already on their way loaded with pipe, drilling rigs and all kinds of oil field equipment as well as groceries and dry goods. We soon passed all the trucks and wagons and after a ride over a very rough road (or trail) we arrived at Wink.

Now Wink was quite a sight for a nineteen-year-old boy off the farm. A wild well was blowing out of control on the edge of town and the roar from it could be heard long before we got there. Sulphur fumes from the gas were everywhere, and the smell was awful to a newcomer.

All the gas from the producing wells was set on fire and burned. Fires were burning all over the country, it looked like.

The town was wide awake by this time and it was akin to carnival time at a fair. You had to move with the crowd up and down the street and stand in line to get something to eat at a lunch counter. A place to sleep was almost nonexistent. "Cot houses" were big circus-like tents with folding cots where men working days would sleep at night and men working night would sleep by day, often on the same cots. About a mile out of town was a large tent with cots where anyone unfortunate enough to contact a contagious disease such as smallpox etc. was quarantined. This was called a pest house.

Maimed men in all conditions were begging or selling pencils. A blind man moved up and down the street playing a fiddle and a little boy about seven or eight years old was leading him. A blind boy picked a guitar and sang. Real live gypsy fortune tellers in their colorful costumes walked the streets. Pool halls, domino halls, cafes, rooming houses, gambling houses, dance halls and bootleg joints with now and then a dry goods, drug or grocery store lined the two or three blocks of the main street. In the residential section one lot would have a two- or three-room shack on it, and the one next to it might have a tent with a big shiny automobile parked in front of it.

AFTER the heavy machinery was brought from Pyote on the railroad across country to Wink it was transferred to heavy oilfield wagons with enough mules hooked to each wagon to move it wherever it belonged out in the sand dunes. It was amazing what those mule-skinners could do. They moved whatever needed moving. Most of the teams were either four- or six-mule teams and were called four-up or six-up loads, but I saw one large boiler with thirty-two mules hooked to it, and it took several mule-skinners to handle them. All the dirt work, such as digging slush pits for the drilling rigs and throwing up earthen dikes around the 5,000-barrel storage tanks, was done with teams. It was a big business, and teaming contractors such as Joe D. Hughes had established camps where their men and families lived, and had built large pens where they kept their mules. In each camp there were a hundred or more mules and men enough to drive them.

I had an older brother at Wink, but I didn't know where he worked or how to find him in that crowd of people. After wandering up and down the street and around over the town all day I saw my brother drive by in his car. I ran him down and I was sure glad to see him. He and two other roughnecks had a little two-room house with two beds in it, so I had a place to sleep. He turned me over to the driller who needed a roughneck and I went out on the job the next day for the Carey and Mitchell Drilling Company of Wichita Falls, Texas. The tool pusher was Jarve Sullivan and the driller was Ted Russell. I was what was called a "boll-weevil."

The rotary drilling rig and the insect called the boll-weevil invaded Texas at about the same time. The rotary rig was a new and successful way to drill an oil well. As more and more rotary rigs were put into operation, more men had to be trained to operate them and, as the boll weevil had ruined farmers all across the South, men began leaving the cotton farms and coming to the oil fields to seek employment. Many of the boll-weevil victims started as apprentice roughnecks on rotary rigs, and eventually all beginners on rotary rigs were called boll-weevils.

I was fortunate in starting to work at that time and in that place with good men. Oil field workers, in general, were a rough set of people forty or fifty years ago but, as in all occupations, there were good people following the oil fields too. I was young and broke and wanted to make good and believed nearly everything anyone told me. Ted turned me over to Dave Smith and "Cowboy" Thompson, who were old experienced roughnecks—and they told me plenty. They aggravated me, lied to me and almost worried me to death, but they taught me about a rotary rig and how to drill an oil well and watched over me in a tough town like I was their own.

(Continued on page 66)

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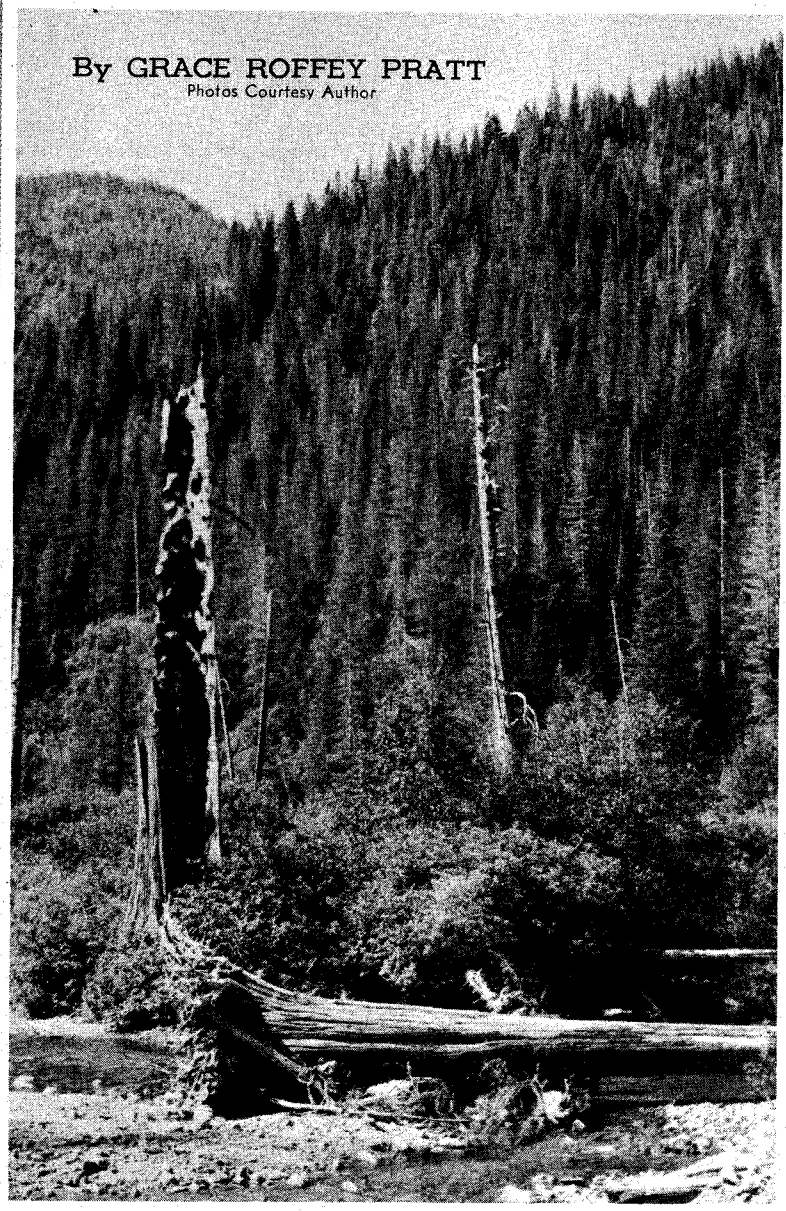
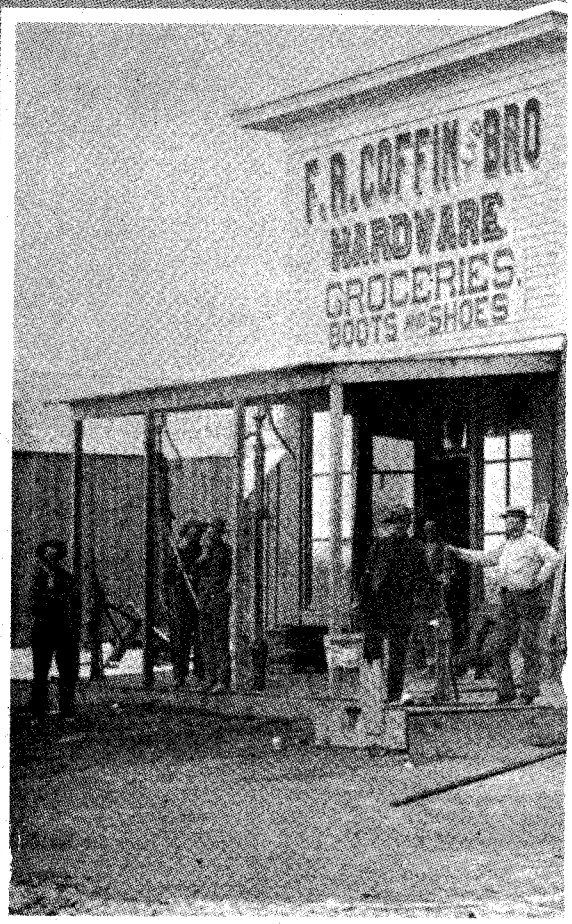
TIMB

By GRACE ROFFEY PRATT
Photos Courtesy Author





At left. Snags in Marble Creek Canyon (trees killed

Lumber company officials, land office officials, phony homesteaders, and

TIMBER CLAIM JUMPERS in northern Idaho operated from the early 1890s to 1907. By clever and shady means they took possession of claims that rightfully belonged to others, then sold them to big lumber companies. In the first years of the great logging industry in Idaho's Panhandle, these jumpers swarmed in, seemingly from nowhere, like yellowjackets around fresh meat in a remote mountain camp.

With few exceptions they were single men, or appeared to be. They came, played their dishonest game as long as it proved profitable and safe, then left—often by request—and were soon forgotten. But in the St. Joe River area, which includes Marble Creek and lies some sixty miles southeast of Coeur d'Alene, some stayed to fill unmarked graves and to figure, although silently, in the most sensational murder trial ever held in Kootenai County.

When the timber became scarce in Michigan and other midwestern states, their lumber companies turned to the Pacific Northwest. Some of them moved into the rugged, mountainous country of northern Idaho where the hills were rich with virgin timber. White pine was the most valuable and was called "King of the Forests," but other species of pine, as well as fir, spruce, tamarack and hemlock, were very marketable. Cedar posts and poles also brought a good price. Roads were built; logging crews put to work. Sawmill towns and pole yards sprang up along the rivers and lakes; railroads were laid up the canyons. Settlers, usually called squatters, ventured farther back into the hills than they ever had before. Close on their heels were the jumpers.

THE Timber and Stone Act of 1878 was intended to aid the squatter, to enable him to make a living while proving up on his 160-acre homestead. It per-

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BER THIEVES

CAME IN ALL STYLES!

Caldwell, Idaho. No date provided, probably the late 1890s.

Courtesy Idaho Historical Society

by the fire of 1910) still standing after 61 years. It was in this area that many claim jumpers met their deaths.

claim jumpers queued up to pay off the Devil in chips of white pine...

mitted him to file on an additional 160 acres of timber land, which he could buy at a minimum of $2.50 per acre. He was required, at the time of filing, to swear that his timber claim was not fit for cultivation and that he was not acquiring it for speculation but would use it for his own exclusive benefit. Corners and boundaries were to be plainly marked. The theory was excellent; in practice it did not work out so well.

Some of those 160-acre timber claims carried as much as 5,000,000 board feet of choice white pine and more of other valuable species, enough to put the poor squatter (and most of them were poor) on easy street for life if he could have logged off his claim. But that was the hitch. He couldn't. His timber stood on risky, steep hills and deep, hard-to-get-at gulches. The average squatter could not build the roads, dams, chutes and flumes, or buy the necessary equipment to change his trees to saw logs and deliver them to the mill. The big companies alone had the money to do that and it was to their advantage to get control of as many acres of timber as possible.

Companies stood willing to buy up choice timber lands as soon as the owners could legally (and sometimes illegally) sell them. This led scores of businessmen, schoolteachers and single women to file on homesteads and timber claims—people who had no intention of living on the homesteads once a title was secured and who had no more knowledge of how to fell a tree than did the jays that squawked from its branches.

These phony squatters built summer cabins, in which they would have frozen to death in winter, put up barns for horses and cows they never owned, and planted a few flowers and vegetables they usually neglected. These were mere pretenses that anyone could see through. One old-timer said he saw a cabin built squarely on the spot where corners of

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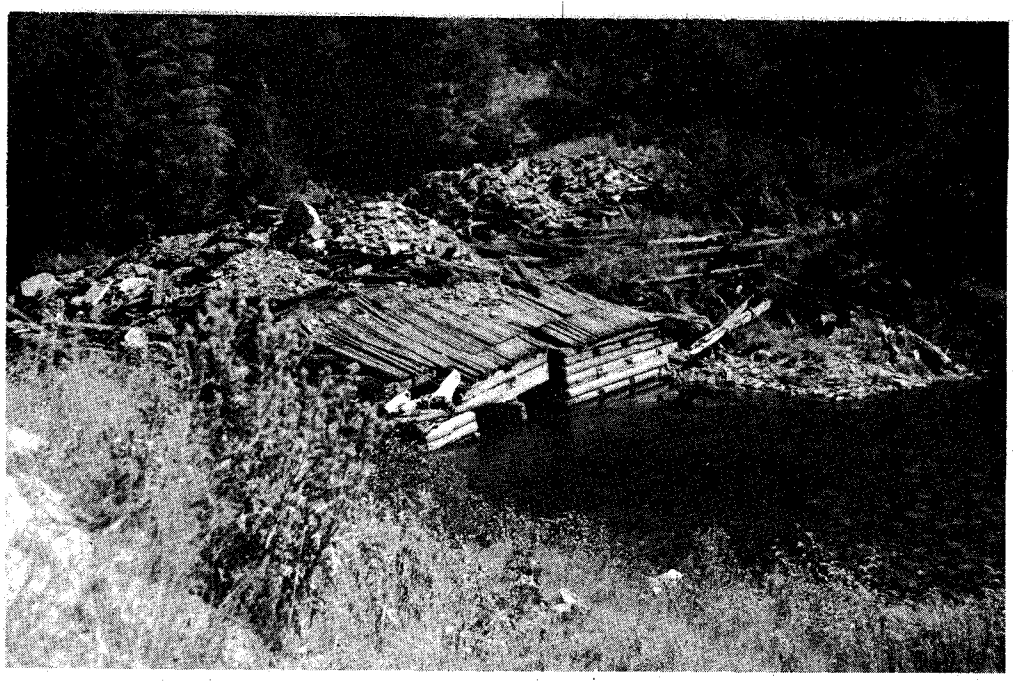
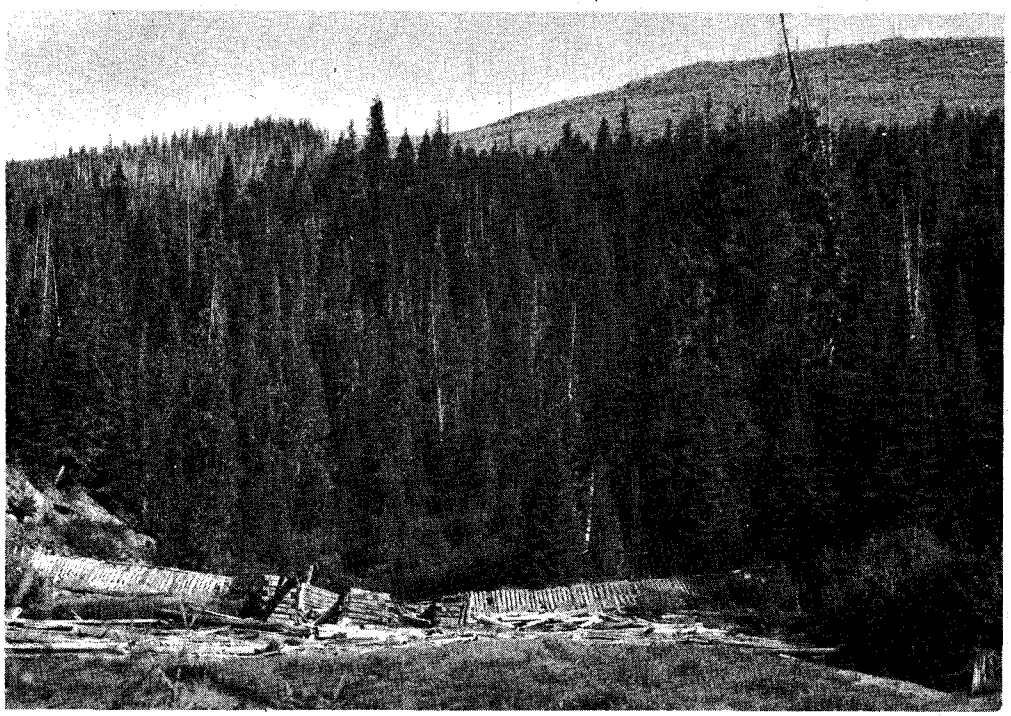


Above, close-up view of the dam on Marble Creek where logs were piled up, then flooded out in high water. Below, remains of the splash dam on Marble Creek. Note the hill in upper right, denuded by the great 1910 fire.



four claims came together. It was built by four different men to hold their four claims. They made no further attempt to improve their "homesteads."

Such phonies were made to order for the claim jumper, who could build his cabin on the same claim, then testify that the first man (or woman) was not acting in good faith, that the homestead land was more valuable for timber than agriculture and that the timber claim had been bought only for speculation. So with valid argument, dishonest manipulations and help from the Land Office, a sizable number of claimants lost their claims and whatever they had invested in them. The claims soon became the property of the lumber companies, and presumably the jumpers and those in the Land Office received a fee. A Coeur d'Alene newspaper stated that at one time every man in the Land Office was convicted of taking bribes and served time in prison.

CLAIM JUMPERS did not confine all their actions to dispossessing speculators, however; they tried it on the genuine sodbusters as well, and it was with the latter that they ran into trouble.

Most of the sincere homesteaders—men with families—soon discovered that their hilly land would not support a family at first. It would take time, money and a lot of labor to bring those rugged acres into production. In almost every case it was necessary for the homesteader to work in a mine or mill part of the time to keep flour in the barrel, something on the kids' feet in cold weather, (summers they went barefoot) and oil in the lamp on winter evenings.

This situation brought to light one example of political crookedness. At the time of the coming of the lumber companies, the squatters and the claim jumpers, the St. Joe area was unsurveyed and no Land Office had opened.

"Squatters Rights" gave the homesteader permission to settle on his homestead and define his timber claim on the unsurveyed land. Then as soon as the land was surveyed, the survey was accepted, and the Land Office was opened, the claimant could file on his claim. In case two claimants filed on the same piece of land, the one who filed first could retain possession. When a survey had been made and finally accepted, word went out that the Land Office would open on a certain day in the city of Coeur d'Alene. At least two men, who were working on Coeur d'Alene, had left their wives and children on Marble Creek homesteads. They learned, via the grapevine, that the Land Office would eventually open a week earlier than had been reported, which meant it would open the next morning.

Since the women were the ones holding down the homesteads, they were the ones who had to come in person to file. Suspecting that a shenanigan was about to be pulled, the workmen sent a friend with a good boat up the St. Joe River as far as it could go with instructions to get a message to their wives. The women lived ten miles from where the boat had to be tied; their only mode of transportation was their feet. But those women had not endured hardships and loneliness just to have their homes snatched away from them by the stroke of a pen.

One had a little seven-year-old girl she could not leave behind, so she took the child by hand. In the night the two women and the little girl covered those ten miles of mountain trail, got into the waiting boat, and by morning were in Coeur d'Alene. When the Land Office opened, the claim jumpers were right there as expected, but the tired women were there too, and so were their husbands. As the jumpers tried to push ahead of the women, the husbands grabbed them, roughed them up a bit and threw them down the steps with the admonition to vamoose. The jumpers did. The women filed and their claims were saved.

WHEN husbands and fathers were obligated to be away from home, it was a common practice of the claim jumpers to try scare tactics to drive the women and children away. Children were often so frightened by strange noises supposedly made by ferocious animals that they wouldn't go to the creek for a pail of water or play outside the cabin. Women were harrassed by sudden and unwelcome appearances of the jumpers, who talked about the dangers of living in the wilder-

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ness and enlarged greatly upon them. Some even made threats and improper advances. Ed Boule, usually known as "Bully," was considered the chief offender along that line.

Twice, it is claimed, Bully was at the point of attacking a woman when a neighbor opportunely arrived. It was known that Bully had been ordered out of St. Maries, a mill town on the St. Joe.

Men of Marble Creek took a dim view of their families being frightened and constantly annoyed. They formed an organization which came to be known as the "Jumpers Killing Committee." Fred Edgstrom was chosen to head this committee whose avowed purpose was to rid Marble Creek of jumpers. Four plans were proposed. One, hang them; two, shoot them; three, dynamite their cabins; four, tar and feather them and run them out of the country.

Few of the homesteaders had any desire to become killers. They just wanted to be left alone to live in peace and keep their claims, but they were determined to stop the harassment. Their guns were kept handy.

Bully, often described as a "bad actor," was among the first to be asked to clear out within twenty-four hours. (One story is that he did leave for awhile but then came back.) It is a matter of record that in June of 1904 someone shot at him and a companion. Bully received only an arm wound, but the other man (no name given) was killed. One of the few claim jumpers who had a wife and child in the area was so scared that he abandoned everything and took off for Santa Town thirty miles away. His terrified wife followed him, walking that thirty miles and carrying the small child in her arms.

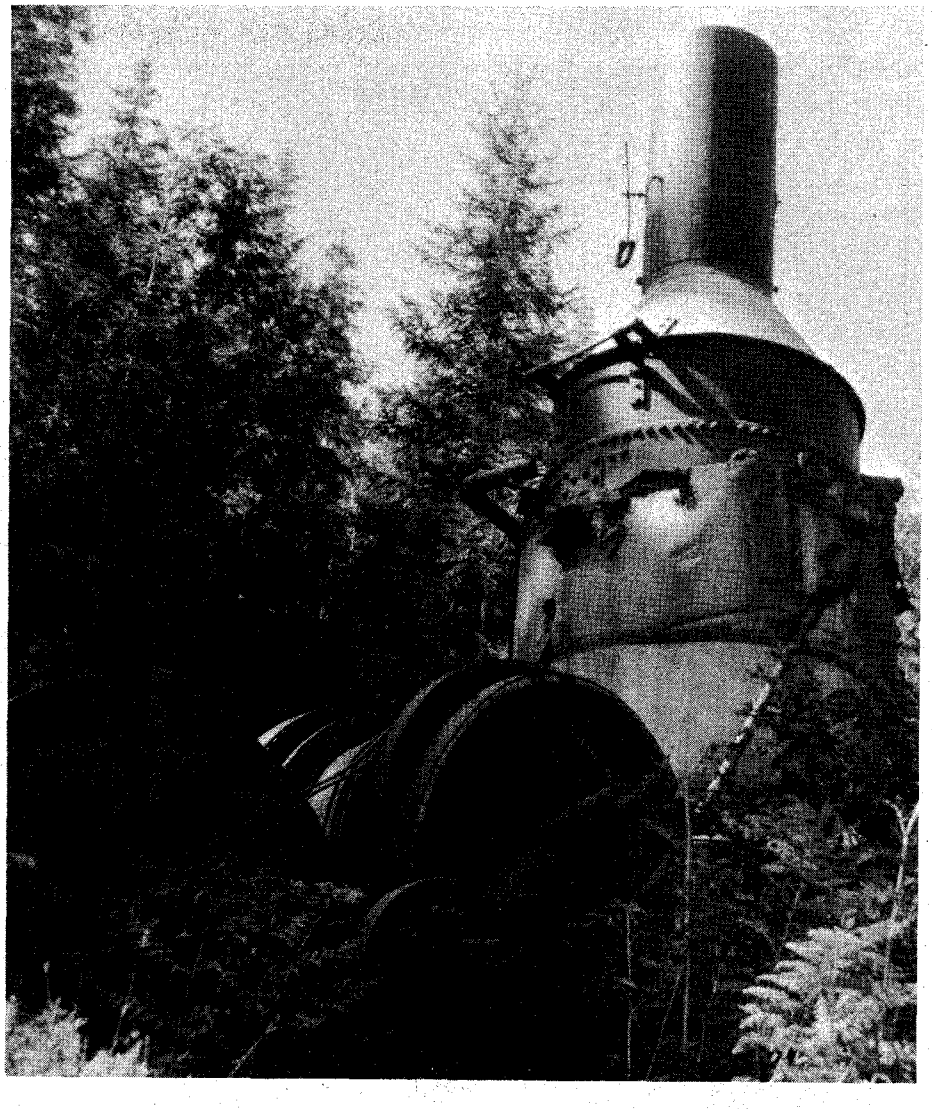
Bully must have possessed a certain kind of courage or a great deal of stupidity, for he stayed on in the Marble Creek Canyon after his close call. Feeling, already strong against him, flared.

Two months later, the *Spokesman-Review* of August 22, 1904 gave this report. "Two men are dead and a third is missing, as a result of a row over alleged claim jumping on Marble Creek near St. Maries, Idaho on August 20. The bodies of E. Bully and N. Lindley were found in the trail between Marble Creek and St. Joe Crossing. It is said that Bully's body had 23 holes. It is said that Bully and Lindley were claim jumpers. . . . There has been threatening talk about alleged claim jumpers for the last several months."

The report was in error. Lindley was not killed until later. The name of the dead man who was found about one-fourth of a mile from the dead Bully, was thought to have been Hendricks. Little mention was made of him.

Bully's horse and dog were found dead down the trail a short distance the same day that Bully was killed.

When Sheriff Manley, Deputy Sheriff Elliott, and the coroner of Shoshone County arrived in Marble Creek with eight other men to investigate the murders, they found the squatters tight-lipped and uncooperative. No one claimed to know who had fired the fatal shots, but little sympathy was expressed for the dead. Fred Tyler, who had been a pal of Bully and Lindley, had not been seen for some weeks.



"Old Betsy," a donkey engine brought into the Marble Creek area during the days of big logging interests.

Lindley, who denied he was a claim jumper, showed a slight flesh wound which could have been made by a grazing bullet when, as he said, he saw Bully killed. "Ed and I were dipping up water from the creek when I heard the crack of a rifle and Ed fell over against me. I ran for cover and I was shot in the arm. There was not a soul in sight anywhere. The shots were coming from the thick brush. I saw fifteen or twenty pumped into Ed's body after he was down."

Archie Phillips and his wife, who had been on friendly terms with Bully, intimated that Bully had been having an affair with the wife of a settler, George Bruun. If true, that furnished Bruun with a motive for taking a shot at Bully. When Sheriff Manley interviewed the Bruuns, both readily admitted that Bully sometimes had come to their cabin while George was away. Mrs. Bruun said that his visits had become unwelcome and that she had asked him—and finally ordered him—to stay away. She said there had never been any improper affair and her husband seemed to believe her. He denied any knowledge of the murders and the sheriff left, feeling that Bruun was telling the truth. He made no arrests.

AN ACCOUNT of the investigation given to a Coeur d'Alene paper stated that a rumor was afloat that the body of Fred Tyler had been found hidden in the timber, but that Sheriff Manley and the other possemen could not substantiate any such claim. Mention was made that the body of Bully had been found not far from the Jack Simpkins cabin. Simpkins lived in the mining town of Wallace, where he was an official in the Federation of Miners. He spent little time in Marble Creek, since he often had to travel to Butte and Denver in behalf of the Federation. He was not available to give any testimony on claim jumping activities.

A reward of $500 was offered to anyone giving information leading to the identification of the claim jumpers' murderers. There were no takers.

In Marble Creek excitement ran high. Who had done the killing? It was generally believed that irate squatters had been behind the guns, for many a settler admitted he would have liked to put a bullet through Bully. But some thought that Bully and Lindley had killed Tyler

(Continued on page 60)

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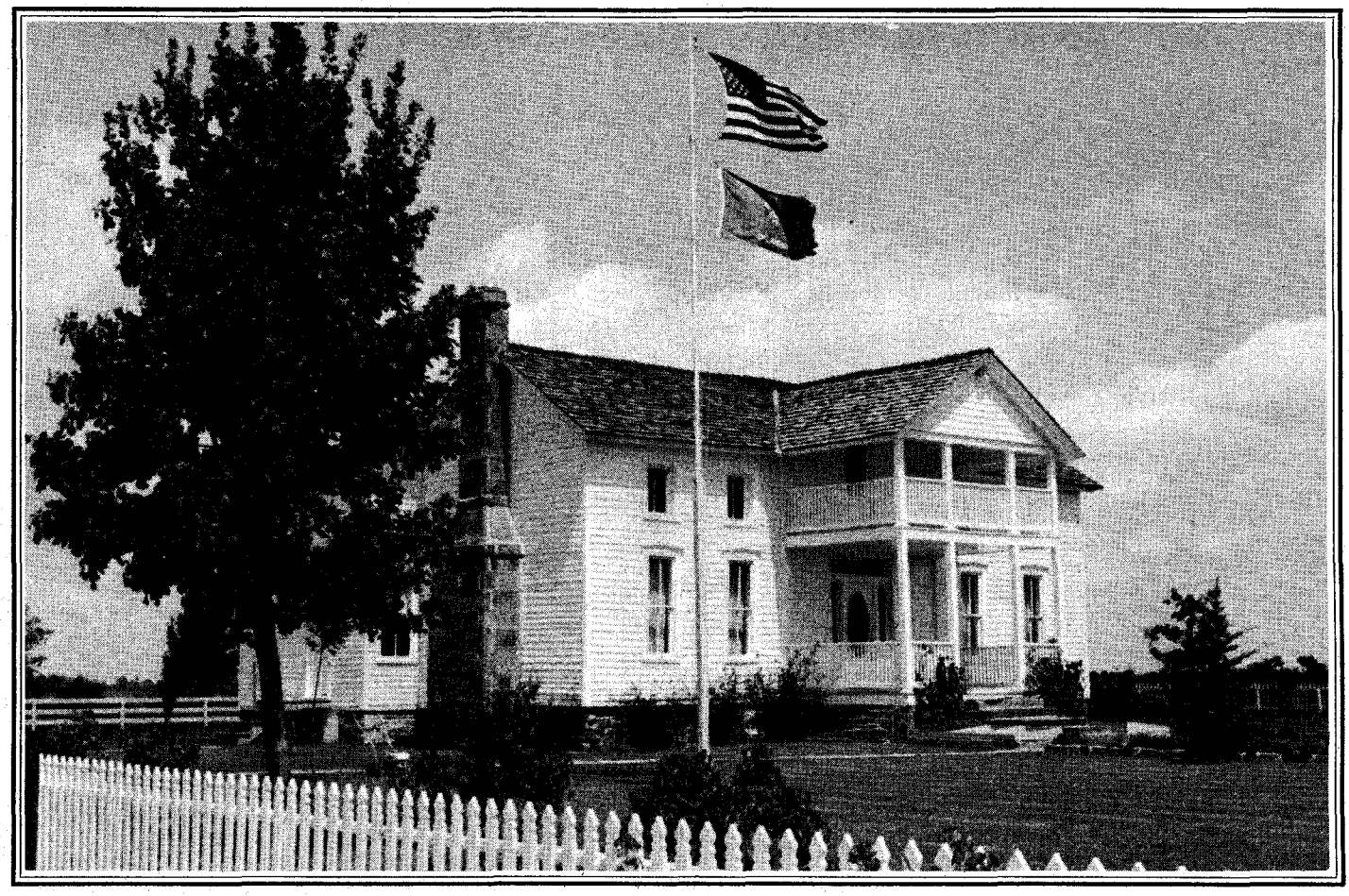
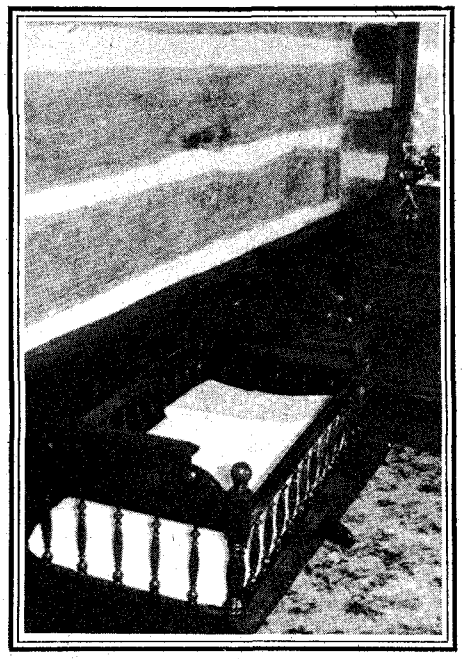


The Rogers' home with its white picket fence, flower gardens, and two open porches makes an attractive tourist stop. Four rooms, two lower, and two upper, are of exposed logs on the inside, while the rest of the rooms are frame construction.

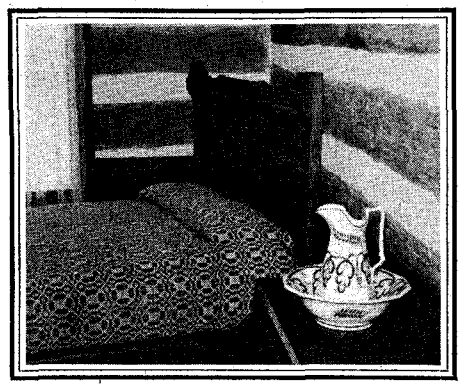
WILL ROGERS' OLD HOME

—*a picture story*



By
VESTA-NADINE ROBERTSON
Photos Courtesy Author

At left, the "birth room" with walnut wainscoting and cradle from the Andrew Wyeth family. Logs were painted at first, but later were plastered over. Below, another view of the same room showing the walnut bed. Dog irons, the Rogers' brand, stand against the room's large fireplace.



THE WHITE HOUSE on the Verdigris was the home of Clement Vann Rogers, captain of Confederate mounted troops, and his family. During Indian Territory days it was both a civic and social center.

The renowned product of this home, William Penn Adair Rogers, remembered his home and mother with loving humor. "It was a big two-story log house but on the back we had three rooms made of frame. Just before my birth my mother, being in one of these frame rooms, had them remove her into the log part of the house. She wanted me to be born in a log house. She had just read the life of Lincoln. So I got the log house end of it O.K.; all I need now are the other qualifications."

Clem Rogers first came to the Indian Territory in 1856 from his home in the eastern part of the Cherokee Nation. His step-father, William Musgrove, helped

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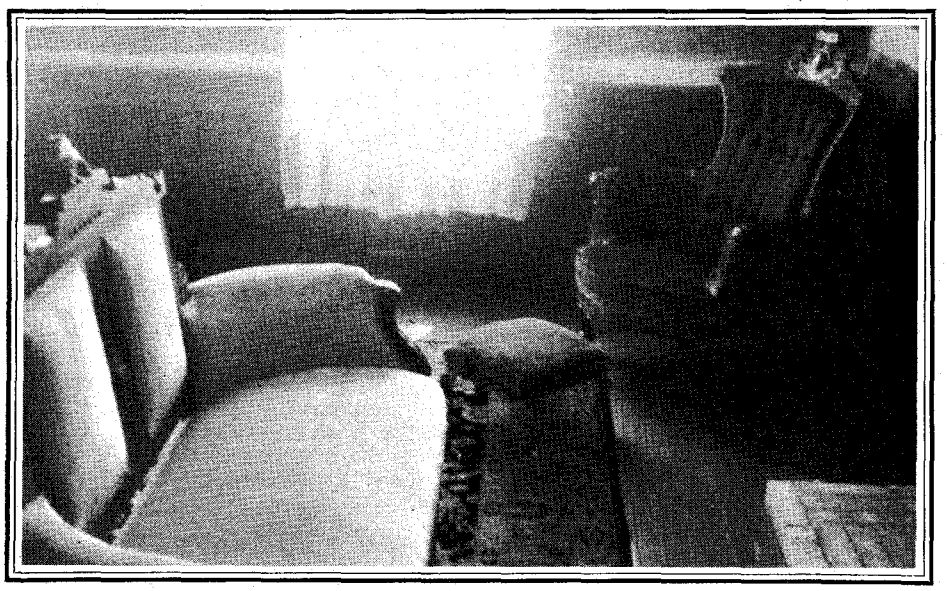
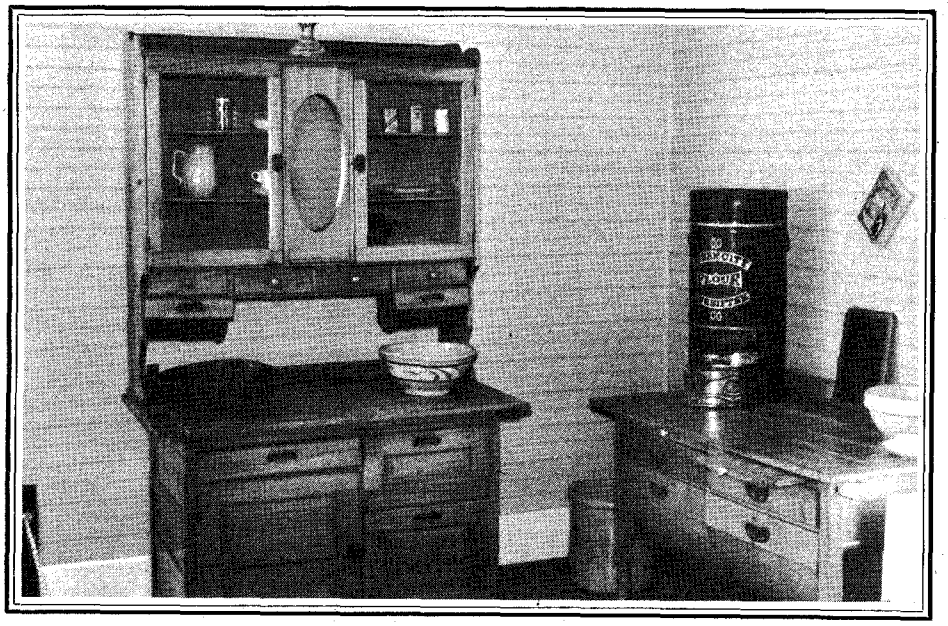
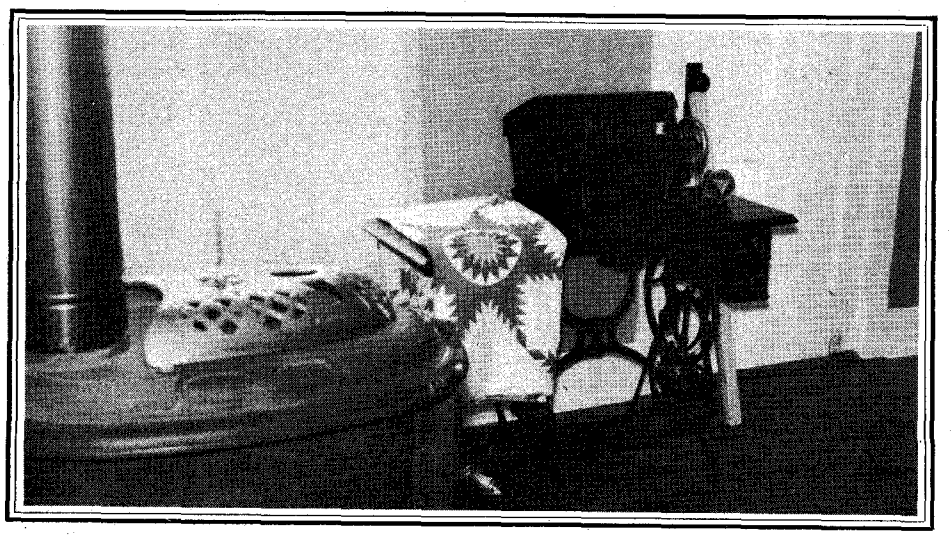
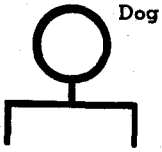


Above, parlor with overstuffed velvet settee, chair, and ottoman. In same room is the square grand piano that belonged to Betty Rogers, Will's wife. Below, a corner of the kitchen with cupboard and work table shown. Note crockery and old "receipt" book hanging on wall.



Below, a corner of the dining room used for sewing. Note handmade quilt and velvet pincushion.





Dog Iron brand, used on the Rogers ranch.

him build a two-room log cabin with an open porch between the rooms. A larger log building was erected for a trading post. The ranch and trading post prospered. Later, however, the years of turmoil created by the Civil War resulted in the confiscation of his livestock, and returned his ranch to wilderness.

He then purchased a log cabin in the same district of the Cherokee Nation, Cooweescoowee, from a fullblood, Preacher John Boot, for $25, and rebuilt his cattle empire of 60,000 acres of open range on another bank of the Verdigris River.

The logs for his White House were cut in the valley by an old man who also split rails for his ranch fences. By Cherokee law, gardens had to be fenced to keep out the cattle. It was two years before construction on the house was begun.

THE LOG PART consists of four rooms, two lower and two upper. The lower rooms had walnut wainscoting. The back three rooms, built in lean-to fashion, were frame. Then the entire house was weatherboarded by Rogers, thereby preserving the logs in excellent condition.

In later years some of the furniture from this old home was stored in a barn at Tom McSpadden's ranch near Chelsea. It was destroyed by fire in 1912. The vacant house fell into disrepair after it was moved to its present location. Vandals broke in and tore things up.

In 1959 the Rogers family donated a 165-acre tract, along with the house, to the State of Oklahoma with the agreement that the house would be moved out of the proposed Oologah Dam and Reservoir area to one mile west of the original location. It was to be restored and maintained as the Will Rogers State Park. The park consists of 992.93 acres, its dedication taking place on October 18, 1970.

The first floor of the restored home is open to the public. There is no admission charge. The Robert M. Blacks, of Tulsa, have been in charge of refurbishing the place to its original splendor of 1875-79. Working entirely from pictures the Blacks are slowly returning the interior to the way it used to look. Today's square grand piano originally belonged to Betty Rogers, Will's wife. The cradle, like the one which rocked little Will, was used by many generations of the Andrew Wyeth family. Many pieces of furniture were purchased from antique dealers, but some items, such as the velvet Victorian pincushion sitting on the sewing machine, have been donated.

Each of the log rooms had a fireplace. The ones upstairs are in need of repair. One of the cast iron fireplaces on the second floor was manufactured by Bridge, Breach & Co., St. Louis; and the other by N. Patterson & Co., Open Franklin #3.

"The original dining table in the

(Continued on page 62)

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A Sampling of THE WEST IN POSTAL HISTORY

1

By M. W. MARTIN
Photos Courtesy Author

POSTAL STAMPS of a nation often have been called a picture gallery of its glories. They depict in miniature its famous men, history, industry, and its natural wonders.

In the best postal tradition, the United States has long been issuing stamps depicting the history of the individual states, great events in the history of the nation, and the personalities that form part of our heritage. In this large gallery of postal miniatures an important space is occupied by stamps depicting the history of the American West.

The first—and the most beautiful—set of American stamps issued in this group was the 1898 series of nine commemorative stamps named the Trans-Mississippi Exposition Issue for the Omaha, Nebraska exposition.

Shown here are four of the designs: Harvesting In The West, on the 2-dollar stamp [1]; Indian Hunting Buffalo, on the 4-center [2]; Troops Guarding Train, shown on the 8-cent stamp [3]; and Western Cattle In Storm, the design of the $1 stamp [4]. The latter, showing a herd of Herefords, is considered to be the most beautiful stamp in the world showing cattle. These stamps are highly prized by collectors. The set currently catalogs over $1,100.

The mail was vital to the newly opened territorites and the historical importance of the famous Pony Express was recognized by the Post Office on two different occasions. The first Pony Express commemorative [5] was issued in 1940, for the 80th anniversary of the service; the second stamp commemorated its centenary in 1960 [6]. The centenary of the Overland Mail service was commemorated with a stamp in 1958. As you can see [7], the stagecoach's driver is pulling up the horses, while his side-kick is shooting at some unseen pursuers to the rear. One would think the driver would rather be trying to get away, but it's a nice design so one mustn't be too hard on the artist.

THE DISCOVERY *of gold is shown on* the 1948 California Gold Centennial stamp, which shows Sutter's Mill at Coloma, site of James W. Marshall's great discovery [7A]. Panning for gold appears on the 1950 commemorative of the centenary of the admission of California to statehood [8]. The sharp-eyed may also see oil derricks in the back-

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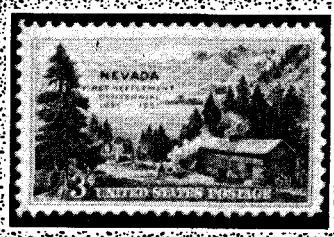

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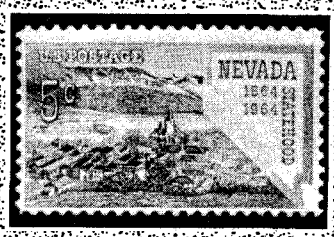

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7a

ground of the stamp, behind the pioneer couple.

The hundredth birthday of the silver strike at the Comstock Lode, Nevada, was commemorated in 1959, with a 4-cent Silver Centennial Stamp [9]. Nevada was twice honored with stamps. A view of Carson Valley, circa 1851, is shown on the 1951 commemorative of Nevada's settlement [10], while the view of Virginia City decorates the 1964 commemorative of the state's centennial [11].

Other Western states have had stamps issued for the anniversaries of their settlements and their admissions to statehood. Space prevents us from showing them all; the three here are fairly representative of the designs. U.S. and Texas flags appear on the 1945 Texas Statehood stamp [12]; a Washington scene is the design of the 1953 issue to commemorate the centenary of the organization of Washington Territory [13]; the centenary of settlement of Utah was honored in 1947—the design shows pioneers entering the Valley of the Great Salt Lake [14].

The people of the West have also been honored on stamps. The centenary of the coming of Swedish pioneers was commemorated with a stamp in 1948, showing a Swedish pioneer with covered wagon [15]. A year later, came the Indian Centennial Issue, commemorating the hundredth anniversary of the arrival in Indian Territory, later Oklahoma, of the Five Civilized Tribes [16]. A map of the territory and the seals of the Five Tribes (Cherokees, Chickasaws, Choctaws, Muscogees [Creeks], and Seminoles) from the stamp's design.

DIFFERENT EVENTS in the history of the West have been portrayed on our stamps. The 75th anniversary of the completion of the first transcontinental railroad was commemorated in 1944 [17]. The stamp shows a painting by John McQuarrie, "Golden Spike Ceremony." The Lewis and Clark Expedition was honored on its 150th anniversary in 1954. The stamp shows the landing of Lewis and Clark [18].

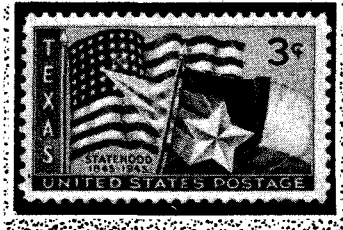
September 16, 1893, was the date of the opening of the Cherokee Strip to settlers, and its 75th anniversary was commemorated in 1968 with a stamp showing homesteaders racing to make a claim [19].

Curiously enough, no stamp was ever issued to mark the fall of the Alamo, but its memory is reflected in the commemorative issued in 1967 for Davy Crockett, who died in its defense [20]. The stamp is one of the so-called American Folklore Series.

Other personalities of the West have been honored with stamps. Sam Houston, President of Texas, had a stamp issued in 1964, on the anniversary of his death [21]. Manasseh Cutler and Rufus Putnam are on a stamp issued in 1937 for the sesquicentennial of the adoption of the Ordinance of 1787 and the creation of the Northwest Territory; and Henry Comstock appears on the Silver Centennial Issue mentioned earlier.

The establishment of Fort Kearny, Nebraska, was honored in 1948, while the centenary of the establishment of Fort Bliss, Texas, called for a stamp in 1948 [22]. A 1962 commemorative showing a sod hut and settler recalled the Homestead Act of 1862 which quickly changed the outlines of the frontier.

A stamp that's perhaps the most representative of the West as it's held in the mind of Americans is a painting by Charles M. Russell, titled "Jerked Down." This was the design of a 1964 stamp issued for the great painter's hundredth birthday [24]. The original work hangs in the Thomas Gilcrease Institute of American History and Art in Tulsa, Oklahoma.



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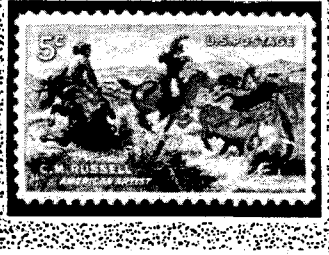

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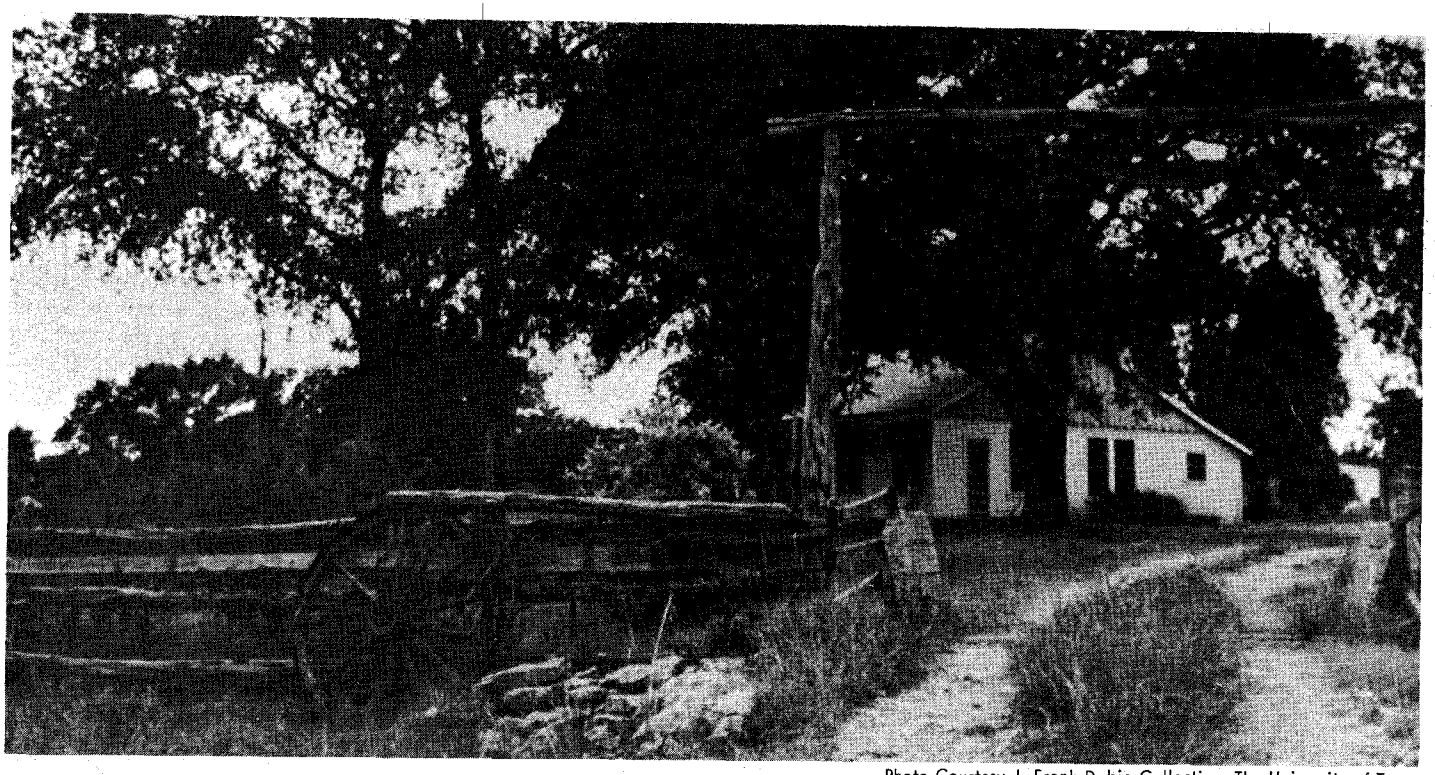


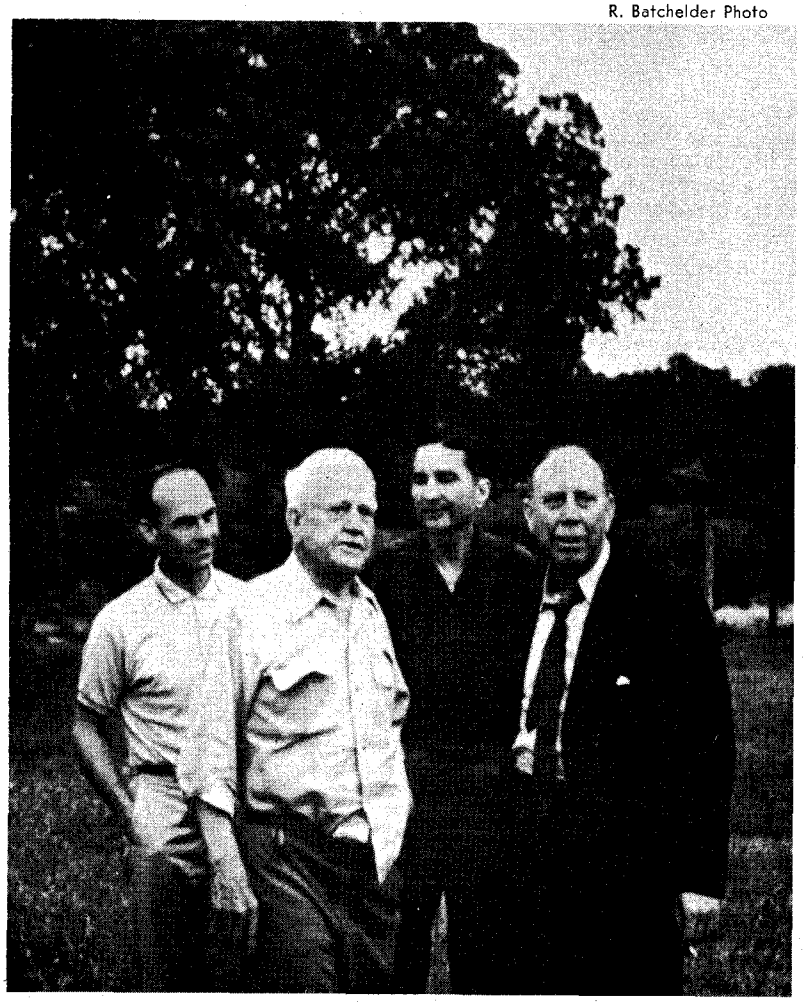
Photo Courtesy J. Frank Dobie Collection, The University of Texas

Above, Dobie's Paisano Ranch. Below, (left to right) Wayne Hyde, J. Frank Dobie, Joe Small, and Fred Gipson.

"I REMEMBER

✶ By WAYNE F. HYDE ✶

R. Batchelder Photo



THE STORIES went on and on that day. It was old-time entertainment at its very best. The story-tellers were J. Frank Dobie and Fred Gipson, with Hosstail Joe Small contributing a few of his own now and then. This reporter was there, asking some questions about the old days, the old ways, but listening mostly and enjoying all of it.

We met that cold rainy morning in April 1963 at Mister Frank's Paisano Ranch near Austin, Texas for what was originally intended to be about two hours of interviews with Mister Frank and Fred Gipson. But there were no interviews at all—just talk. Just conversation among good friends; men that knew each other, respected each other, and—yes, loved each other, too.

And those two hours grew into something close to nine with no effort at all, and with very little notice of the passing time. That chilly damp April morning was the kind of a day for good talk among men who could speak with knowledge of old days and old ways.

"The man on the horse was pretty much of an individual," Fred Gipson was saying in his slow, thoughtful way, in answer to one of my questions. "You might like him or you might not like him, but he could pretty well do what he wanted to at that time. If he couldn't do it here, he went somewhere else. There was a period of time then—maybe a forty-year period—where if you didn't like to work on this ranch, you could move to the next one, or whatever it might be."

Mister Frank nodded. "That's right, Fred." He looked at me, to give emphasis to his point, to explain it his own way. He had a commanding, penetrating voice, and I remember thinking it would carry to the back end of the biggest auditorium without benefit of a public-address system. "Listen," Mister Frank said, "there are just as many kinds of cowboys as there are many kinds of senators or governors or vendors of beer or preachers. They were *people*. They weren't all in a strait-jacket alike. They were characters." Then he grinned. "And some of them were sonsuvbitches just like some men today are!" And Mister Frank's laugh barked and roared around the main room of the old ranch house.

I asked about the old-time cattle drives, a subject of interest to many people.

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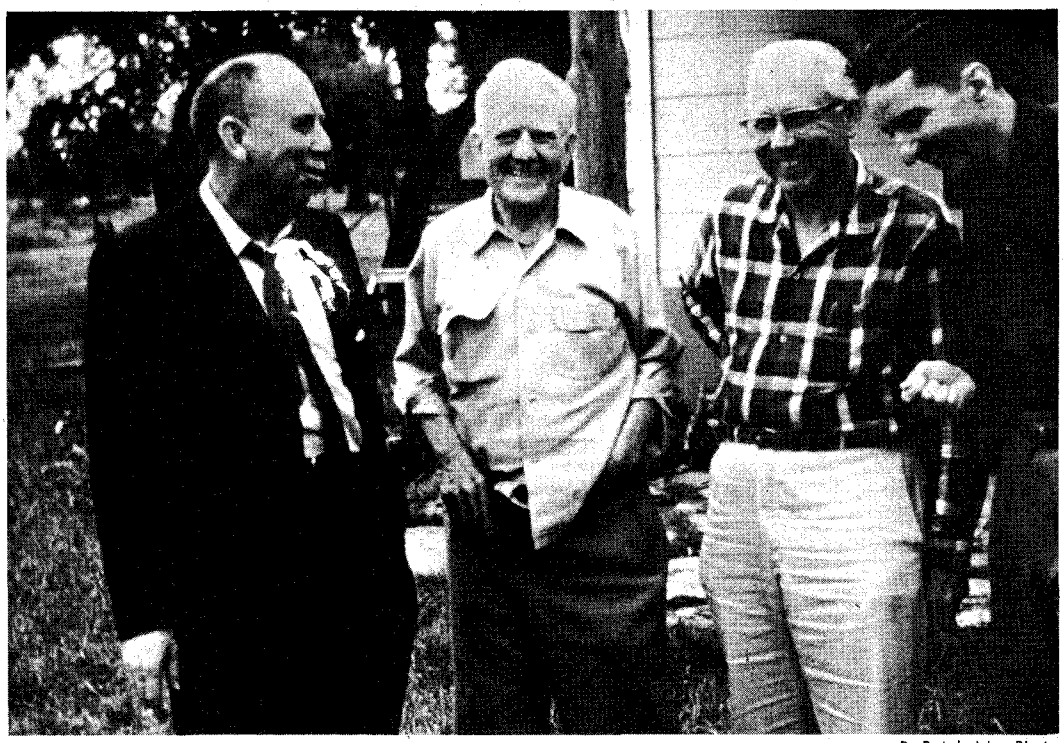
At right, (left to right) Fred Gipson, J. Frank Dobie, Bob Batchelder, and Joe Small. Bottom of page, "Mr. Frank."

Hosstail & Dobie & Gipson



R. Batchelder Photo

ANOTHER TIME..."

"Well, I know something about those," Fred Gipson said, "but I guess Frank would know more about it than I do. He's been a little closer to it."

"Well, I'm older," Mister Frank said, and got the laugh he wanted. "I never rode, myself, on cattle drives. I was too young then. I do know if you got a herd over three thousand head, it was awful hard to handle. But ten, twelve, maybe fifteen men could do it, wouldn't you say, Fred?"

"Oh, yes. And they didn't have to fight the herd all the time. They were just drifting them in the direction they wanted to go. They just walked them. Main thing was to see they grazed in the right direction."

Mister Frank nodded. "Sometimes they had to stay awake a long time," he said, almost to himself. And then he grinned again, remembering something. "They used to say that if a man couldn't get enough sleep in the winter time to last him through the summer, he could rub tobacco juice in his eyes and it would keep him awake all summer."

I'd heard about tobacco juice in the eyes. Was that a fact, I asked. Mister Frank shook his head. "I really never heard of it. Mostly, I think it was a legend. It made a good story."

We got back to the cattle drives. "You could just figure," Fred Gipson said, "if the drive was started, say, out of South Texas right now—this time of the year, in April—this is the weather you'd be living in. Those men didn't have a whole lot of tents and all this sort of thing. They just lived out there in the weather." He thought for a minute. "You had a certain amount of clothes—and some old boys started out with doggone little clothes, I'll tell you. Well, you maybe wouldn't freeze to death, but you'd be doggone uncomfortable if you stayed wet all day and you went to bed wet that night—maybe your bedding about half wet, too. Just living out in the weather all the time, I think, was one of the roughest things about it."

We talked about the rain and the snowstorms, quicksand, river crossings. Fred had something to say about river crossings. "Springtime sometimes meant heavy rains, and rivers and streams at flood stage," he said. "Most cowboys, I don't think, could swim. And then it was up to the horse

(Continued on page 56)

R. Batchelder Photo

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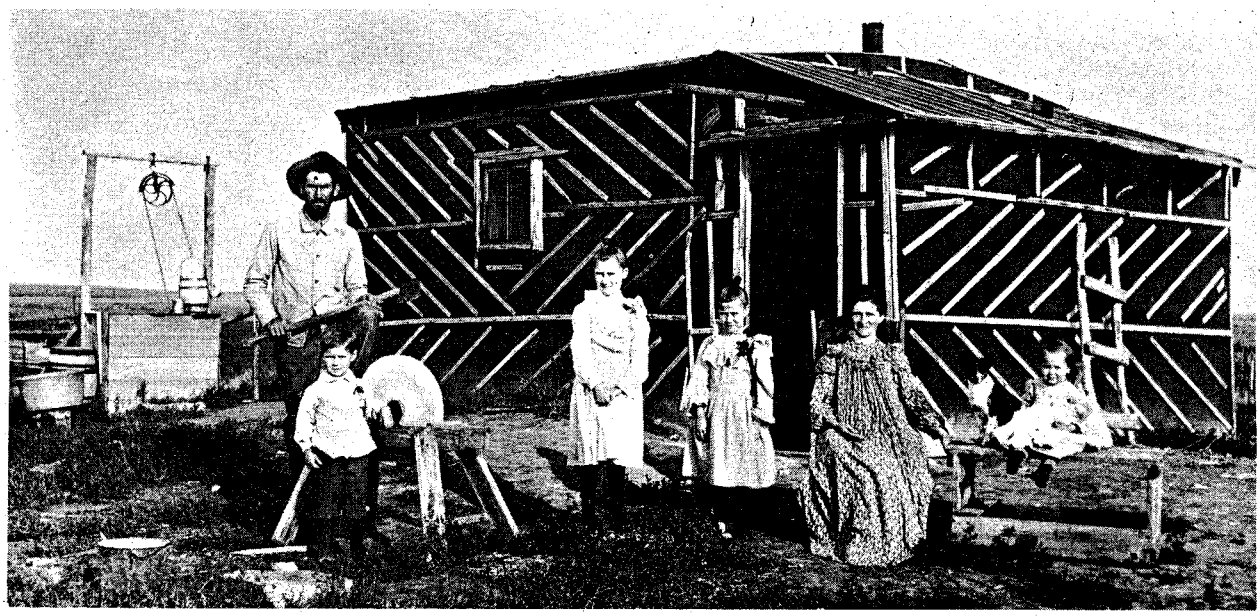
SOD AND MUD PLASTERED

EARLY NORTH DAKOTA ARCHITECTURE

ROUGH BOARDS

TAR PAPER



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LOGS

STONE

(a barn under construction)

THE PHOTOGRAPHER

The man taking his own picture at right is J. V. Harrison of Rock Lake, North Dakota. He took all of the photos shown here about 1900. We discovered them in the Diamond Jubilee issue (August, 1964) of NORTH DAKOTA OUTDOORS (they were provided by Howard O. Berg of Devils Lake), and are reproduced with permission.

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Jesuit Treasure

(Continued from page 21)

ish soldier who could not get along peacefully with Indians.

Regarding transportation, there were hundreds of miles of forbidding road between Pimería and Mexico City, where the metal had to go to be sold under Royal control and thus render the Royal Fifth. The alternative was by sea from the Sonora coast via the Gulf of California to one of the lower ports and then via other means to Mexico City. This could have been, but not in secret for it surely would have involved a government controlled ship.

Could they have mined in secret? This is ridiculous. For every ton of ore there had to be several tons of spoil moved, which many times rose to a ratio of 20 to 1. This spoil pile would have been most conspicuous. In addition, beginning with the introduction of the patio process of extracting metal in the middle 1500s, a very necessary material had to be present if smelting of any consequence were to take place—mercury. No mercury, no results. This ingredient was controlled by the Crown and if anybody got any mercury he had better return usable metal to the Royal pocket or else do some tall explaining. The military would investigate if nothing came back from mercury users. Though some of the mercury could be reclaimed, the process was not as efficient as today and a high percentage was expendable, but accounting was necessary. If a major legitimate mine used a certain amount of mercury to get a given return, then another which used five or six times that amount for the same return had better have an explanation.

The Indians would have hardly mined without coercion from soldiers, for they did not love a priest that much. With soldiers present, there could have been little secrecy.

COULD they have had a hope of smuggling the metal out? This is as far-fetched as hiding it on the moon. This was the time of pirates and privateers and the Spanish convoy system. Spanish administrative procedure was fairly efficient and widespread. Spain had naval patrols all over the west coast, for the principal targets of the sea-raiders were the coastal trade and the Manila Galleon which passed down the west coast on the way to Acapulco. A favorite hiding place was near the tip of Southern California to wait for that big one. Every ship that was chartered had to have a license to trade, and its lading was inventoried down to the last candle and nail. What the captain came back with had to be accounted for with the same accuracy. To have depended upon an unregistered ship would have courted trouble, for all such were too unreliable to be trusted with anything valuable. No, secret transportation is out.

Hiding treasure in the missions? It sounds good, but is likely to be fantasy. Gold is valuable and takes up relatively small space. However, one must look at the record of over three hundred years of Spanish production. Only ½ of 1% of the weight of metal dispatched by the Spanish was gold, and only 5% of the relative value was gold, including the loot of the Incas and the loot of Montezuma's Treasury. (And these were not mined.) There is no reason to believe that Alta Pimería was any different, so gold is out.

Silver? This is hardly likely. Even $100,000 weighs over 5,000 pounds, which makes it a little unsuitable to be hidden in a chest and buried under the altar. A million dollars worth would weigh 58,600 pounds and would fill more than two modern vans that carry inter-city freight. To hide this in a little mission of adobe would be sort of impractical.

Secretly hide it in a mine? If we have ruled out gold, then we come to another problem—what is the mine like? For every ton of silver smelted, there might be a volume of rock up to several times the size of the mission. If Indians mined such a big hole, they certainly knew where it was, and if anything valuable were walled up in there, they would certainly know that too. If they could dig all that rock and ore to begin with, a little walling up would not bother them long. Hiding treasure in a mine is out, unless it was guarded by soldiers.

ONE of the most blatant forgeries of late years, in my opinion, is the selling of Kino bars and crosses. Father Eusebio Kino was a wonderful explorer and mapper. He founded a number of missions in Alta Pimería and Baja California, but the exact number is not known. He was on the road a great deal of the time and never stopped long enough to supervise any great amount of mining. He was never venerated to the extent that contemporaries would make items with his name on them. His burial place was lost for at least a hundred years and, though beatified, his canonization was never completed. Without this, there would be no object in placing his name or seal on a cross or bar of metal, from a religious standpoint.

The sinister aspects attributed to the Jesuits apparently stem from political disputes among many different nations, misinformation, and religious jealousy. Take, for example, the case of Father Kino. He had no time for treasure mining and trickery. If you take the number of men and divide them out over the number of missions (and thirty-six colleges and seminaries which could not have had anything to do with mining and treasure) there is little room for supposing that much mining took place. Of the 133 missions in the whole of New Spain, mostly in northwestern Mexico and Yucatan, only a half-dozen or so are alleged to have had treasure, and these were founded in what was probably the wildest and driest part of Vice-regal Mexico. There are no firm records of these missions, no matter what people say about having seen the existence of treasure documented in "old church records." If something is supposed to be secret, it is foolhardy to consign it to paper—then or now.

The gold of the Jesuits, however, is a legend that will not die easily. Rose-colored myths are a part of the Southwest heritage.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

were waiting for the car to be fixed. We stayed there six years, all on account of a stump in the road.

One incident that happened was when we were going through a little Oklahoma town—our Model T quit and it was nearly dark. We had just passed a sign telling any white man not to let the sun set on him in town. My mother was terrified but the black mechanic told her he would take care of us and we were in no danger, as it was not our fault. He fixed the car and we lit a shuck and made several miles before we stopped to camp for the night. We cooked on a campfire and slept under a wagon sheet and quilt.

We made a trip by T Model to California in 1925. It took six days of hard travel. We went over the sand desert west of Yuma, Arizona on a road made of planks. It was a one way road except a few places built wide enough to let cars pass. We wore out a new set of tires before we got out of New Mexico, on the rocks in the road, some larger than your fist. We bought a set of red top Fisk that made the rest of the round trip. The front ones were 30" x 3" and the back were 30" x 3½."—Carl L. Roberson, 405 S. Rose Street, Anaheim, California 92805

Carl, you can live that plank road trip all over again in this issue. See "Wild Old Days."

Barney Mason

I am trying to get some record of the death of Barney Mason, brother-in-law to Pat Garrett. Does anyone know the time or place of Barney Mason's death, or the cause of it? Of course, Barney Mason must have died years ago, but I need details.—Eve Ball, Box 3215, Ruidoso, New Mexico 88345

Old-time Texans

I have subscribed to all three of your magazines since 1964, and would be at a loss without any of them.

My grandfather, John Touchstone, was elected county commissioner of Menard County, Texas, 1866-1870. I have this fact from the election records, plus much correspondence between personnel at Fort McKavett, pertaining to Texas; also, orders for corn meal for the fort in quantities of 1,500 and 1,600 pounds.

Grandfather Touchstone built three grist mills in Texas. One on Elm Creek, one on the Little Washita near where it empties into the Red River, and one near Atascosa, Texas.

John's son, R. B. "Bud" Touchstone, began driving freight at the age of twelve, from San Antonio to Henrietta and to Corpus Christi. John's stepson, Linn Boyd McDermott, was a lawman in Texas for the railroad and as a detective. He was a tall man, 6'7" in his sock feet. He had dark hair and wore a mustache. He was married first to Sallie (last name unknown) and they had

(Continued on page 63)

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

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We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward. Be sure to make your check payable to the publisher of the book, not to us.

RIDERS OVER THE YEARS

Man on Horseback (University of Nebraska Press, $2.95) by Glenn R. Vernam, is the story of mounted men from the Scythians of the Old World to the American cowboy. With 170 drawings and sharp narrative, the author has produced one of the most comprehensive and best researched books on the history and art of horsemanship. Beginning with the horseback riders of myths and legends, he describes the role of various equestrian types from Persian, Mongol, Roman and English cavalryman to the gauchos, charros, vaqueros, cowpen herders and cowboys of the western hemisphere. Descriptions and illustrations of riding gear are unique and instructive. Evolution of the saddle is given an elaborate review starting with the first bareback rider to the next steps of using blankets and finally riding pads held in place with primitive cinches and surcingles. From these the saddle evolved over the centuries from frail cloth innovations to leather war saddles that resembled boxes to help hold armored knights in place during jousts. Saddles with solid leather covered trees with a horn as a snubbing post for roping cattle were invented by Mexican vaqueros who introduced them to Texas cowboys. This unusually good book is highly recommended.

MODERN MOUNTAIN MAN

When the Coalman family settled between Portland and Mt. Hood, Oregon, the country abounded in game as well as wild Indians who often scalped invading whites. *The Story of Lige Coalman* (St. Pauls Press, $6.00) by Victor White, is a biography of a native-born Oregonian who became an expert outdoorsman and guide. Much of the text was drawn from Lige Coalman's personal diary which divulges details on overland travel, hunting, homesteading and pioneer commerce. Bears had a taste for pig meat and one comic opera story is about Lige and his father beating off a bruin which had nearly lifted a hog out of its pen. Lige Coalman's skill as an outdoor craftsman helped him rescue several southbound neighbors from an icy death. He became a renowned mountain climber and guided numerous tourists up Mt. Hood, and also served as U. S. Forest Service fire guard on top of the towering peak. He had several narrow escapes from death while climbing and descending steep, bald old Mt. Hood. Recommended for those interested in natural history, the Northwest, and the Oregon Trail.

MOTHER LODE LORE

The Call of Gold (Valley Publishers, Fresno, California, $5.95) by Newell D. Chamberlain, a former dude rancher and postmaster of Midpines, covers the past and present story of part of California's Mother Lode country. The book is spiced with vignettes of old-timers about gold mining, frontier squabbles, social events and law and order fracases. Much of the text deals with General Fremont's court battle with the Merced Mining Company whose officials tried to take over some rich mining properties on land legally deeded to the general. Fremont won several court cases and some armed skirmishes before he was able to operate his vast Mariposa Grant unmolested. His fortune from the sale of the rich estate was spent on ill-advised railway projects which broke him as well as some of his kinfolk and several friends. Readers may be amazed at the grainy tales from the Bear Valley locale where fractious sports promoted bull and bear death struggles, rooster fights, and harassments that sometimes resulted in the deaths of innocent Chinamen.

WE HANGED ONE!

A Noose for Chipita (Texas News Syndicate Press, $3.00 paper) by Vernon Smylie is an account of Chipita Rodriquez, the only woman ever legally hanged in Texas. Chipita's cabin in the brush which bordered the Aransas River between the Irish settlements of Refugio and San Patricio, Texas served as an inn to trail riders in need of food and lodging. During the height of the Civil War, Texas cotton was shipped to Mexico for export, to raise needed money for the Confederacy, via a trail which crossed the Nueces at San Patricio. A horsetrader named John Savage showed up at Chipita's place with a saddlebag full of gold. His body was later found in the Aransas River near Chipita's hut. Juan Silvera and Chipita were brought to trial in San Patricio, convicted and hanged November 13, a Friday, from a mesquite tree. Smylie's account gives much background on the region, events leading up to the hanging, the trial, the judge, and legends which have surrounded the bizarre case. Smylie's research is impressive and his book is informative and interesting.

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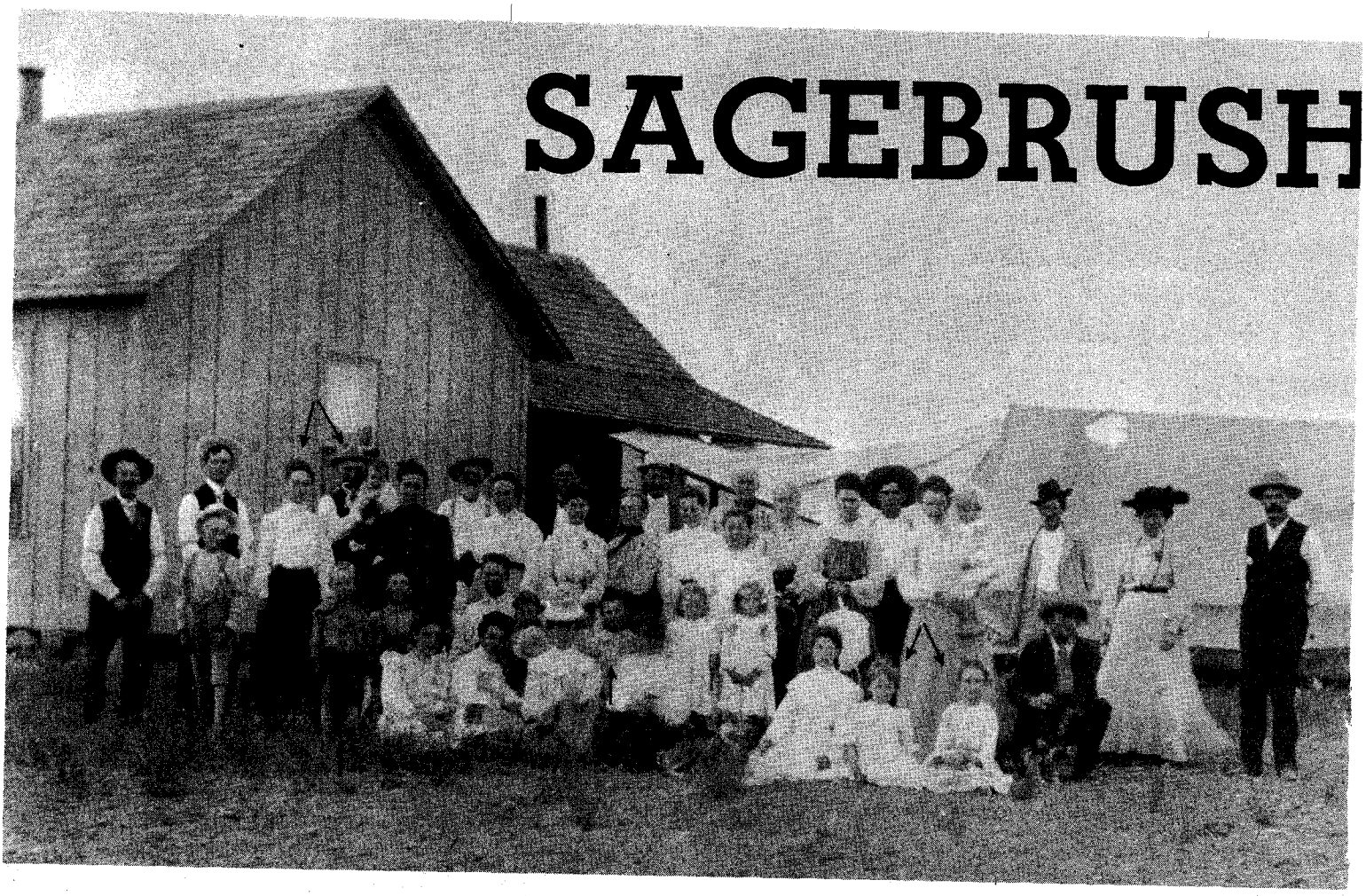

Little kids can sprout and grow wherever they're put —even on farms where they don't dare cry because water's so scarce!

Above, a typical Fourth of July picnic crowd in 1904. These were neighborhood affairs, held at various farms. The meals were served in the large tents (in background) for shade from the hot sun. In back row, W. H. Lowery holds little Martha; Mrs. Lowery is in front of them (see arrows). In first row, the two little girls at extreme right (arrows) are Anna and Esther Lowery. Bob is the first boy in the second row, the fifth is Frank (see arrows). Below, the same picnic crowd inside the tent. Seated at table, starting fourth from left (arrow), Frank, Esther, Mrs. Lowery, Anna, Bob, and Mr. Lowery.

Photos Courtesy Mrs. Marvin Long, Kendrick, Idaho

THE COUNTRY where I was raised was so dry I couldn't even make mud pies. We could not afford to waste that much water when every drop we used had to be hauled by team and wagon.

I would like to emphasize, though, that the hardships of homestead days did not affect the children, or even seem like hardships. I learned to be content with what I had and make the most out of little. I learned to find my own amusements. Mother's motto, "You can have what you want by wanting what you have," has made my life a wonderful experience.

Uncle Jim had purchased an improved farm near Davenport, Washington. His enthusiastic letters influenced my father, William Henry Lowery, to quit his drab dray job and move west. Our goods went by freight and we left Oakes, North Dakota on the Great Northern in March,

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AND DUST

By ESTHER LOWERY MEYER
As Told To
T. J. KERTTULA

Above, the main street of Quincy, Washington some time after the Lowery family had moved on.

1901, tourist class. I was six and had started to school; Frank was four; Anna, three; and Bob, eighteen months.

Parting with relatives and friends was hardest on Mother. So was the necessity of leaving so many cherished possessions behind. One thing she did leave, expecting to replace it in Washington, was her rolling pin. She never did and to the end of her days rolled out her pie crusts with a beer bottle.

The trip lasted two eventful days and for each Mother had a separate set of toys—things to cut out, etc. For the adults the main diversion was kidding a pair of newlyweds.

We supplemented the lunches, packed in shoeboxes, with potatoes roasted on special grates for that purpose in the coal stove at the end of the car. And each night the porter stopped to play with us after he had made up the berths. We had an upper and a lower. He made the lower by folding down the seats and then dropped the upper down from the ceiling.

Father took two of us into the upper and Mother the other two into the lower. I could see out the window and I lay there enchanted by the ever-changing panorama of snowcapped mountains shimmering in the moonlight.

We were met in Spokane by one of my parents' cousins, who took us to a hotel to rest while we waited for the Great Northern train to Davenport. There we moved in with Uncle Jim and literally made his little three-room house bulge. Our welcome to an enchanted land turned out to be cool, for a northeaster roared in and we wore our overcoats and overshoes as we huddled around a small cook stove trying to keep warm.

Fear of lightning was one of the reasons Mother had been willing to leave Oakes. The door of Uncle Jim's house was splintered but he neglected to tell her, until after we had moved, that it was from a lightning strike.

FATHER worked out that year. In January 1902 he started building the house on the homestead. We moved there in March, almost a year to the day after our arrival in Davenport.

Quincy consisted of a siding and one large frame building in which a family ran a hotel-boarding house. Our new house was a 20x15 board and batten cabin with a double window on one side and a single window and door on one end. The batten hadn't been put on the door end yet and at night, when the lamp was lit, anyone approaching could see inside through the cracks. Every evening Mother covered every inch of that wall with blankets.

With the family settled Father went to Davenport with the team and wagon for our furniture, a two-day trip each way. He cooked his supper over a sagebrush fire and unrolled his blankets under the wagon coming and going. He was to make many of these trips in years to come, camping either at Soap Lake or Grand Coulee, depending on his direction of travel.

Mother was terrified at being left alone in that howling wilderness (coyotes were numerous and vocal) with four small children. Mr. Black, who lived on the quarter to the west and with whom father boarded while he built the house, came by twice a week to fill the water barrel. We survived without incident, sleeping on the floor and using boxes for chairs until Father arrived with the furniture.

Two big beds, a chest of drawers, and a trunk took up one end of the room; the other was the kitchen-dining area. A calico curtain strung across the room on a wire gave privacy to the "bedroom." Bob, as would Martha, Marion, and Charles later on, slept in a basket on the trunk at the head of the bed. We were settled and ready to start farming.

Mother limited the work of the children under fourteen to light chores,

Class portrait at Quincy school in 1905. Anna Lowery (1), Frank (2), Bob (3), and Esther (4).

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leaving some of us to spend our days in the fascinating world of the outdoors. Close by were two ravines, Big and Little Draw, down which a trickle of water ran in the spring and early summer. Filled with big sagebrush they were ideal places to find small animals, birds, and wild flowers. Coyotes were almost daily visitors. Here we practically camped all summer.

We were not without playmates. Closest were the Black children from the adjoining farm, until they moved away. Dovie Black was my age. Together we took long walks in search of flowers, birds' nests, and arrowheads in the spring, and would return literally covered with ticks. Later we played with town children while Mother visited.

That spring Father put in his first grain crop. I remember his struggling to plow that land, hastily cleared of sagebrush, with his team and walking plow. It was several years before he realized the country was just too dry for farming and turned to raising feed for our livestock and working part-time away from the farm.

Even then there was talk of the dream that was to materialize years later as the Grand Coulee project, bearing out the pioneers' contention that the country could grow anything given water.

A much-awaited sight, those first years, was the passing of the Indians. Each spring a number of young bucks drove a large herd of horses east, to return late in the fall to winter in Moses Coulee. They kept to the road and bothered no one. We watched, peeking from around the corner of the house in keeping with our favorite game of pioneers and Indians.

Neither did we tire of watching the trains. In that level land we could see their smoke clear to Winchester, a siding on the N.P. ten miles away.

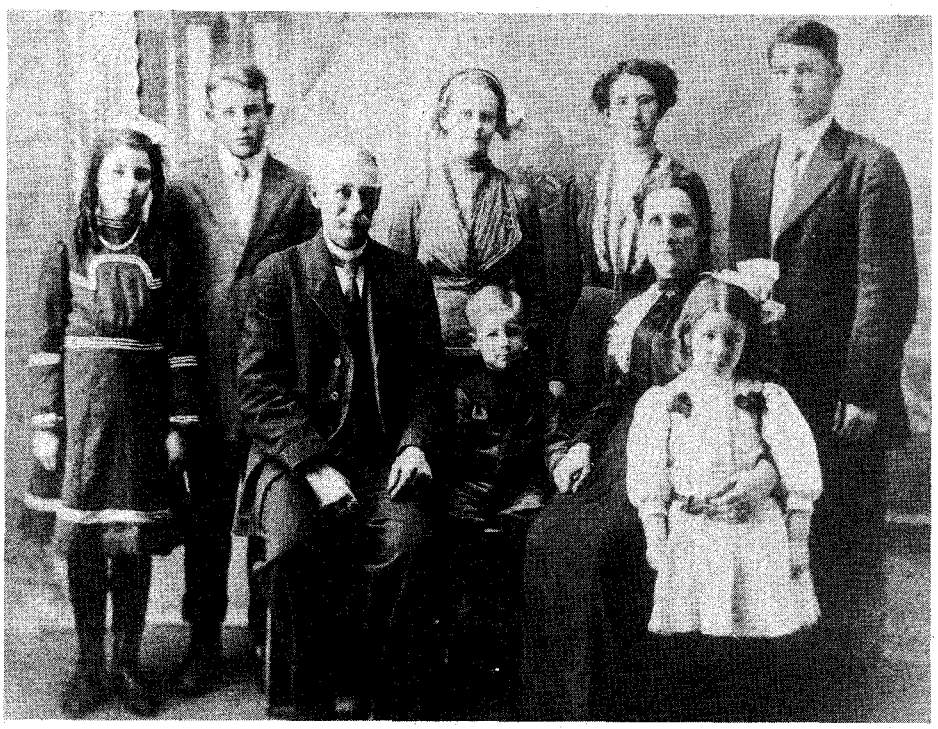
After the crops were in, Father built a cistern and a large, round water tank. Every drop of water we used had to be hauled several miles, a miserable job always and especially in sub-zero weather.

A hand pump was mounted on the plank top of the concrete cistern which was also used to pump water for the stock into a nearby trough. The cistern held several tank loads but we still had to haul water several times a week.

With water so precious none was ever wasted. Clothes were rinsed only once and the water then used to scrub floors. Water from vegetables, butter, etc. went to the hogs, dishwater, to flowers and shrubs.

That water could be so precious startled newcomers. Mr. Clay (we never called people by their first names), whose homestead was a mile and a half from ours, packed his water several miles from Willow Springs in a keg strapped to his back. A recent arrival, horrified at the thought, demanded to know why we didn't try to save water by drinking more tea and coffee!

If we couldn't play with mud, we could with dust. In summer the road was inches deep in it—flour-fine. The trick was to lie down carefully and then get up to see what kind of a print we made.



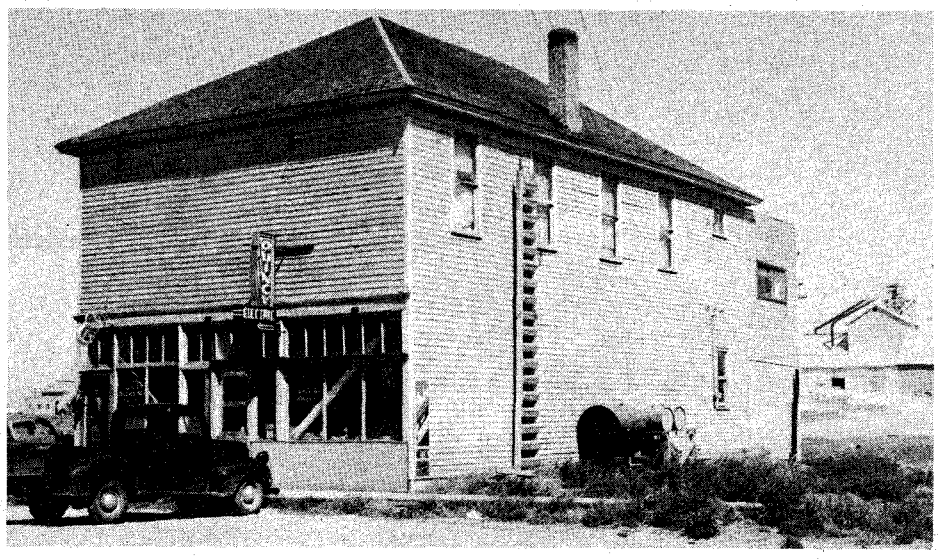
The Lowery family, winter of 1914. Front row (left to right): Mr. Lowery, Charles, Mrs. Lowery, and Marion. Back row: Martha, Bob, Anna, Esther, and Frank.

Mr. Clay was a frequent visitor as was another bachelor, Mr. Sankey, who always timed his visits for mealtime. Bleary-eyed, slovenly, and about his person, at least, an ardent water saver, he had the unnerving habit of falling asleep unexpectedly, sometimes in the middle of a sentence or with a forkful of food en route to his mouth. A couple minutes' nap and he would wake to resume his conversation or meal. This, we were told, resulted from a long past head injury.

When Marion was a toddler Mother met Mr. Sankey at the door, with Marion hiding behind her skirts. Spying the baby he grinned, dug down into his pocket, and came up with a thoroughly blackened piece of peppermint candy. Mother was frantic to get it away from Marion without his noticing it and before she put it into her mouth. Opportunely he fell asleep just then and she snatched the candy, and washed off a good thick layer of grime. When Mr. Sankey woke up the baby was happily working on the candy.

Sometimes, in later years, he rode to church with us. One Sunday he appeared just as we were leaving. We had three seats on the wagon with three people to a seat—but we had to make room for Mr. Sankey! Father placed a chair on the back of the wagon for him and it worked beautifully until, half way to town, he dozed off. Then suddenly there he was, covered with dust and running down the

Before it was remodeled, this building was the two-story schoolhouse that the Lowery children attended during their first years in school. It was the second school built in Quincy.



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road with the chair in one hand and his hat in the other and hollering, "Whoa, Whoa, Whoa!"

THE COUNTRY began filling up fast. With the construction of Dickinson Hall, a large two-story frame building housing a general store below and a community hall upstairs, Quincy became more than a siding. There we held our first Sunday School, which my parents were instrumental in organizing. There we held the community party where adults played all the games while the children sat on benches solemnly watching.

The following year, 1903, Martha was born. Father rode a work horse to town for Doc Vail, who was on his way to us horseback until the horse stepped into a badger hole and somersaulted horse, Doc, and the little black bag into an ignoble heap. The horse headed back to town and Doc walked the rest of the way. Martha grew up on various versions of how Doc found her in the bottom of a badger hole! Right after that Grandmother's letter, announcing she was coming for a month's visit, almost precipitated a family crisis. We rushed to complete the only addition made to the house.

Mother didn't believe in Sunday calls but soon found out that Sunday was the only day homesteaders could visit. She loved to entertain, and the Black family were our first Thanksgiving guests. I still remember Mrs. Black's delight at the prospect of yeast bread, and her exclamation, "Oh, some nice light bread!" In the section of the South she was from, baking powder biscuits were customary and she never had got around to baking bread for her family. That day, before the meal was hardly started, the bread was all gone.

Baking for our family was a constant chore. With the old dry Magic yeast Mother made nine loaves at a time, three times a week. We raised practically all our own food. Early in March, to take advantage of the rains, Mother planted a garden at the edge of the draw. Usually we could count on sufficient moisture there until July. She had corn, squash and watermelon, besides enormous quantities of common garden vegetables. Each fall we took a trip to Moses Coulee or Crescent Bar on the Columbia, both about twelve miles away, for fruit. Transportation—team and wagon.

We had plenty of beef, pork, rabbit, and chicken, although coyotes threatened to clean out the latter. Without refrigeration meat could not be kept in summer; it had to be cured at once. This was done by tightly packing chunks of meat in a barrel of brine placed on the shady side of the house. It kept as long as the brine covered the meat; neither did it freeze in winter. Corned beef and salt pork were made this easy way and the excess salt had to be soaked out before cooking. I didn't like either salt pork or corned beef and frequently wound up with a supper of bread and milk. And I really didn't like bread and milk!

There wasn't much we had to buy. Father got the groceries once a week—a red letter day for he always brought home a small bag of candy, maybe a couple cents' worth. I remember trading a ten-pound pail of eggs at the store for material for a dress. Eggs were 10¢ a dozen; women's high-laced shoes 75¢ a pair.

MOTHER was determined we would be acquainted with the best of literature. On hot summer afternoons (or by the fire in winter) she read to us from her classics. She was extremely sentimental and made the most of what she read from her *Red Letter Poems*, *Hiawatha*, and others.

Grandpa collected funny papers and sent them to us in huge bundles. Mother disapproved but as they came from Grandpa she let us have them, expecting, no doubt, to see us all develop into Katzenjammer Kids.

Our only newspaper was the weekly *Spokesman Review*. The *Youth's Companion* and big mail order catalogs came regularly. The *Ladies Home Journal* published paper doll cut-outs. We saved scraps of paper for doll dresses, and chicken feathers for hats. Strawberry boxes were converted into doll houses. Tiny china dolls were dressed by tying cloth around them with store string.

We were more fortunate than many for our relatives never forgot us at Christmas. One year Grandma sent a huge trunk crammed with presents packed in old clothes. Uncle Charlie and Aunt Alice sent me a beautiful doll buggy, but Aunt Della instantly became my favorite when I unwrapped her big blue-eyed, golden-haired doll.

Mother made us presents out of whatever was available—which sometimes wasn't much. When I was nine she made me a doll house out of an orange crate. The upper half housed dolls; the lower, the boys' animals. One of the first years she made us a Santa and sleigh pulled by four stuffed rabbits—a rabbit for each of us. As Christmas approached Mother would tell us to bring our dolls so she could send them to "Santa House." After we were asleep she renovated them and Christmas morning they reappeared nicer than new.

Christmas was strictly a family day with a big dinner. The first trees were sagebrush decorated with homemade ornaments and decorations brought from North Dakota. The tree at the first Christmas program in Dickinson Hall was a huge sagebrush. In later years evergreens were shipped in by rail.

Some families, to my parents' disgust, distributed and opened their family gifts at the program. Our parents talked to us about this, calling it a crude attempt to impress neighbors, especially the less fortunate.

When I was ten Grandmother sent us our biggest present, a pump organ. Mother could play but immediately obtained a correspondence course to use in teaching us. On cold winter nights, as we sat around the fire, she accompanied us as we sang such songs as "Darling Nellie Gray." Father was an excellent singer and Mother could sing a little but she couldn't harmonize. Her dream was to sing alto to his tenor and the fact that she couldn't was a disappointment over which she cried frequently.

Father led the singing in church but for a while the minister's wife threatened competition. She accompanied her solos on a guitar, dragging them out into a long mournful wail. Martha, then a baby, couldn't take it. As soon as the woman started to sing, and long after, Martha howled. There was no way to stop

Mr. and Mrs. Lowery during their first years on the homestead, taken in the kitchen part of their home.

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her—and part of the congregation didn't want her stopped!

THE Presbyterian Church considered us home missionary territory and sent Reverend H. G. Course to organize the church in 1908. He was a circuit rider but we called him the "Jackrabbit Preacher." He covered two hundred miles a month on foot, tending his six mission stations. He often stayed overnight with us (we had the loft for extra room by then) and entertained us with jokes and stories to suit our ages. His appetite for fried chicken and watermelon was never satisfied.

Sometimes, on Sunday afternoons, Father took us up to the hills with the team and wagon. There we scattered in search of wild flowers. Among the scab rocks we found violets, bluebells, iris, lupine, rock roses (bitterroot), and a bloom we called "bread flower" because of its odor.

Beard Springs, two and one-half miles north, was a favorite picnic spot. Here grew sagebrush with six-inch trunks which we cut for firewood. It was in this place that I saw my first rattlesnake. I didn't realize what it was until Father jumped down from the wagon and smashed it with a rock. The rattles were a family treasure for years.

Outside of church and school there wasn't much to draw us to Quincy. Memorial Day there consisted of a parade and speeches, and the Fourth of July a program, followed by picnics on various farms. Everyone took part in jackrabbit and coyote drives. Coyotes were numerous and though we seldom paid them much attention, I doubt if Mother ever quite lost her fear of them.

It was two miles to town by the road, and one and one-half miles across the fields, which Mother thought was too far for me to walk to school so she kept me home the first two years. But that doesn't mean I was free. She had been a teacher and worked hard to teach us at home. I probably learned more than I would have at that little one-room school. When I started I was ten, and went into the third grade.

Beside our regular lessons we celebrated every holiday. Valentines we made for each other were from samples from wallpaper books or whatever else was handy. For such as Lincoln's Birthday we prepared a special program, studying the significance of the day, making and putting up our own decorations. Then, with all the solemn dignity we would have displayed before an audience, we each gave a recitation. Perhaps it wasn't much, but it gave us a better appreciation of the American heritage.

In a couple of years we had a two-room two-teacher school. One year it was taught by two sisters, one of whom had a cowboy boyfriend. The clump of his boots and the jingle of his spurs echoed through the building morning, noon, and night and his pony considered the school yard its home corral. I never did find out if she married him.

Another school romance was that of a seventh-grade boy and a fourth-grade girl. He always wore a big cowboy hat and was the most popular boy in school, and always knew and could sing the latest songs. But he wasn't popular with her mother who proclaimed them too young even for puppy love.

By the time I was in high school the big school with four classrooms on each floor had been built. The high school used three of the rooms and had three teachers. While very good in the classroom, they gave us more out of school than in, especially through the social activities they arranged for us. For that I have always been extremely grateful.

I believe I had a part in every play the high school put on during my years, which meant walking back to school three evenings a week for practice. I usually played the part of old maids or cranky stepmothers but in my senior year I was the heroine in "The Merchant of Venice." I had trouble keeping a straight face while a very fat boy in a faded bathrobe knelt at my feet stammering out his vows of undying love.

IT WAS during my high school years that we had a most serious accident on our place. Beneath the house, and reached through a trapdoor in the floor, was a pit for storing vegetables. Mother was a heavy woman and when she stepped on the trapdoor it gave way. She fell, spraining her ankle seriously. Father set it and after soaking it in hot water it improved rapidly until she sprained it again. Then Doc put it into a cast and for the next six weeks four of us kids took turns staying home to help. As helpers we probably were a great disappointment to her.

But it was when I was in the sixth grade that I was the greatest disappointment to her. One day she asked me the date and I said I didn't know.

"There it is on the calendar. Can't you see it?" she demanded.

"No," I replied hesitantly. Mother looked at me in utter disbelief, then the idea that my eyesight might be defective took hold. She burst into fits of uncontrolled sobbing, wailing that she had produced a defective child.

Bob must have been about nine when he fouled up the doll wedding. Anna and I had an elaborate one planned and she had worked all day getting ready, and the imaginary wedding march was about to begin when we heard Mother scream. Like frightened rabbits we ran outdoors to see Bob sprawled in the dust unconscious and Mother running toward him. He had fallen off a horse and wasn't out more than a minute or two and otherwise uninjured, but we couldn't recapture the magic spell of our play and the wedding never came off.

The first class of two seniors graduated from high school in 1912. In the 1914 class were four—Frank and I, Irl Morrison, and Franklin Dunston.

Our parents had probably considered it for a long time without telling us, but that summer they decided to abandon the homestead and move to Pullman where Frank and I would start at Washington State College that fall.

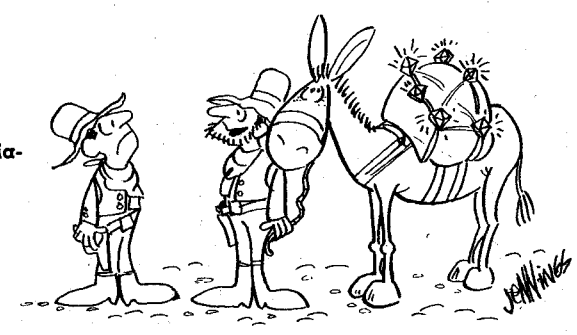
The last Sunday in August I attended church in Quincy for the final time. It was a doubly sad day for me because of my first playmate, Dovie Black. She had moved away and married and now she was dead. They were bringing her body back for burial in Quincy. The funeral would be that afternoon and as I was one of the girls asked to be an honorary pallbearer we had to frantically dig through all the packed boxes to find my white dress.

Early the next morning we started for Pullman. Our furniture and heavy stuff went by freight. All we had with us was a camping outfit and clothes for our immediate needs, but even then the wagon was crowded with nine people and their belongings.

The early morning was still and already hot as Father swung the team out onto the road. The horses' hoofs raised a cloud of fine dust which hung like a wall in the dead air. So our last look at the homestead, which had been our home for thirteen years, was hazy through a pall of the dust which had been so much a part of our lives. And a last look it was, for all but Martha.

She was the only one to go back and she believes that she found the place though everything was changed. Grand Coulee water had made a garden of the land we had known only as sagebrush. She found part of an old building—the cellar or chicken house, perhaps—that she was sure was part of the old home place. Beyond that nothing was familiar; but then, she was only eleven when she left.

Our rate of travel was about that of the old wagontrains, and the trip took a week. But it was a pleasant carefree journey. At night, after the chores were done, we gathered around the fire to talk and sing—a happy, close-knit family bound like the earlier westward rolling pioneers toward a horizon beyond which, we hoped, lay a better life for all.



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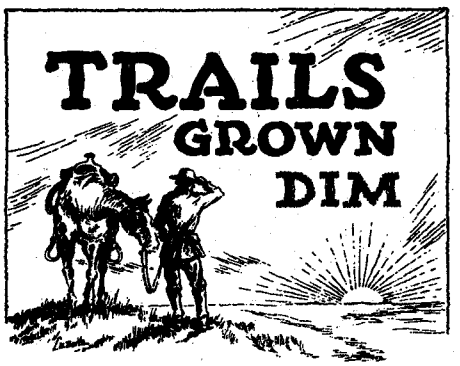

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Hunter

My great-grandfather, Paschal Mulligan Hunter, Sr., was reportedly killed by Indians in Bastrop or Burnet County, Texas in March 1850, five months before my grandfather was born.

At the time of his death Paschal lived on a 300-acre farm near Bastrop, part of the headright of Isaac Harris, and owned a land grant of 1,280 acres in Burnet County.

Paschal Hunter was born circa 1800 and married Eliza Martin in Shelby County, Kentucky in 1827. He was the son of Thomas Hunter, born in Virginia in 1778; died in Pike County, Missouri. Thomas married Priscilla Mulligan in Shelby County, Kentucky in 1799.

According to family tradition the above was a good friend of Sam Houston.

Any information regarding the death and burial place of Paschal Hunter would be greatly appreciated. Would also like to hear from relatives.—Paul F. Helmick, 12412 SE 26 Place, Bellevue, Washington 98005

Tripp

I am seeking information concerning my great-grandfather, Thomas Henry Tripp, who left Mt. Liberty, Ohio with a wagontrain on his way to Utah, about 1834.—Elizabeth Tripp Mitchell, Route 2, Box 176, Placerville, California 95667

Currie (Curry)

I need help regarding James Currie (sometimes called Jim Curry). Currie was born in County Clare, Ireland, in 1840 and brought to New York State as a child. I know nothing of his parents or his first twenty-one years. By 1861 he was a fireman on the Little Miami Railroad and living in Pendleton, Ohio. After serving in the 12th Ohio Volunteers for three years in the war, he drifted to Kansas.

Between 1857 and 1870 he was an engineer on the Kansas-Pacific, an army scout, and a saloon owner in Hays City, Ellsworth and perhaps Wichita, Kansas. Between 1872 and 1879 he was an engineer and detective for the Texas and Pacific Railroad in Texas. Between 1880 and 1881 he lived with his brother, Andrew Currie, mayor of Shreveport, Louisiana and another brother, Mike Currie, a machine shop operator in Vincennes, Indiana. In the early 1880s he owned a saloon in San Antonio, Lincoln County, New Mexico.

From 1888 to 1891 he was a prisoner in the New Mexico State Prison in Santa Fe. After being pardoned in 1891 Currie disappears until 1899 where I found that he lived in Spokane, Washington.

Can anyone fill in the blank years? This man is known to have had relatives in Pennsylvania and New York State also, but never married or had any children.—James P. Cummings, 11009 Morrison St., N. Hollywood, California 91601

Wilkerson

We are trying to find our father, Walter Freeland Wilkerson, born January 17, 1883 in McNarry County, Tennessee, near Stantonville. In 1906 he moved to Oklahoma, near Holdenville, then to Shawnee. He then moved to Coffeyville, Kansas in 1911 and worked for the National Refining Company as a line walker. He farmed and raised stock, in addition to working in the oil fields. We moved to S. Coffeyville, Oklahoma, to Wann, Oklahoma, then to Bartlesville where he left us after a divorce from our mother, Inez Sumner , in 1926. We heard he went back to Tennessee then returned to Oklahoma and married a second time. I am his third son, Leonard. Any information about him, either living or dead, will be sincerely appreciated.—Leonard D. Wilkerson, Box 170, Palo Cedro, California 96073

Reed-Armbruster

I am hoping to locate my parents' ancestors. My father, Ralph Robertson Reed, was the son of Boyd Emery Reed. There were three other children, Ernest, Gertrude and Julia. They were born near Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. My grandfather married a lady with the surname of Sykes. I don't know her first name.

My mother was Martha Jane Armbruster. Her maiden name was Thompson. Her father was John Thompson, born near Cincinnati, Ohio. Martha and Ralph were married in 1898. There were four children born to John and Margaret Armbuster: John Wesley, Bertha, Emma and Martha.—Vera Reed Blakesley, 1104 Palomas Drive, S.E. #10, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87108

Richardson

I'd appreciate any information on a Russell Richardson who left Perry County, Tennessee around 1870. Some of the family say he went to Texas and some say he went to California.

Russell was born about 1846 or 1847 and was in the Civil War. His parents were Benjamin and Mima Richardson.

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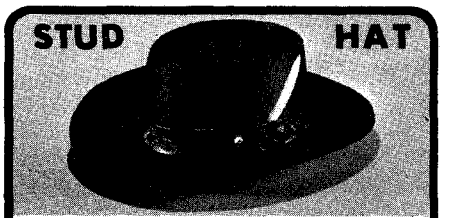

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Brothers were William, Wyatt and John. He also had four sisters.

After leaving Tennessee, Russell was never heard from again. He was wanted by the law in Tennessee so it's possible he may have changed his name.—Don Richardson, Route 1, Box 216, Linden, Tennessee 37096

Perkins

Am seeking information on my grandfather, Charles D. Perkins, who came west from Illinois, and finally settled in California in 1881. He lived in Modoc

(Continued on page 80)

The Sheriffs of San Miguel

(Continued from page 13)

In succeeding trials the defense lawyers played up the theme of Magee's "Who Is On Trial?" editorial. The Judge was asked to answer a charge of negligence concerning an earlier incident when he was accused of hitting a pedestrian with his car while intoxicated. This tactic blew the lid off. Leahy completely lost his cool and made the ultimate mistake of trying to defend himself while sitting in justice over another defendant. Magee's editorial question was answered —Judge David J. Leahy was on trial.

As the proceedings progressed, Judge Leahy became a pitiful spectacle. He was alone, frightened, and hampered by his irrational temper. He had no defense witnesses for his case. Sec Romero, his political *patrón*, was keeping aloof in his sanctum sanctorum on the floor above the courtroom. Although Magee's defense had challenged him to come out and testify on numerous occasions, Sec refused and no one had the nerve to face the tough old lawman with a subpoena. Judge Leahy was on his own.

Sheriff Lorenzo Delgado played it cozy. He was waiting in the wings—a stand-in for Sec Romero. He didn't have to push things. Judge Leahy was "blowing his lines" and Sec had "lost his voice." There were many who believed that Delgado cleverly engineered the whole fracas. He had let Magee's editorials get to the *Tribune* in Albuquerque and it was rumored that on one occasion foiled a plot to murder Magee.

In closing out the saga of the Sheriffs of San Miguel, it is within bounds to place the reader in the shoes of Sec Romero, Marshal of New Mexico. What could have been running through his mind as he sat alone in his room above the court? The Romero saga must have been uppermost. Leahy's booming strokes of the gavel might have reminded him of his famous Uncle Hilario as his Winchester exploded into the vigilantes on the plaza in 1882. A voice from the courtroom, penetrating the thin wooden floor, might have been his brother Cleofes wringing a confession from a prisoner under the threat of a lynching. Forty years of legend must have filled his lonely hours in his hideaway.

Sec Romero died from a heart attack five years later. His 14,000-acre ranch on the mesa east of Las Vegas was sold at a sheriff's auction on December 9, 1935 to satisfy judgments against the property.

EPILOG

ON THE EVENING of August 21, 1925 Carl Magee was in the Meadows Hotel in Las Vegas. He had arrived in the city to attend a meeting of the New Mexico Insane Asylum Board. While seated on a divan conversing with an *Optic* reporter, Judge David Leahy walked into the lobby. Without a word of warning Leahy clouted Magee with two smashing blows, one to the body and one to the face. Magee was knocked sprawling to the floor but managed to get to a pistol he was carrying and fired three times in Leahy's general direction. The first shot struck John B. Lasseter, an innocent bystander, in the neck. The bullet traveled upward and lodged in his brain. He died within an hour. The second bullet went wild and the third struck Leahy in the elbow and shattered the bone in the upper portion of his arm.

Magee was charged with first degree murder but the charge was changed to manslaughter before the trial on June 16, 1926. To the surprise of everyone, when Leahy got on the stand he admitted provoking the affair. His testimony caused District Court Judge Luis Armijo to free Magee on a directed verdict of acquittal.

Magee subsequently tried his hand at politics but the bizarre charade of trials and editorials had wearied the people of New Mexico and Magee never got out of the gate, politically. He moved to Kansas City and later in life expressed his disappointment in not being given credit in *Who's Who* for his part in opening up the investigation in the Teapot Dome Scandal. His place in the distinguished publication is noted as the inventor of the parking meter.

David Leahy was never elected to another public office after the Magee trials and he died from a stroke on February 6, 1935.

Lorenzo Delgado stepped into the shoes of the Romero family and was well on his way to creating a legend of his own when an untimely death terminated what might have been a brilliant career in New Mexico politics.

The Romero legend—the Sheriffs of San Miguel—will not die out in this generation. Too many of the Spanish-Americans of San Miguel County remember their acts of benevolence rather than the graft they allegedly committed.

The E. Romero Fire Department of West Las Vegas is a monument to Eugenio in recognition of his contributions to the volunteer department in its early days.

Margarito was the most philanthropic and civic-minded member of the Romero family. He still lives in the hearts of many Las Vegans who in their childhood were entertained at his expense each Christmas at the Barber Opera House. Food and gifts were provided for all the poor. No one went hungry or without a gift at Christmastime if Margarito could possibly help it.

He was a man of deep convictions. As founder and leader of the Brotherhood of the Hermit, twice each year he led his followers up the mountain to Hermit's Peak, fourteen miles northwest of Las Vegas. The pilgrimages took place

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in May on the sacred day, *Las Invención de la Santa Cruz*, and in September in commemoration of *Exaltación de la Santa Cruz*. The fourteen Stations of the Cross marked the mountainous trail up to the 10,000-foot peak where the night was spent in prayer and penance. A huge fire was built to last the night. It was a symbol to remind the people for miles around that the good work of the Hermit, who for a period of three years had lived on the peak, would be continued.

The Hermit, Juan Maria Augostini, a man of deeply religious proclivities, had refused the Holy Orders in his native Italy and had traveled over three continents before arriving in Las Vegas with a Romero wagontrain. During his sojourn in the area he tended the sick and the poor upon his occasional visits to the town in a manner the natives had never known. He became a mystic in their eyes, a healer, and a God-sent religious counselor.

Those who received their first formal education at the Jesuit College at Las Vegas will never forget Margarito's valiant fight to save the college prior to its removal and establishment in Denver, Colorado as Regis College.

And many of his old friends are buried in Mt. Calvary on the outskirts of Las Vegas because Margarito was ashamed of the ill-kept graves surrounding Our Lady of Sorrows Church in West Las Vegas.

There are those who remember Trinidad and his beautiful thirty-two-room mansion at Romeroville, six miles south of Las Vegas. His adventures on the Santa Fe Trail are well known and his term as a delegate to Congress and later as a United States marshal were highlights of his career.

It is told that Benigno was the father of the State Insane Asylum when he took unfortunates into his home and cared for them until such time as an asylum could be established. But most of all, Benigno is remembered for his wonderful "life-giving" patent medicine, *La Sanadora*. Although he ran afoul the Food and Drug Act, there were those who swore by his cure-all concoction.

The sons of Eugenio were no less generous in their philanthropy. It would be interesting to know if the ancient church at San Patricio, New Mexico is still standing and if so, if the bell is still hanging in its belfry. It was a gift of Cleofes and Secundino Romero in January 1900.

And for the *viejos* and *viejas* who still remember the legend of Hilario Romero, there is no substitute.

In all their exploits, it cannot be said that the Romeros were a band of Robin Hoods—robbing the rich and giving to the poor. Rather, they had their own peculiar set of values, of dignity, and sense of fair play. Through each one's history the theme seems to uphold the theory that if the community benefitted from their protection, their philanthropy, and their willingness so serve, then how family members obtained their wealth, their positions, and their influence was incidental.

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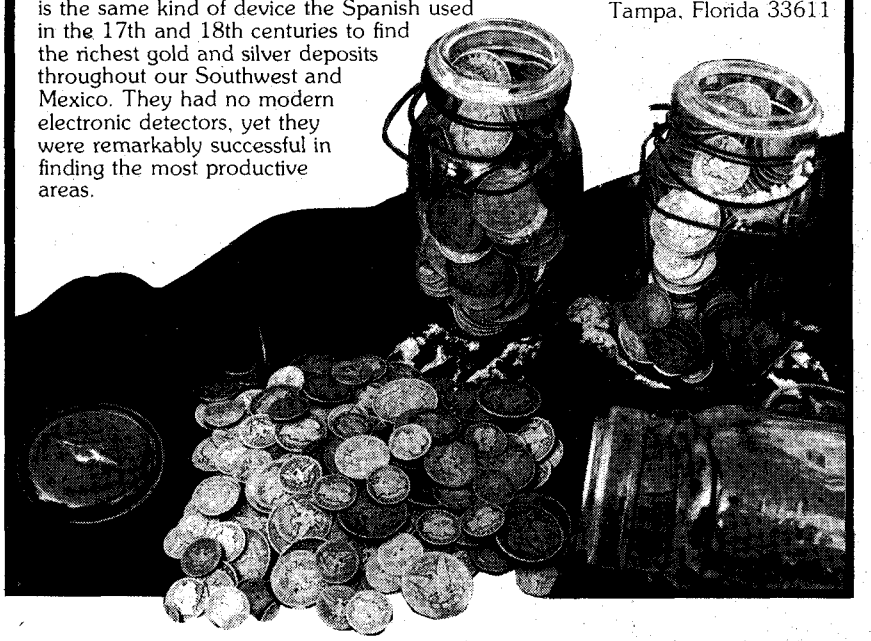

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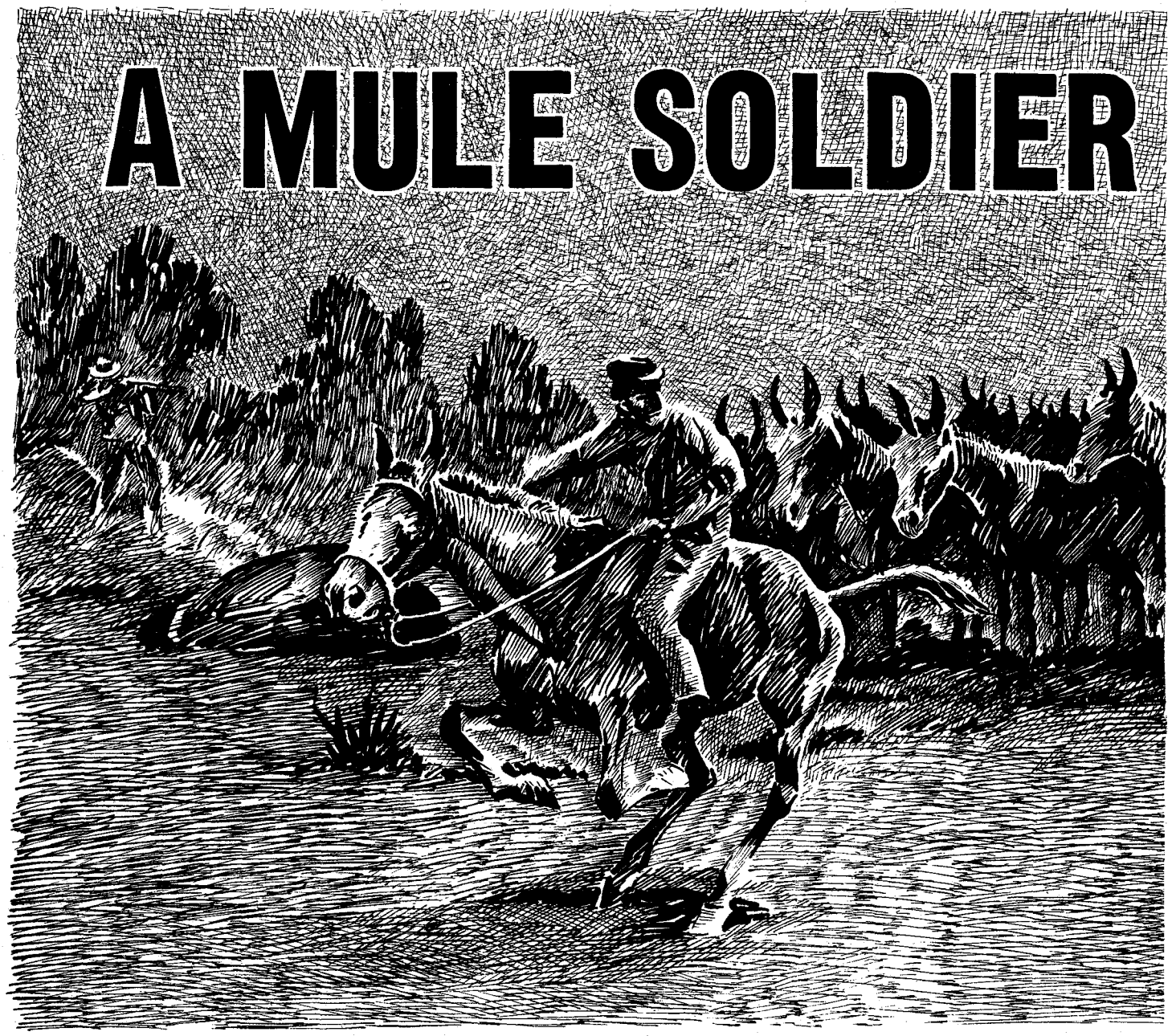

Once in a while the world narrows down till you haven't got but one friend left

By ROBERT HUFFAKER
Photo Courtesy Author

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

THE MUZZLE of the Yankee rifle beat against the boards of the ceiling, and the girl stood tight-lipped, watching it move closer to the hidden trap door it sought. Concealed beneath the folds of her apron, Mag's fingers closed on the forty-four. A few inches more on the ceiling and the muzzle would find the hidden door; the big revolver would fire through her clean apron; the young Yankee rifleman would fall; and pretty Mag would be a murderess before she was twenty-six.

The shot would bring the rest of the Federal patrol, but they would not know why she had killed the rifleman. Maybe she would rip her bodice a little before they got there. They would probably kill her— but they would not find the door.

Mama was dead two years, and Mag was the oldest. It was her responsibility to keep the Yankees from finding their food. The whole family had helped hide it up in the porch attic. Without it the weakest of them would starve; 1863 was almost over, and the winter would be mean. Even the fall vegetables—turnips, pumpkins, winter squash—they were all above the porch, and nothing else would grow until spring. Hunting wouldn't do much good either. Just two men left in the house, and they had to duck Yankee patrols to get a shot at anything. Anyway, old Papa Jim was slowing down some, and Bob was only sixteen.

When the Federals had swarmed over Arkansas the year before the Hays family had started hiding anything edible, picking it as it ripened and stockpiling it in the closed attic space above the front porch. They penned the chickens under the house, and Bob crawled on his belly every day to gather eggs and put out corn and water. He and Papa Jim had moved the hogs into the woods and camouflaged their pen with heavy brush.

The Yankees had already searched the main attic of the old house and moved on to the barn and outhouses, but they left one rifleman to probe the porch ceiling. Now his muzzle was almost hitting the trap door, and Mag felt her

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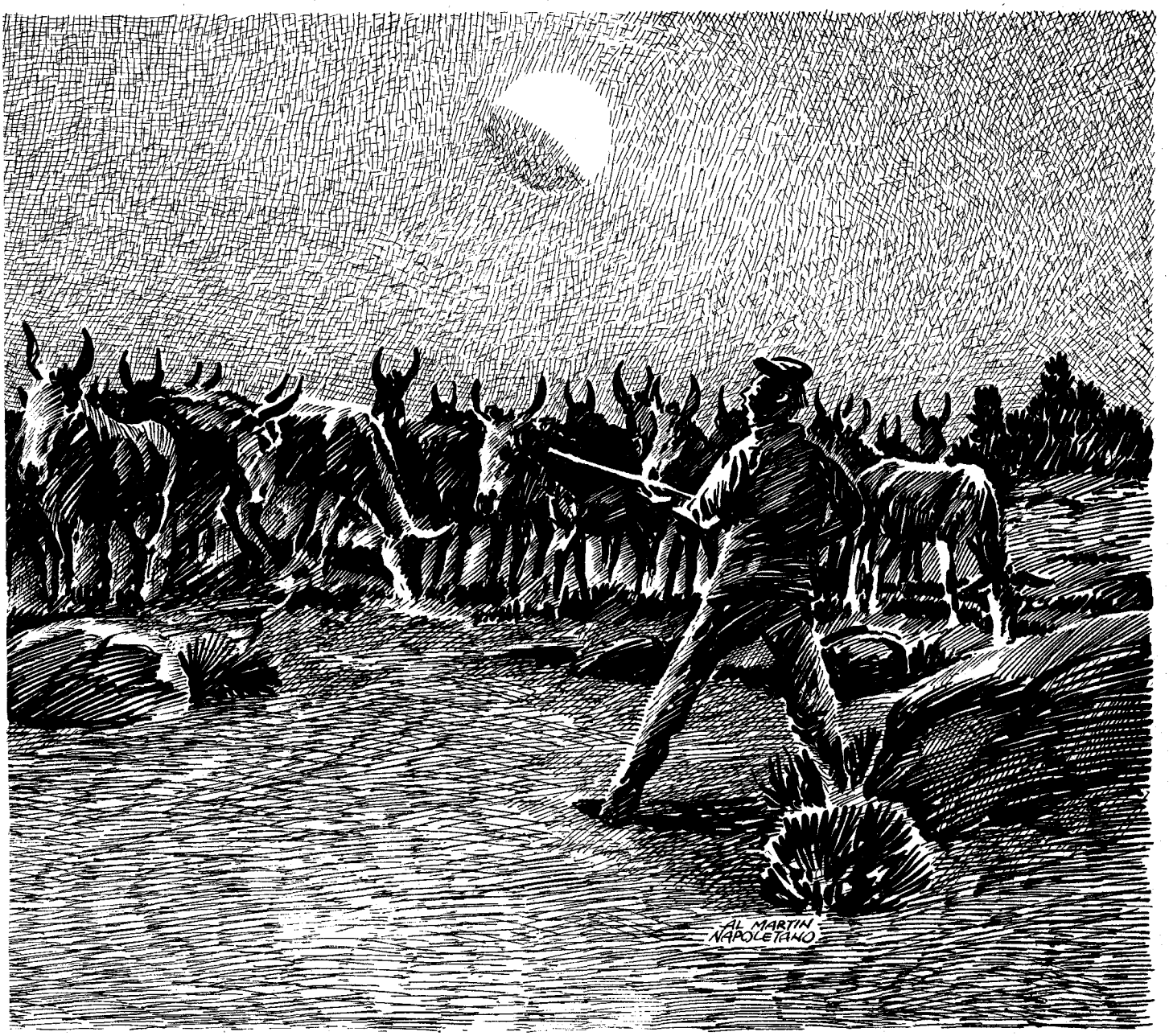

—and that's what happened to Bob and Old Tobe one time on the Mississippi

hand sweating on the gun. She was wondering whether the outline of the pistol showed through the apron.

"Well, I guess that's enough of that," the boy shrugged, slung the rifle, and stepped down off the porch. Mag smiled and nodded as he went around the corner of the house toward the barnyard. Sighing with relief, she sat down on the steps, but only for a moment.

"Mag! Oh, Mag! Come quick, they're fixin' to shoot Bob and Papa!" It was Mattie at the front door. The two girls rushed through the house to the back yard, where the younger children were crying and making agonized jumps in the yellow grass.

"Them men got my Papa and my Bob!" said three-year-old Wylie, the youngest male in the family.

"Oh, Lord goodness!" breathed Mag. Against the barn wall stood her father and brother, their hands bound behind them. Twenty feet away were six Yankee riflemen in rank, their weapons at order arms, their captain barking the commands.

"Ready!" he shouted, and the six long rifles clattered through port arms, then to the shoulders, their sights framing the father and son. James Glenn Hays stared at the rifles, refusing to look at his children. Beside him, Bob stood in a dazed display of adolescent courage. A tear went down his cheek through the dark beginnings of a beard.

"Let's go, Mattie," Mag commanded low, and the two girls burst into the back yard and in front of the Yankee rifles. "You'll *not* kill 'em, you'll *not*, you'll *not!*" Mag shouted, with the voice of a man. She and Mattie flung themselves on their two men and held on. The other children, even the toddler, two-year-old Malissa, were close behind, crowding around their brother and their father.

"Kill us all! Kill us all!" cried Mattie. The young ones whimpered at their feet.

The squad of rifles remained leveled while several silent soldiers moved to the little cluster against the barn and began to pull gently at the children. Bob and his father had not spoken, but their tears were coming now.

"As you were, men," said the captain, dropping his hand to his side, and the soldiers gladly ceased their tugging. "Order Arms!" In unison the rifles

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snapped back to the soldiers' sides. Watching the toes of his dusty boots, the captain moved toward the family. "Fall out!" he called over his shoulder. Clearing his throat, he addressed Mag and her father, "All right. We'll spare the men, but they've got to be gone from here by sundown. We have our orders, and if we find them here again, they're dead. Do you understand?" They all stood for a moment, the children still sobbing low. Then the young captain's eyes changed. "Now, Ma'am, are you sure you couldn't manage to scare up something to cook for these men?"

The revolver slapped against Mag's thigh as she wheeled. "I done told you there's nothing on this place. All I'm fixin' is that poke salad. Your soldiers already pulled every bit there was in the fence rows."

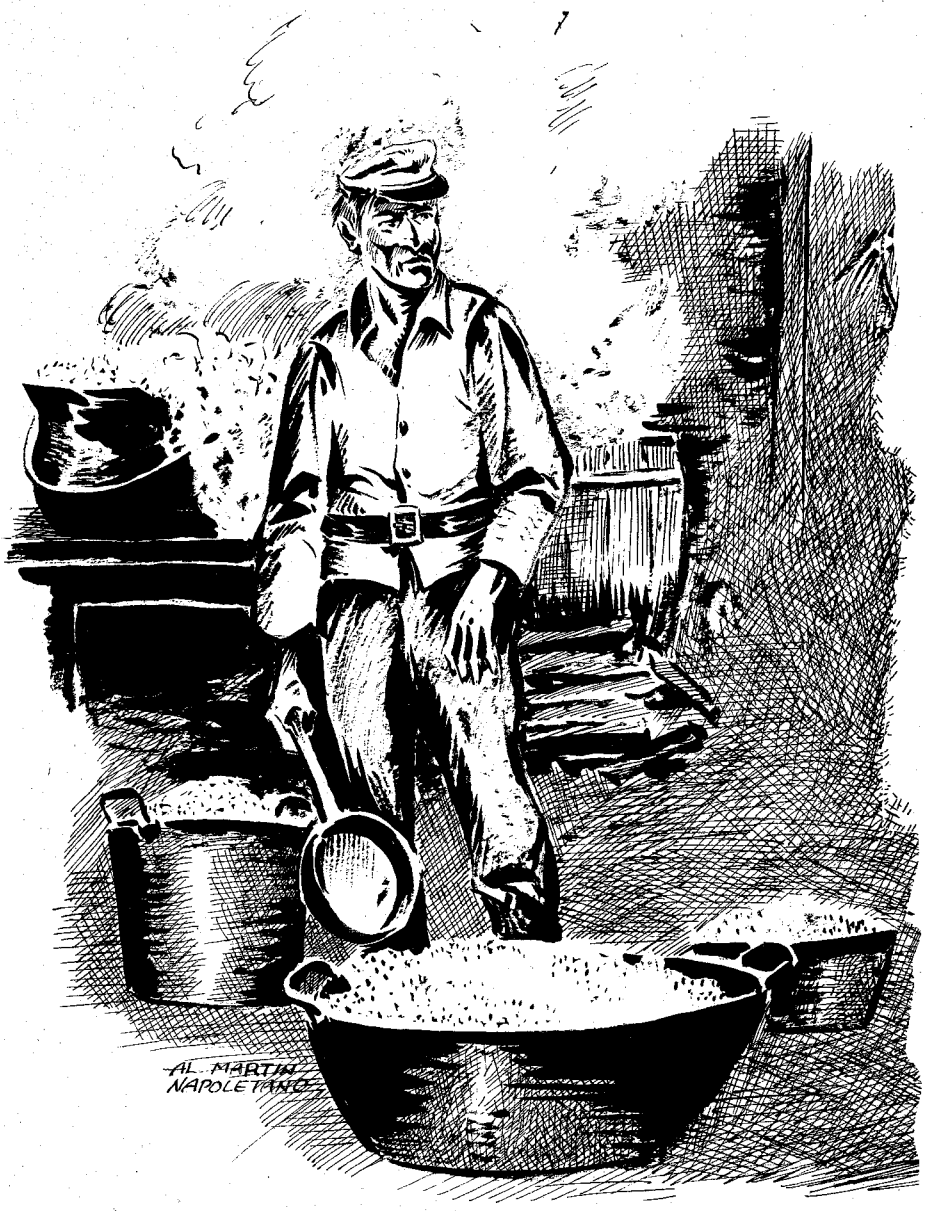
An ill-fated hen chose this moment—the worst possible—to break from under the house and squawk across the barnyard. The captain silently drew his pistol, carefully led the old bird, and sent her tumbling into a heap. "Bring it here," he ordered one of his men. "Now, Ma'am, we'd be much obliged if you'd add that to the poke salad."

AS SOON as the Federals had eaten and gone, the family prepared their men to ride. Papa Hays would take Betty, their one remaining horse. Bob would ride Tobe, the pet mule who had grown up with him. They would try to reach some Confederate outfit in the mountains.

Goodbyes were short. The men knew they must make some distance before sunset. Packing Betty and old Tobe with blankets, food, and warm clothing, they rode out of the yard in late afternoon, turned away from Russellville, the nearest town, and headed south for the Arkansas River. Tobe and Betty swam them across the narrow mountain stream in the last light of dusk.

Back at home that night the children were put to bed early, and while Mattie tucked them in, Mag walked heavily out onto the front porch. She stood silent for a moment watching the cold moon between the black cedars at the bottom of the steps. Then she sensed a movement in the dark and heard the cocking of a rifle. Her first impulse was to run down from the porch and into the moonlight, where she could be seen clearly. At least one gun was pointed at her, but she had to make it plain to the unseen that she was not a man. The night was cold as she waited, looking at the moon. After a while she turned and went back inside. Later she heard the Yankee patrol riding away. They had honored their promise—and would have honored their threat.

Papa Jim was put to work as cook for the cavalry company.



Within several days old Tobe and Betty had carried Bob and his father high into the Ouchitas, where they joined a company of Confederate cavalry. As it happened, this was a proud unit of fine horsemen whose commander had originally patterned the troop on Jeb Stuart's Virginia Black Horse Cavalry. This Arkansas unit had first been mounted entirely on spirited, black horses whose jet uniformity had commanded respect from everyone who met their charge. But by the close of 1863 bays, browns, chestnuts, and roans outnumbered the blacks. Betty, a common bay mare, was welcome.

Bob was welcome, too. He was a fine marksman and a good rider; he would make a good cavalryman. Papa Jim, it was decided, would stay with the company as cook and medic. Old Tobe would carry packs behind the mess wagon, a position befitting a mule. The commander decided that Bob was to ride Betty.

That arrangement wasn't the way things were to be, however. The captain noticed, casually at first, that Bob continued to ride his mule, while Betty followed the mess wagon. In the months that followed, Bob's commander was galled to see the boy on the back of old Tobe, loping into skirmish after skirmish alongside the fiery cavalry horses. Finally one day he called Bob and tried to explain, "Now, son, you've ridden and fought with the best of us, but if you'll recall, I gave orders that you were to hitch that mule to the wagon. A cavalryman rides a horse—not a mule."

"Sir," Bob answered gravely, "I've been on old Tobe ever since I was old enough to ride. I've plowed him every year and I've hunted him, and even slept with him sometimes."

"That doesn't matter, my boy. What do you suppose those Yankees think when they see an old brown mule lumbering along in the middle of a cavalry charge? Don't you imagine they class us as a tinhorn outfit?"

"But, Sir, old Tobe ain't ever shied yet, and I can fire right over his head. Beggin' your pardon, Captain, but a mule's just more surefooted and even-tempered than a horse. Horses can get skittish and lose their footing on the rocks, but old Tobe is just like a rock himself. He's never stumbled with me yet, even up and down the mountains."

"Private Hays, I know you like that mule an awful lot, but I'm afraid he's just going to have to go along with the mess wagon."

Bob made one last appeal, "He can outlast any horse that ever was born. Mules are just that way. They just don't ever get tired. Old Tobe can keep goin' hard all day and never get winded,

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uphill or down."

"No. I'm sorry."

"Yessir."

"Now, I've got a special assignment for you. There's a troop of Yankee cavalry moving southwest in our direction. We don't know just where they are, but we figure they've got to come through that pass over beyond the second mountain. I want you to head over there and take a post on the very top of that mountain and watch out for them. Don't let them see you, whatever you do. We don't want them to know we're anywhere near. Just watch and make sure they don't start heading our way. If they make camp, stay there and keep an eye on them, understand?"

"Yessir. But, Captain, could I make one request? Can I take old Tobe? Just this time? Since we'd be by ourselves, and all?"

"Oh, hell, Hays! All right, go ahead. Just be careful."

DARKNESS had fallen before Bob and Tobe reached the little mountain, and it took a while for them to reach its summit. Picking out his post by moonlight, Bob tied Tobe in a thicket, rolled himself in the saddle blanket, and slept.

The next day he watched for the enemy, scanning the green Arkansas countryside for miles to the northeast, where the mountains turned violet. Tobe grazed in the undergrowth while his human friend kept watch and explored the mountain crest. Bob found a thicket of black haw, and gathered some berries to stretch his rations.

Toward evening Bob sighted the advance guard of the Union troops, barely visible, riding beside the creek that ran through the pass. In the cover of the brush, he patted Tobe's nose, and then he saw the hundreds of horsemen who followed the scouts. "Cannons! There must be a whole battalion of artillery traveling with the cavalry!" Tobe snorted. "Lord, Tobe, I never saw such a bunch. Well, you and I'll just make ourselves to home up here and see what them Yankees are up to." As Bob watched the big contingent making camp along the creek at nightfall he little dreamed how long he and Tobe would have to stay on that mountain.

At dawn, Bob began to scout the enemy camp. It stretched for some distance down the creek, almost hidden by trees and bushes. He wondered when they would break camp, but the day wore on and they stayed.

The big surprise came when he made his daily trip to the black haw thicket, and there, on the other side of the mountain cutting him off from his own outfit, saw another Yankee camp! He figured that they must have split from the main force and made camp in the dark, that they must be reserves to be used if the main camp should be attacked. As long as they stayed where they were and didn't send scouts toward the Confederate lines, he had no reason to worry over his isolation. So he and Tobe stayed put. And the Federals stayed put. For over a week.

Bob's rations ran out, and he lived on

Bob Hays, the "mule soldier," in his early 70s.

black haws. There was a small spring that trickled down the mountain, and he drank from it and carried water in his hat to Tobe, whom he didn't dare move from the thicket. One day on his trip to the berry patch Bob met a huge black bear, who was standing up to reach the fruit. Bob was startled, but not as startled as the bear. It wheeled and bolted off down the slope, crunching through bushes and showering rocks down the mountain in its wake. In no time the thing had developed into a pretty large rockslide. Squatting in the thicket, Bob watched the enemy troops squinting up the mountain to spot the cause of the commotion. In minutes they were mounting a patrol to come up and investigate. Bob knew he had to move fast.

Scrambling on his knees back to Tobe, he untied him and saddled up. Alternately riding and leading, Bob hurried down the slope. In the cover of timber they eased their way over the rocks and logs, through thickets and gullies, to the edge of the enemy lines. If they were caught, the Yankees would start looking for his company's camp. Sticking to the woods, Bob crouched low over Tobe's neck. He guided the massive hoofs down into a shallow branch of the same spring that had furnished their water high on the mountain. The old mule lumbered down the clear-running stream, sheltered by overhanging brush and vines. They would have to pass directly through the part that the enemy was using for drinking and bathing.

"Ho, Tobe," Bob whispered into an upraised ear as he sighted one of the Federals through the bushes ahead, leaning down to dip a bucketful of water. Tobe planted himself firmly on the pebbles of the bottom. Bob stroked the big soggy neck and whispered reassuringly, "Now, Tobe, you just hold on a few minutes, and we'll start movin' just as soon as that feller is gone." The minute the cook had turned away, Bob eased Tobe on down past the Yankee watering place.

A few yards farther, they came to a large field tent, pitched in a cleared area only a few feet from the stream's edge. Bob and Tobe moved slowly ahead and, passing the tent, were completely exposed to view. Suddenly from the tent came a shout, "Hey, that you, Charlie?"

For a moment Bob was frozen. Then he replied, "Aw, go on back to sleep!" With that he urged Tobe downstream and out of sight.

They finally reached the point where the stream emptied into a larger creek at the bottom of the pass. After moving down its bed for several hundred yards, Tobe climbed the steep bank and headed for the Confederate lines. For a time the boy and mule doubled back on their tracks and covered their trail to prevent being followed. Then, safely out of earshot, they made top speed. At sundown Bob answered the challenge of the Confederate sentries at the edge of their camp.

AFTER REPORTING to the captain, Bob took care of Tobe, then stopped off at the mess wagon to see his father and break his long diet of black haws. Later Papa Jim settled down beside him on a log. There was only moonlight; all fires were smothered at night. "Well, Bob, we're heading toward the Mississippi pretty soon."

"Oh? What for, Papa?"

"Supposed to keep more of them Yankees from crossing the river, I hear."

"There's already so many of 'em here that it's going to be pretty hard for us to make it to the river."

"There'll be some fightin', I figure."

"Say, Papa, I saw a couple of new fellers down by the command tent when I come in. You know who they are?"

"Couple of Missouri boys, goin' to scout for us going east. Feller named Frank James and his little brother. Come from Quantrill's outfit."

"Quantrill's Raiders? I thought they were a bunch of outlaws."

"Outlaws maybe. But soldiers for sure."

There was some fighting on the way to Mississippi, and not much food. But once there, the men ate plenty of channel catfish. The company captured a small sternwheeler and used it for billets and mess. Papa Jim tended trotlines and cooked.

Bob's beard was getting thicker. A fine horse soldier he was, but his mount was still a mule. Somehow he managed to evade his orders, sticking to Tobe everywhere he went. The captain usually looked away, but sometimes he found time to give Bob some disagreeable chore

(Continued on page 62)

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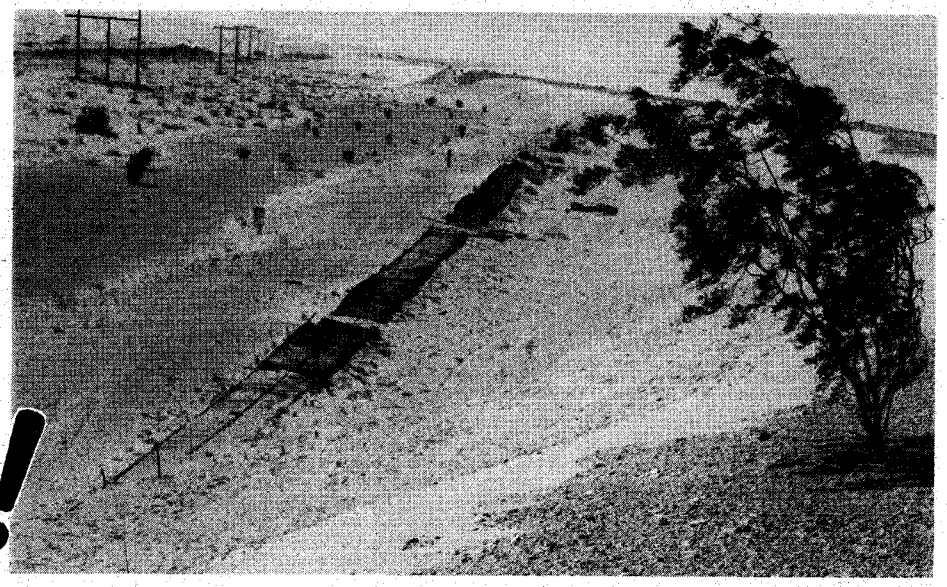
Wild Old Days!



Above, this buckled and time-worn corduroy road is one of the few sections left of an original 6.7 miles that was the only crossing route of the sand dune mountains between Arizona and California from 1915 to 1926. Power lines still follow the old route, since it closely parallels the new freeway. Below, shifting dunes constantly threatened the old wooden roadways. A crew of hand shovelers was the only cleanup solution.

A CORDUROY ROAD TO THE PAST

By Robert L. Loeffelbein

BLASTED and buckled by the shifting desert sands, a strange looking wooden roadway that was once the only link between Yuma, Arizona and southeastern California, now leads nowhere but back into the past.

As today's motorists on Interstate Route 8 speed past it, they look at the sectional remains and find it hard to imagine it ever carried auto traffic. It is more like a narrow boardwalk than a highway.

Extending through the mountainous sand dunes of the Algodones Range of the southernmost Chocolate Mountains, the largest sand area in the state of Arizona, the old wooden highway lies on government lands held as nature reserves. This is the principal reason any of the historic highway remains.

Constructed of railroad ties strapped together with steel bands, the old road was probably modeled after the lumber industry's "corduroy" roads. This name was given to them because they were nothing but logs laid side by side, resembling the ridges in corduroy cloth which was worn by most loggers for its durability.

The road once extended 6.7 miles across Imperial County's rugged sand hills, from about fifteen miles west of Yuma, Arizona into California. Even today's engineers have to admit the route these old-time road builders chose was pretty much the best possible. The superhighway that now connects Yuma and the Imperial Valley of California parallels the decaying wooden stretch, often coming within a couple hundred yards of it.

Completed in 1915, the old corduroy road was used until 1926. Its builders laid the ties along the rolling surface of the desert, with no attempt at making a uniform grade. It was no use, they felt, because the wind kept shifting the contours anyway.

The resulting rock-a-bye motion of the

Below, rusted relics from early model cars can occasionally be found beside the rotting roadway.

Photos Courtesy Author

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Above, "Old Shaky" was the nickname given this first roadway link between Yuma and Southeastern California, back in 1915. It was constructed of railroad ties laid on top of the sand and locked together with steel bands. As the sand shifted, so did the roadway.

Photos Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

General Bull's first store in Bull City, Kansas.

roadway when a car traveled over it gave rise to the popular nickname "Old Shaky." One old-timer said with a laugh, "It was a road solidly built on *terror firma.*"

Every few hundred yards there were turnouts or waiting spaces, to permit cars coming from opposite directions to pass. The rule of the road was that whichever car reached a turnout first waited there for the other car to pass. The road was very often shut down by the shifting sands, closed to traffic sometimes for weeks or months. Shovel crews had to be moved out, with their bedrolls and cook wagon, to clear and shore up the road. A safari across this roadway today would, of course, be impossible, for only scattered and battered sections remain.

Campers have helped nature decimate the road, too, for the annual winter drag races for dune buggies are held nearby and the old wooden planks are the only fuel on the desert fit to feed evening campfires. The roadway now serves merely as a nostalgic reminder of the past.

THE UNUSUAL DEATH OF GENERAL BULL

By Robert W. Richmond

GENERAL HIRAM BULL of Osborne County, Kansas met his death under unique circumstances on October 12, 1879. He was gored by an elk which he raised as a pet and kept as a part of a small animal park which also included buffalo, antelope and deer.

At the time General Bull, founder of the settlement that became the present Alton, was undoubtedly Osborne County's most prominent citizen. The sensational aspect of his death made good copy for newspapers in the West.

Hiram Bull, in company with Lyman Earl, had settled in the Solomon River Valley in Septemer 1870. Bull opened a store in a crude log structure, providing the area with a source of basic supplies. Local legend has stated that Bull and Earl flipped a coin to see which of their names would be given to the new townsite, and Bull won. Consequently, Bull City was born and around the store a community grew. The first wedding ceremony in the area took place in the Bull store and the building also housed the first post office, established in the spring of 1871. Naturally, Hiram Bull was the first postmaster and he drew a magnificent salary of $12 a month.

Bull's title of "General" was an honorary one although he had served with distinction as a captain of Iowa volunteers during the Civil War. At some point following his military service someone called him "General" and it stuck. He was admired by his fellow settlers and he and the community prospered through the 1870s.

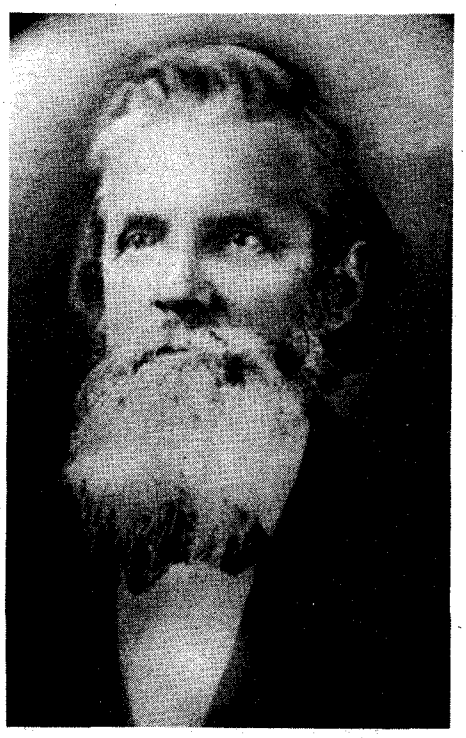
Bull's tragic death occurred when he was attempting to pacify the elk after an employe reported that the animal was behaving strangely at feeding time. A contemporary issue of the *Osborne County Farmer* described the incident as follows:

"At about half past eight or nine o'clock Sunday morning General Bull's hired man, Robert Bricknell, entered the park for the purpose of caring for the elk. He immediately discovered that there was something unusual about the appearance of the animal, which showed hostile signs. . . . Bricknell hastened to inform the General of the fact and arming themselves with heavy clubs both went to the park, the General remarking that he could subdue the animal. Without a sign of warning the now infuriated beast made a charge at the men, striking General Bull and knocking him down with great force. The elk then drew back and made a second attack on General Bull . . . using his antlers with terrible effect, piercing the prostrate body of the General through the breast until the prong protruded, then tossing his form high in the air and throwing him over his head.

"The elk then resumed his attack on Bricknell, inflicting terrible injuries, whilst doing which George Nicholas, who had witnessed the occurrence, ran to the rescue with a heavy club . . . with which he expected to so disable the enraged animal as to compel it to desist. With redoubled fury and madness, however, the elk caught the club in its antlers, making indentures in it and rolling it on the ground with great force. At this time there were two bodies lying prostrate, and with equal heroism William Sherman hastened to the combat. The elk served Sherman the same as the other men, catching him in his immense antlers and throwing him over the fence. George Nicholas was tossed upon the fence. . . ."

ALL THIS TIME Mrs. Bull, horrified, watched what was happening. Finally she ran for help but by the time men from the town arrived there was little

General Hiram Bull



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they could do. Bull was dead from forty-four wounds, and Bricknell and Nicholas were similarly wounded. Both died within a short time but Sherman, who made the final rescue attempt, survived. The funeral for the three men was held in a new livery barn, still unfinished inside, but it was not large enough to contain the crowd of mourners.

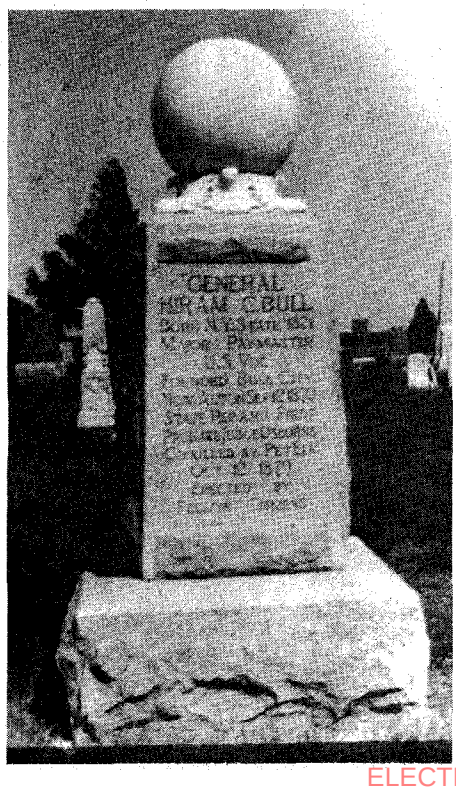
The General's widow eventually returned to her native state of Wisconsin where she remained for the rest of her life. In the happy days before the tragedy Mrs. Bull had been the subject of one of her husband's jokes. He once told a visiting Easterner that the area had something no other place could claim, as he indicated his wife—"a female Bull."

After the General's death the animals at the park were disposed of, some to individuals and some to zoo and circus operators. The infamous elk was shot and the antlers displayed on a local farmer's barn for a time. They were ultimately placed on display in the county courthouse at Osborne where they may still be seen, a somewhat macabre reminder of unusual frontier death.

The settlement's name was officially changed from Bull City to Alton in 1885, and two reasons have been given through the years for the change. One story has it that the change was made because the word "bull" embarrassed some of the female residents but a more reasonable explanation is that many of the settlers had come from the Alton, Illinois, vicinity and assigned the name of their former home to their new one. Whatever the reason, after 1885 the town's name no longer memorialized its founder. He was not forgotten, however, for in addition to the preserved elk antlers an impressive monument stands in the local cemetery, erected by citizens who wished to honor him in the 20th century.

General Bull's cemetery marker. It was dedicated in 1930 at a special memorial service.

Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka



AGATE HUNTER IN THE FREEZE OUT HILLS

By Agnes Wright Spring

HE WAS a small man—a Frenchman by birth and a pioneer Westerner by choice. He had lived much with the Indians who called him "Yung ti bo" (Little White).

Few persons knew Louis La Mothe's real name and little has ever been recorded about him. It was from Harry Maynard, one-time chief of police in Laramie, Wyoming, that I gathered the following information some forty years ago.

About 1849 Louis La Mothe left a wife and family in Canada and came into the Rocky Mountain West. During the 1850s he freighted with two wagons and a trailer and three teams of twenty oxen each. Mile after mile he plodded over the trails with his cargo of supplies from Omaha to Denver and then from Denver to Salt Lake City.

He claimed to have been with Chivington's men at the so-called Sand Creek Massacre in Colorado in 1864. He had seen with his own eyes a soldier kill an Indian boy behind a sagebrush; and he also had himself found where Indians had killed white people and had wrecked their property, also in Colorado.

It was after such experiences that little Louis La Mothe sought peace as a recluse in the vast wilderness of central Wyoming. He had come to like that country when he was freighting to Utah.

There, in 1884, east of the Freeze Out Mountains, across from the Seminoes, Harry Maynard first met Louis. Maynard and his partner, McClennen, then being grubstaked by Lawrence and Gramm, had a camp and were prospecting for lead. Louis La Mothe had a small cabin not far away so they saw him often. Because he had roofed his cabin with melted tin cans, they called it the "Castle in the Air."

For his living Louis La Mothe hunted and sold moss agates, in addition to doing some prospecting. He hauled the gem stones to Rawlins by wagon, in 1,000-pound lots. There was a splendid market for the agates in Rawlins as the Union Pacific trains stopped there to allow their crews and passengers to have a meal in the big railway eating house. Travelers were fascinated by the agates and readily purchased them as souvenirs.

In addition to making local sales, La Mothe shipped thousands of moss agates to Germany for cutting and polishing.

ACCORDING to Maynard, Louis' big fault was going on sprees after he sold his stones. He was a self-made genius with peculiar ideas. In fact, he was a strong believer in spiritualism and often had "visions." One day he told Maynard that Lawrence and Gramm would come to his camp the next day. He said he had talked to them the night before. They had not been expected, but true to Louis' prediction, the grubstakers did arrive.

Another time Louis lost a pair of old ponies in a big snowstorm. He said he had a vision that they were at Gus Lankin's place, some twenty-five miles away. Sure enough, in a few days Maynard brought a letter to La Mothe from the Laramie post office in which Lankin said that he was holding the horses.

The Frenchman was out in all kinds of weather, running ridges or climbing down into gulches, always with a sharp eye out for gem rocks and fossils. When Professor O. C. Marsh of the Smithsonian Institution went on a fossil-hunting expedition, it was Louis La Mothe who served as guide. Louis found an exceedingly rare specimen of a fossilized miniature deer, and Marsh gave him $500 for it!

"Once," said Maynard, "Louis dropped by our camp in a windstorm. His face was badly swollen. But despite the wind he decided to go back to 'de camp' that night. Next morning I went down to see the old fellow and found him all right. The swelling had left his face."

Louis quickly explained by saying, "In de night someone said, 'Get up,' and I did and I am well again."

Unlike many of the early frontier recluses, La Mothe read everything he could lay his hands to; also, he had a real flare for mathematics. McClennen and Louis often argued long into the night over some problem in mathematics. Invariably Louis' solution was correct.

A year or so after Harry Maynard left his mining claim near the Freeze Out Mountains and moved to Laramie to live, he wondered what had become of the old agate hunter.

Ben Hewett, a Union Pacific detective, told Maynard that while he was on a trip north of Rawlins, he stopped at La Mothe's shack and found him very ill. Hewett carried the little man to his wagon and started toward Casper for medical help. Louis died on the way.

Undoubtedly there are today many pieces of antique jewelry set with stones that were found by La Mothe. Harry Maynard referred to him as the "discoverer of the moss agate."

AN EARLY NEBRASKA BADMAN

SOMETIME about 1868 a man rode up to the hotel kept by Parson Davis in the village of Wyoming, north of Nebraska City, Nebraska and asked to stay a few days as his horse was pretty well exhausted. It obviously had been ridden hard. He claimed that he had come from eastern Iowa and gave his name as William McWaters. Time passed, McWaters continued to stay, and he always had money with which to pay his bills. Early in 1869 he married the parson's second daughter, Lizzie Davis.

Soon afterward McWaters was gone for weeks at a time and people began to suspect that he belonged to a band of outlaws. The following winter a man from Clay County, Missouri chanced to stop in Wyoming and said that he recognized McWaters. He stated that McWaters served with Quantrill's guerrillas during the Civil War and that he later was a member of the James and Younger

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gang of robbers. In after years many stories were told of his exploits. It was said that he would ride along a fence at breakneck speed and put a bullet in every fence post as he passed. He and Quinn Bohanan would meet in Factoryville, a few miles northwest of Wyoming, and stage a fake gunfight to terrorize the citizens.

In the latter part of 1872 McWaters had a disagreement with Dr. Wolfe, the postmaster of Wyoming, and a few days later shot and fatally wounded him. McWaters was tried for murder but claimed self-defense and was acquitted.

In February 1874 he and a companion were in a saloon in Nebraska City and he shot up the saloon. One German was killed and two wounded, one of whom later died. The two were arrested but in April escaped from jail. In western Kansas McWaters killed a cattle herder and took his pony. That fall McWaters was arrested in Sacramento, California and was brought back to Nebraska City. He was convicted of second-degree murder and sentenced to the penitentiary for twenty-one years.

Less than a month after McWaters began to serve his sentence, he was leader of a prison mutiny. He and six other convicts captured some of the guards, the warden, and the deputy warden, and took possession of the prison armory. The alarm was given in Lincoln and many of the citizens armed themselves and hastened to guard the prison during the night. At one o'clock the next morning a company of U.S. Infantry arrived from Omaha and surrounded the prison. Then the convicts lost heart, and the warden's wife persuaded them to surrender.

A mutiny was planned for the following May. The officials were warned and the guards were instructed to shoot anyone who made a suspicious move. One afternoon McWaters made threats and the guard covered him with his gun. McWaters picked up two stones to throw at the guard and was shot, dying a few minutes later.—*Courtesy Nebraska State Historical Society, Lincoln.*

A BRUSH WITH DEATH

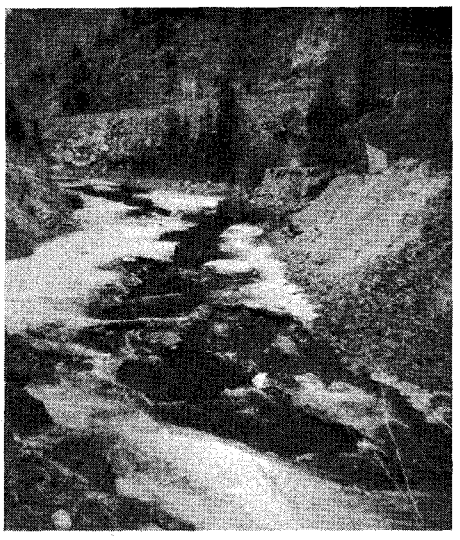
By Forest E. Buffum

NEARLY fifty years ago I moved with my family to Idaho Springs, Colorado where my brother Ray and his family had been living several years. Eventually I got a job working in the Barber-Elliot mine.

Jim Nance was the foreman. He was five foot four, weighed about 140 pounds and was an unassuming middle-aged man who spoke quietly and was easy to get along with. I never met anyone who didn't like Jim Nance. He had years of experience in mine work behind him, I learned later.

Our mine was close to town and near a public highway. Clear Creek, a rushing stream that ran the year around, was on the other side of the highway.

Some of my work was outside of the mine but most of it was not, and in the winter time the temperature was fine.



Above, Clear Creek, near Idaho Spring, Colorado. Below, the Barber-Elliot Mine tunnel. Inset, author Forest Buffum.

My job was mucking, which is to shovel rock and ore into a tram car, wheel it out to the crusher, dump it and go back for more ore and rock.

The track was like a miniature railroad track with small wooden ties underneath to which the rails were spiked. The tunnel we worked in was about a half-mile long, and went in the side of the mountain with a slight grade upward for about one third of a mile, then curving to the right several hundred feet.

Sometimes men got miner's T.B., caused by breathing too much dry rock dust. It formed a rock in their chest. Jim Nance was so short of breath when he would climb a little hill he would pant like a dog. So many men seem to think when they are young and strong they can do just about anything—treat their body like it is a machine. Well, they can't do it forever. Some men at sixty look like they are eighty. But no man with a rock in his chest is apt to make it to eighty —Jim Nance did not.

THERE was one day in the mine I won't forget. I had no inkling, no premonition, that something was about to happen, and I went about my work as usual.

Over the track about eight feet, experienced men had timbered over a stope. First they had cut footings in both sides of the tunnel for each timber, side to side, to wedge in the ends at an angle. This stope was timbered over for about fifteen feet.

The first part of the day I worked up above, shoveling down rock and ore to the track below, where another man shoveled it into a car and took it out. That afternoon Dobie, the other mucker, got up in the stope and I took his place below, about twenty-five feet from the tunnel's end where Jim Nance was drilling holes for dynamite. The noise was deafening.

Suddenly I saw rock and dust pouring over each end of the stope timbers. I knew something terrible had happened. I could not hear the rock falling, or anything but the deafening roar of the air drill. I knew I couldn't make Jim hear if I called to him, so I touched him and at the same time pointed upward toward the stope. Jim shut the machine down.

Then we heard Dobie calling, "My God, help! My God, help!"

Just outside the tunnel close to the track was the blacksmith shop. I remember the smithy that worked there—a man about fifty years old, a rough old guy, not polite or courteous to anyone so far as I knew.

Jim told me to go out and tell the other men and get them in there fast. I hurried out to the blacksmith shop and got the word to the men. Some of them had to fix their lights before they went in. Back inside I found Jim was up above, and I climbed up and saw he was trying to dig Dobie out. Dobie was almost covered up by the tons of rock that slid down on him.

One huge slab, perhaps six feet high and four feet wide, had wedged at the top at a slope, leaving room for Dobie to sort of double up on his knees. This huge rock had been a shield, but rock had poured around each side and he was buried about waist deep.

It must have taken two hours to get him out. There was danger of more rock falling while we were all up there, but we got him out, and Dobie went limping from the mine with help of another man.

It was found later that he had only a small bone broken in one foot!

Are you a former Texas Ranger or the descendant of one?

If so, and you do not already belong to the Former Texas Ranger Association, please write to Mrs. Patrick H. Welder, P.O. Box 1160, Victoria, Texas 77901. Your friends want to get in touch with you!

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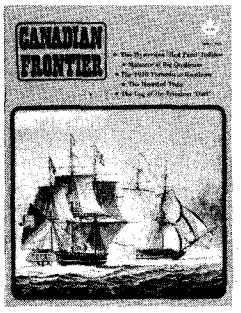

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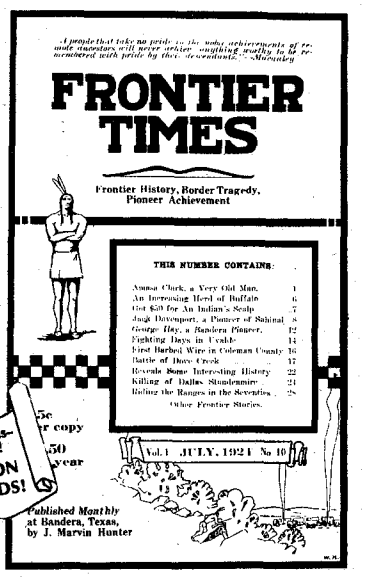

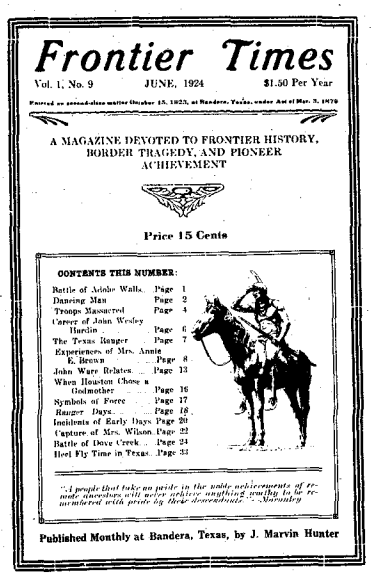

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"I Remember Another Time . . ."

(Continued from page 35)

to get him through. And if the horse didn't make it, the cowboy generally didn't either. Some good men—and horses, too—were lost just trying to cross maybe a hundred feet of river or stream swollen to flood stage."

WHAT ABOUT prairie fires, I asked. Were they a real hazard? Mister Frank had a sensible answer. "Well, they did most of the driving in the spring and summer, and that just wasn't prairie fire time. Fall was prairie fire time. On the long drives—the ones that took them through that season of the autumn—there were certainly those fires as a hazard. But I agree with Fred; those trail herds had more trouble with big floods than they did with prairie fires."

This brought us to the so-called "prairie schooner." Just what was it?

"I don't really know where the term originated," Fred said, "but the prairie schooner was nothing more than a wagon—built as other wagons, except that the wagon bed itself was built as a boat. So that when the trail drivers came to these flooded rivers and streams—instead of having to wait for days—maybe even weeks—for the floodwaters to go down, they swam their horses or mule teams into the river, and this wagon itself floated. It was built so it would float, and they didn't even have to unload it. And I assume that's where the term 'prairie schooner' came from."

And the hooligan wagon? What was that? "The hooligan wagon followed the chuckwagon," Mister Frank answered. "It was usually a big outfit. Carried the bedrolls. Carried wood for fires, and cowchips. If they were going to a country where wood and cowchips might be scarce or might be wet, they'd make sure they loaded up with those things before they left—and on the way, if they could find them. But there weren't any hooligan wagons on these old-time ranches. They were mostly out on the plains, I think. I don't know where the term 'hooligan wagon' came from."

There was a bottle or two of Mister Frank's favorite lubricant at the old Paisano that memorable day, and it made the rounds accordingly. It may have brought back some memories, or loosened tongues, or both, and the storytellers got to talking about the night-herders on the drives.

"All of the cowboys with the herd were night-herders," Mister Frank said. "Crew was divided up into guards—shifts. First shift, second shift. They had to ride around the herd. They didn't have to sing to them all the time, but it was a good idea to sing. Then if some disturbing noise arose, this singing—well, hell they just made *noise*, they couldn't sing—would drown out the other sound."

"And many of those old cowboy songs didn't make any sense anyway," Joe Small said.

Fred Gipson laughed. "Sure didn't," he agreed. "They'd sing anything that came to mind. Maybe they'd remember something they'd read on a flour sack or

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And for you ladies (and men too) Dale Branam has a hot crab salad receipe in her regular column that's a real delicacy. As well as tips on how to freeze fish in water with reusable milk cartons, and how to bake chicken smothered in oysters.

Larry Godfrey describes the ancient fishing hole, Lake Caddo, a well-known hideaway for chain pickerel, along with black bass and crappie that swarm this popular fishing spot.

Willard Porter asks the question: is it madness to release a redfish? He didn't think so the day he fished the Brownsville jetties.

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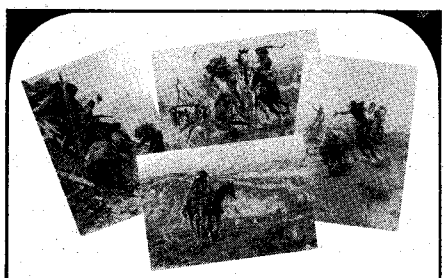

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a coffee can—if they could read in the first place—and they'd sing that. Makes you wonder at times how the other men—the ones trying to get some sleep—could stand it. But some of those old songs started with the old English ballads, and the cowboys just sort of made up their own words."

Mister Frank spoke up. "That song 'Bury Me Not On The Lone Prairie' was taken from 'Bury Me Not In The Ocean, Bury Me Not In The Sea.' That was an English song, Fred—a sailor's song. But, matter of fact, a cowboy'd rather be buried out on the prairie than in a graveyard in town anyway. The prairie, I guess, was his natural place to be buried."

So Hosstail Small couldn't resist telling the story about the cowboy who said, "Bury me not on the lone prairie." And his sidekick said, "Why not?" And the first cowboy said, "Because I ain't *dead* yet!"

I seem to remember the bottle was passed around again immediately after that.

The talk went again to the trail drives, and the food carried along, and what it was, and how those men supplied themselves.

"Maybe they'd start the drive below San Antonio," Mister Frank said, "and the chuckwagon didn't get replenished until it got to Doan's Store on Red River."

"That'd be maybe four, five hundred miles, wouldn't it?"

"That's right," Mister Frank said, "and there's an old song about it." The origin in unknown, but at least part of the words are these:

We got them through the brush all right
Clear up to San Antone.
We got some grub and headed north
As slick as any bone.
We crossed the Colorado
At Austin—a big town,
And headed north until we struck
The store of high renown.

The "store of high renown" was the one Mister Frank mentioned—Doan's Store on the south fork of the Red River. It was a stopping place where food and supplies could be bought. Most called it the halfway point, but the cattle market was still several weeks ahead.

Food on the trail—and on the ranches—was still the topic of conversation.

"There wasn't much soup on ranches," Mister Frank said, "and most of the men weren't used to eating soup. I don't think they even had such a thing as soup plates in those days on the ranches out here." Which reminded him of a story, and he told it.

"John Chisum went to Denver and put up at the best hotel there was. At that time Denver, like a lot of other western places, had a good many consumptives. The western air was supposed to be good for consumption. Well, the room that was assigned to Chisum had evidently been used by consumptives, as the night's procedure was to indicate. At supper there were soup plates, and the waiters were all dressed alike, and Chisum didn't pay too much attention to them, so he couldn't tell one from the other.

"One came along and said to Chisum, 'Soup, sir?' Chisum didn't want any soup and turned his soup plate upside down. Directly, another waiter came along and asked Chisum if he wanted soup. So John said, 'I just told you I don't want any soup.' And then along came a third one, bent on giving everybody soup. And Chisum was a bit sharp with him and said, 'Dammit, I told you twice already I don't want any soup!'

"Well, it was pretty late before he got to bed, and he didn't remember to lock the door to his room. Probably didn't even remember to shut it. He got into bed, and way long after midnight he kind of woke up and there was a light on, and Jim saw this man in the uniform the waiters wore, and this man took John's arm and stuck a needle in it and gave him an injection. The man didn't know the occupant of the room had been changed. He'd been injecting this consumptive every night. And Chisum sat up in bed and kind of looked at this man and said, 'Well, damn your soul! You've gotten that soup into me after all!'"

The main room of the old Paisano Ranch listened again to laughter, and Joe Small said, "Mister Frank, I think you could tell those stories for two weeks straight. You know, there was nothing that was more entertaining in the old days than conversation and story-telling."

"I think that's even true today, Joe," Mister Frank said. "But back then, telling stories was about all they *had* for entertainment."

AND THAT'S what we had that rainy April day in 1963. Story-telling. Entertainment. Nobody wanted to quit. A few times Mister Frank moved over to a cot in the main room, took off his shoes, and stretched out. But he didn't want us to go, so Fred Gipson and Joe Small continued talking, and Mister Frank would listen, and then in a few minutes he'd sit up, reminded of another story. He might start telling it still sitting on the cot, but then he'd get up and rejoin the rest of us to finish the story.

Talk turned to the Texas Rangers of the old days. Were they, I asked, maybe over-publicized, made out to be more than they actually were?

"I think they earned all of the reputation they ever got," Fred said, pretty positive about it. "And they deserved most of it. And yet, there was a period of time there when our Ranger force was staffed with a lot of hired killers."

"Well, they weren't supermen as some people seem to think," Joe said, "but they had such a reputation that some of it grew into myth." He grinned. "There was that old story about the riot in a small Texas town and the local authorities called Austin and asked to have some Texas Rangers sent out as soon as possible. So the Rangers said they'd send one man. The town authorities said that wasn't enough, that it was a big riot. And the answer was, 'You've got one

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riot; we'll send one Ranger.' "

"Well, generally, they handled it about that way," Fred said.

Joe agreed. "That's right. The Ranger could just walk into town and all of a sudden there was authority there. It was the idea of respect, I think—maybe fear, too—more than of what one individual could accomplish."

Mister Frank spoke of the Rangers of the 1870s, who had put down the lawlessness of that time, describing them as "men of quietness and integrity." He'd had an uncle who'd served with them at that time, and it was obvious that he was proud of him. "Those men," Mister Frank said, "knew how to arrest a man long before it became necessary to shoot him, and it's a fact that they arrested a whole lot more than they ever shot."

Joe Small then had a story none of us had ever heard before. "In the old days," he said, "especially in Oklahoma, an elected sheriff actually had to pay for the burial of any man he killed. Zoe Tilghman told me there were cases where maybe they hired a sheriff who was a little too quick on the trigger, and in order to keep him from just cleaning out some town, they made him pay the burial fee for each man he killed."

Zoe Tilghman was the widow of the famous Marshal Bill Tilghman—and Zoe used to claim that of all the "fast guns" of those days there just was *nobody* who could outdraw Bill Tilghman.

Mister Frank said he'd never heard of that burial fee thing. "Sounds like folklore to me," he said, "but if it's true, Joe, I think it was a damned good idea."

Fred got us back on the subject of the Texas Rangers again. "There was only one Ranger I ever knew well and that was old P. C. Baird." he said. "He'd cleaned up my home town back in the '80s or '90s—I'm not certain, exactly, of the time. And he must have been one of the men you were talking about, Frank, who was quiet and easy-going. They had had, at that period of time, what they called the 'Hoodoo War' up there. It was sort of a clash between the German immigrants and the hillbilly group that I belong to, you know—a clash of cultists. And they got to stealin' each other's cattle and killin' each other, and P. C. Baird came in as a Ranger, and I think maybe killed one or two men. And that was enough. That settled that war up there right quick."

THERE WAS some talk, then, of various county "wars" and the reasons for them, and of the protection of the cattle industry and fencing in the lands, and one thing led to another and we began to talk of the branding of cattle. Which was, in itself, a protection of property.

Naturally, the "X-I-T" brand came up. "Well, I guess to this day most people really believe that old story about the X-I-T brand meaning 'Ten Counties in Texas'," Joe Small said. "It makes a very good story—X-I-T—ten counties in Texas. But it wasn't true at all. It so happens that they tried to form a brand that nobody with a running iron

THE MEMOIRS OF
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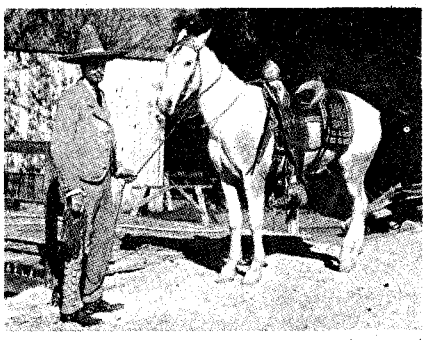

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could change. This was the closest they could come to it—X-I-T. So it was not really ten counties in Texas at all, but it was so natural that it got to be a legend."

Mister Frank nodded his agreement. But being older, and closer to it—as he'd said earlier—he knew a little more of the

(Continued on page 77)

Timber Thieves

(Continued from page 29)

to get his claims, disposed of the body, then later quarrelled and Lindley shot Bully. That seemed logical enough to those who doubted the Lindley account of the killing. Belief in that theory may have been the motive for Lindley's being picked off shortly afterward.

A few days after Sheriff Manley's visit to the Bruun home, Mrs. Bruun left for Spokane and did not return. It wasn't long before word got around that George had said he had "sent her down the river." That gave rise to the speculation that Bruun had been the one to dispatch Bully on his last journey. But there was no proof and the talk was mostly forgotten when all known or suspected claim jumpers' cabins were blown up one day with dynamite.

A year later, on July 25, 1905, a badly decomposed body wedged between two logs was found by two timber cruisers. It was reportedly that of Fred Tyler. It was said that Tyler's mother, then living in Wallace, identified some piece of clothing found with the body as belonging to her son.

In Marble Creek the rumor of finding the body of Fred Tyler the summer before was recalled. Everyone agreed there was "something funny about it." The rumor of finding and the actual finding, although a year apart, were almost identical.

ON the evening of December 31, 1905 in the little city of Caldwell in southern Idaho, Frank Steunenberg, going home to supper, opened the gate of his yard fence and was fatally wounded by the explosion of a handmade bomb. Steunenberg had been Governor of Idaho at the time of the labor war in the Coeur d'Alenes mining district in 1899.

A few day after Steunenberg's death, Harry Orchard was charged with the murder and lodged in jail. Evidence was circumstantial but after several weeks and much persuasion, Orchard confessed that he had made the bomb and pulled the string to set it off, but at the same time named George Pettibone, Charles Moyer and Bill Haywood (all high officials in the Federation of Miners) and implicated Jack Simpkins, who owned a claim in Marble Creek. This was nearly 300 miles to the north as the crow flies and much farther by road and boat. Orchard also confessed to a number of other crimes in which he included Steve Adams as an accomplice. Adams was then living with his wife and children on a ranch in Oregon.

Before Orchard's confession was made public, Pettibone, Moyer and Haywood were virtually kidnapped and brought to Boise and placed in the Idaho State prison. Jack Simpkins could not be located.

A sheriff by the name of Brown went to see Steve Adams. He told Adams that of course everyone knew that he had nothing to do with the murder of Frank Steunenberg but that he was needed as a witness. If he would just go to Boise and tell what he knew he would not be prosecuted. Steve's uncle, J. W. Lillard, who seemed to have considerable influence over the younger man, persuaded him to go. The next day found Adams in a cell with Harry Orchard, who had been transferred from Caldwell to the state penitentiary.

Orchard told Adams that he had confessed all of his sins, urging Adams to do the same—to repent and be forgiven. But Adams was not in a repentant mood. Instead of confessing, he hit and kicked Orchard and probably would have killed him, had not Orchard escaped by rolling under the bed.

The disturbance brought two guards who were said to have given Adams "a hell of a beating" before shoving him into another cell. Those who had secured a confession from Orchard went to work on Steve Adams and after a time Adams confessed, not to the crimes of which Orchard had accused him, but to the killing of Fred Tyler in Marble Creek. That is, he signed a paper which some say also included a statement that he had killed Bully too, but no one was ever charged with the murder of Bully.

In the confession Adams stated that he was a friend of Jack Simpkins, who owned the cabin near where the body of Bully was found. He said that he and Simpkins had gone to Marble Creek to look over the Simpkins claim and found that it had been jumped by Bully and Tyler. He and Jack confronted the two men and asked what company they were working for. Both denied they were working for any company, denied they were claim jumpers, and insisted they were using their own squatters' rights.

After talking with a number of members of the Killers Committee and being assured that Bully and Tyler were indeed claim jumpers and bad actors as well, Adams said that he and Jack decided to get rid of them. He told how they pulled their guns on Tyler as he was coming down the trail, disarmed him, kept him a prisoner that night and the next morning shot him and dragged his body back into the timber and stuffed it down between two logs. He said that later he and Simpkins and "some other members of the committee" killed Bully. Apparently none of those "other members" was named in the confession, or afterwards.

CLARENCE DARROW, the famed defense lawyer, had been engaged to defend Pettibone, Moyer and Haywood. He also became interested in the Adams case and declared that Steve was being held in prison illegally. He won his point and Adams was released, only to be met at the prison gate by officers from Shoshone County who brought him to Wallace to stand trial there for Tyler's murder since it had taken place in Shoshone County.

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WANDERLUST #2

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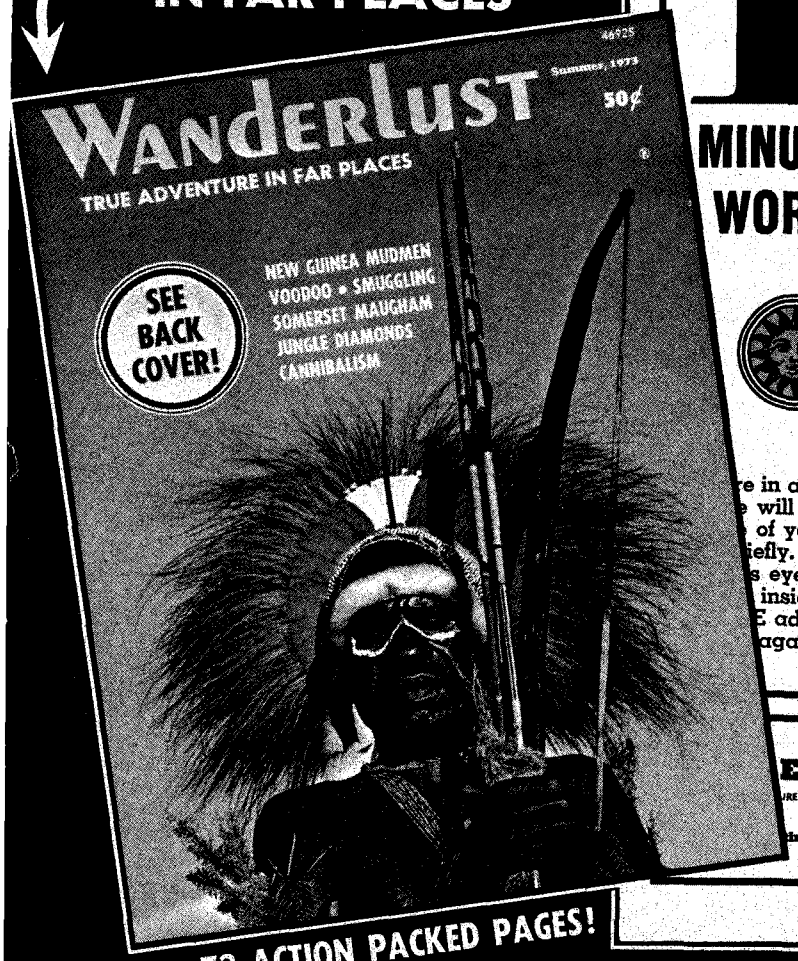

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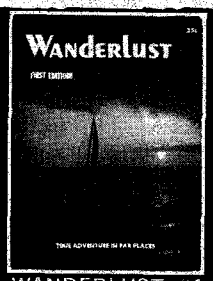

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Adams was known to be a member of the Federation of Miners, and Wallace was strictly a mining town. That made the selecting of the jury a difficult task. Added to that was the fact that before the beginning of the trial early in February 1907, Adams had repudiated his confession and entered a plea of not guilty.

Yet there was evidence pointing to his guilt, and there was sympathy for Tyler's mother who was dressed in mourning and was naturally grieved over her son's violent death. Clarence Darrow could sway only half of the jurors. The verdict was six to six.

A change of venue was granted and a new trial was held in Rathdrum, then county seat of neighboring Kootenai County. That trial began in the fall of 1907, with Clarence Darrow again for the defense. William Borah, soon to take his seat in the United States Senate, represented the state. Selecting a jury in Rathdrum was even more of a problem than it had been at Wallace. The many farmers, lumberjacks and miners called may have cared little about Steve Adams but they cared a lot less for claim jumpers, and most of them had already formed an opinion in the case.

Finally twelve men were sworn in as jurors. The long trial drew widespread attention to the hitherto little-known Idaho town. Two able lawyers, verbally pitted against each other, gave the proceedings plenty of drama. Much was made of Adams' association with the Federation of Miners, the disappearance of Jack Simpkins, and the recent murder of Harvey K. Brown who was supposed to have known too much about the case and about Orchard's confession. At times it seemed that it was not Steve Adams on trial for the murder of Tyler but the Federation on trial for wrongs both known and suspected.

A skeleton and a few bits of clothing found at Marble Creek two years before and purported to be the remains of Fred Tyler were laid on a table and referred to often. A doctor picked up the skull and pointed to a hole in the back which caused the victim's death. But it didn't prove who had fired that bullet.

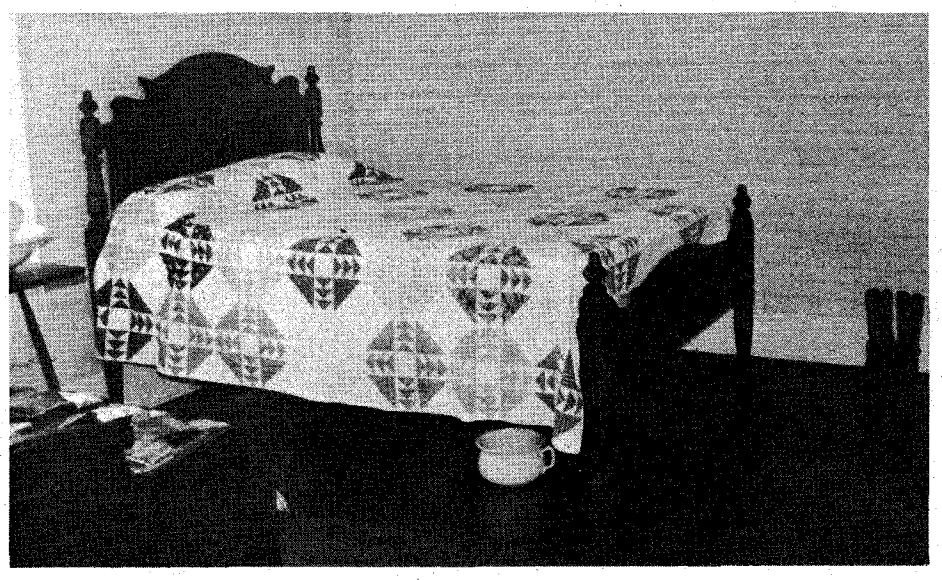
Adams stuck to his repudiation of his confession, which most probably was obtained under duress. The jury was unable to come to an unanimous decision in the case. The final vote was four for conviction and eight for acquittal. Only one thing seemed to have been proved and that was voiced by an old lumberjack who said, "You can't find twelve men in Idaho who would convict a man for killing a claim jumper.

The claim jumpers got the message and so did the lumber companies who had profited most from the shady deals. In Marble Creek and, for the most part, in all of Idaho the day of the claim jumpers had ended.

Will Rogers' Old Home

(Continued from page 31)

Rogers home sat twelve people. We are still looking for a walnut chest for storing linens, circa 1875-80, and a sideboard in walnut for the dining room. We also need a washstand for the kitchen," commented Mr. Black.



One of the two full-size beds in the guest bedroom off the dining room. A dresser completes the furnishings for this room. Mary Rogers brought plantation hospitality to Indian Territory frontier.

IN THE kitchen is a pie safe whose perforated tin doors have the date "1884" punched in each panel. The furniture in the kitchen appears to be maple. The cook stove is a large one of cast iron, although not a "Charter Oak" such as the Rogers' cook used.

Robert Black envisions a "total western experience" for the visitor to the Rogers Home and State Park. "We want to build a blacksmith shop and another log barn. The first is too old to hold up for movies of Will's life and those he appeared in. An ice house, well house, Mose's cabin and rail fence are also planned.

"We will have a souvenir shop," he continued, "where young people can buy ropes and where the local 4-H members will be on hand to teach them how to twirl and throw. Will practiced from an early age on a post in the back yard until he became quite expert at it."

Present shrubs and flowers surrounded by a white picket fence, are identical to the ones Mary, Will's mother, worked with in her yard.

Chisled in the sandstone steps leading up to the front porch is the dog iron cattle brand used by Will Rogers; J4 was the brand used on the horses.

After the railroads and squatters divided the farm and with the Curtis Act of 1898 forcing allotment of the land to the Cherokee Indians, the surging life of the Rogers ranch ended. The once open range of 60,000 acres shrank to a mere 148.77 acres. With so many blows against the homestead, Clement left for Claremore to be a banker.

Although the big house was unoccupied at times, ranch hands still carried on the cattle operation. The Rogers ranch was kept intact for 102 years by three generations of the Rogers family before it was set aside as a part of the past to be enjoyed by the general public.

A Mule Soldier

(Continued from page 51)

or another for not getting rid of the mule.

One day Bob and Tobe were in a small patrol dropped on the opposite bank of the mile-wide river to scout the enemy shore. Late in the day while the animals were drinking at the water's edge, a whole company of Yankee cavalry rode shouting and shooting over the crest of the bank. Through their dust Bob could catch the glint of polished brass, and he fancied he could smell hot, fresh-oiled gunmetal. His little patrol wheeled to return the fire, but it was hopeless.

"Take to the river, boys!" shouted the sergeant, and they spurred into the current. As the banks dropped away beneath them, the high-strung horses began to flounder. Amid the shooting, they rolled, sank, rose again, flailed, and reached for ground that wasn't there. Bob clung low to old Tobe's neck, flattening himself on the back of the steady swimming mule. A rifle shot passed his ear with a deafening crack and took some hair. Over his shoulder he tried to get a shot off, and saw his friends on their frantic horses. One by one they fell.

Tobe was so far from shore that the deep current took him and Bob downriver. The Mississippi smelled fresh like the dirt, and soon they were beyond the noise and death. Bob could feel the muscles working under Tobe's thick hide as the plow mule pumped the big hoofs and snorted water. He pressed his cheek to the straining neck and breathed the sweetness of the wet skin. Miles later a sand bank rose beneath them and Tobe could walk again. They were all that was left of a nine-man patrol. And Bob wouldn't forget that he had been saved by the mule they kidded him about.

THE cavalry company was badly depleted, and the captain, trying to boost morale, scheduled a full-dress parade in a nearby town, a grand and glor-

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ious review of the military might that remained in that little segment of the Arkansas Militia. The men would look their best. The mounts were to be groomed as well as possible, even if they hadn't been too well fed. The parade was to be impressive, and Tobe, the commander ordered, was definitely not to be a part of it. He made Bob leave the old animal tethered in camp and tried to make up for it by issuing Bob a fresh black horse, newly acquired by the company.

Private Hays was proud of his fine uniform and the handsome horse, for he had been led to believe that the new mount was temporary. The captain secretly hoped, of course, that the boy would like the new black and forget his mule. During the review the captain had Tobe taken away to a nearby artillery unit and corralled with the mules who pulled the caissons.

Bob's father, after the parade, told him what had happened and said, "You'd just as well get used to that black horse of yours, 'cause they ain't goin' to give Tobe back."

"Papa, I reckon they are, too, whether they know it or not," Bob replied as he left his father and headed for the artillery battery.

Wandering into their camp he struck up a conversation with some of the men and found out that the mules were kept on a little peninsula which ran out into the river. Then Bob slipped away and headed for the mules. He found the narrow neck of land guarded by a pair of sentries who walked a straight line across the point where the peninsula met the main bank. The distance was only a few hundred feet, and the two soldiers paced regularly back and forth, passing each other at the mid-point of their journey and executing their about-faces when they reached the opposite water's edge. Bob crawled forward on his belly. He timed the sentries on several passes and figured that his best chance would come when the two were farthest apart, turning at the opposite banks.

Bob was within feet of their path as they approached each other, rifles at their shoulders, when suddenly he felt a movement beneath his hand and realized it was a snake. He couldn't see it. He just rolled out of its way. Both sentries wheeled and came to port arms.

"Who goes there?" shouted one, as they peered into the black. Bob lay still, trying to quiet his breathing. What a silly situation! He was mortified to have gotten himself into the position of defying his own friendly forces, but now he had to go through with it. The sentries approached his hiding place, jabbing bayonets into the bushes. Bob fought an impulse to run. After a while they shrugged and resumed their pacing.

Bob gave them time to make the opposite limits of their posts before he started crawling forward. He crossed their line, rose to a running crouch, and was soon among the mules. Easing his way among the placid creatures, at last he touched Tobe's familiar nose.

"Well, hello there, old fella," Bob whispered, slipping on the bridle he had stuffed beneath his shirt. "You about ready to head home?" He led Tobe back in the brush to a safe distance from the sentry line. When the guards were farthest removed from each other, he jumped astride the mule and dug in his heels. "Whoopee!" he shouted into the big ear, "Let's go, Tobe!"

Like a charging elephant the big animal crashed forward through the brush and galloped across the line while the guards yelled and sent shots whining past in the darkness. The next morning, the captain stopped cold in his tracks when he saw Bob watering the mule. He stood silently for a moment, looking into the boy's face. Bob regarded his own feet and scuffed his toe in the dust. When he looked up, the captain was walking briskly away. There was never again a mention of a more suitable mount for the young cavalryman.

In the autumn of 1863 Bob Hays had ridden away from the Russellville farm on the back of his ungainly brown mule. In the spring of 1865 old Tobe plodded back through the front gate, and Bob was still on his back. Betty, the mare, had been killed in action, ridden by a stranger. Papa Jim sat tall on a new roan. And as Mag, Mattie, and the children crowded around them bursting with happy tears, the eighteen-year-old plowboy smiled down from the mule who had carried him to manhood.

Author's Note: The Reverend Robert S. Hays died at Haslet, Texas in 1929, at the age of eighty. Unable to locate any of his other surviving relatives, and lacking documents and letters, I have pieced this story together from tales told me by my father.

Bob Hays' youngest sister, Malissa Hays Huffaker, was two years old in 1863 when she clung to her brother's legs before the Union rifles in their farm yard. Grown to womanhood, she named her son, my late father, for her brother Bob. These tales that he told are only a few of his priceless gifts to me. Another is the name that he himself inherited from Robert S. Hays, the cavalryman who preferred a mule.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 38)

one daughter, Sallie, who died at age three. The mother died in childbirth. I would like to know where in Texas they are buried. Linn married second to Safronnie Harrison. Where in Texas? Bud married Laura Virginia Harrison, Safronnie's sister, in Hood County, Texas. Mr. Harrison married second to a Mrs. Rodgers. Her son, Sye Rodgers and a son of Harrison's went on a hunting trip to the Kiamichi Mountains and were never heard from again.

My father, Joseph Dennis Touchstone, was born April 5, 1871 at Bandera, Texas. In 1881 the family became engaged in building railroads in Texas. They lived near a rock quarry where rock was obtained for the seawall at Galveston and for the Capitol in Austin, and for the road bed of the railroad.

Linn McDermott, R. B. Touchstone and Richard "Dick" Cooley all worked at building the railroad. Uncle Dick Cooley married my Aunt Julia at Bandera September 22, 1872. Dick was a gunsmith, a trader, and a gambler. Uncle Linn was sent to arrest him about 1880. They were living at home at the time. They had a little girl Sallie and a boy, Arcy (R. B.), and a baby, one month old. When they got the word Uncle Linn had to arrest Uncle Dick, they rode away in the night, never to be heard from again.

Grandpa John Touchstone had a stroke in 1880 near the rock quarry and died in 1884. Where is his grave located? Uncle Bud engraved his headstone out of granite. He, himself, cut it out from the place where he lived. Grandpa's youngest daughter, Molly, from his first marriage, her husband and four children, were all living with the family. At the time, they were all on a cattle ranch, furnishing milk, butter and cream for the railroad hands. I believe this was in Robertson or Williamson County.

Indians were always a threat to safety. One night when Aunt Julia, Aunt Sallie, Grandma, and Uncle Linn were coming up from the milk lot in the moonlight, Molly's husband jumped out from the chimney corner, yelled "Indians!" and fired his pistol. As he yelled and fired his gun, he shot off his thumb.

Grandma Eliza "Green" Touchstone, always prepared for emergencies, ran in the house and grabbed the fire poker from the coals. She told the boys to hold her stepson-in-law while she used the poker to cauterize the hand to stop the bleeding. She did a perfect job and dressed the hand. Well, he couldn't take the hoorawing, so he and his family pulled out for his people in Rome, Georgia.

After this, the Indians did raid the ranch, driving off all the cattle and every horse on the place. Uncle Linn went out to see if perhaps a cow with a new calf may have hidden out, so they could have milk for the children. He found an old lame mare and rode her out on his search. In the distance he saw what he thought to be an army. He rode on out toward them but they were Indians dressed in Army uniforms, from the massacre near Milam County, Texas. Papa used to say, "Linn told us that old mare forgot she was lame. As soon as she heard the first war whoop from those Indians, she lit out for the barn." The men at home, hearing the yell, began firing on the Indians as soon as they came in range. The Indians circled the ranch house at a safe distance and went on their way. The family then moved closer to the Milam County line. Grandpa built a rock house there. Isaac Touchstone, now passed on, wrote me he knew where the rock house was. It was made of sandstone.

Grandpa carried the first cook stove Grandma ever owned, twenty miles on his back, after he was seventy years old. Grandpa wore a long beard—to his waist, Papa said. He had nine children by his first marriage and nine by his second.

(Continued on page 76)

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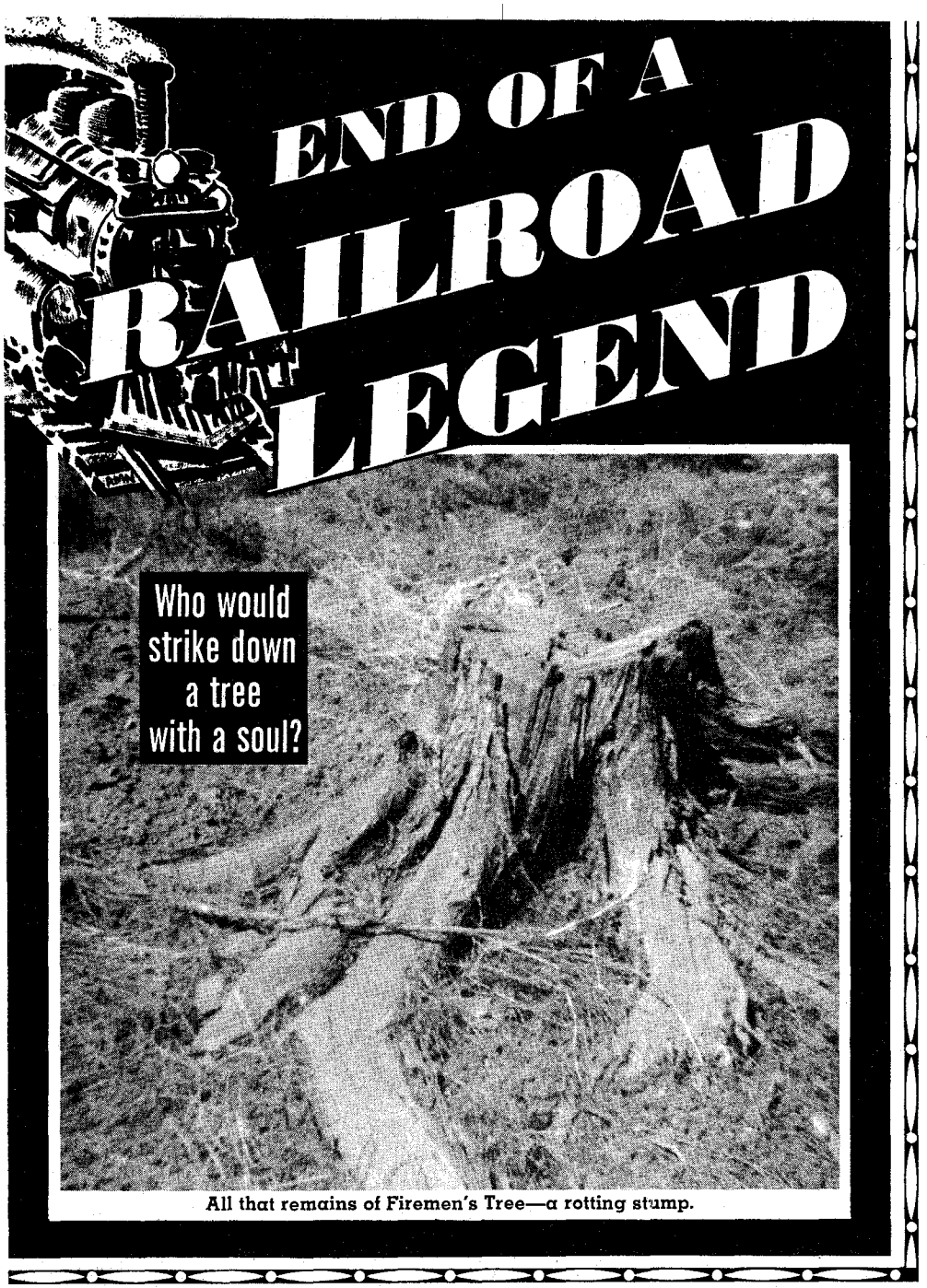
END OF A RAILROAD LEGEND



All that remains of Firemen's Tree—a rotting stump.

By W. T. OWEN
Photos Courtesy Author

IN SOUTHEASTERN Oregon is a railroad which begins at Ontario and terminates at Burns, 157 miles almost due west. This railroad, on the maps, is just another feeder line of the great Union Pacific system, but to anyone who actually knows the road and its history, it is considerably more than just a length of track.

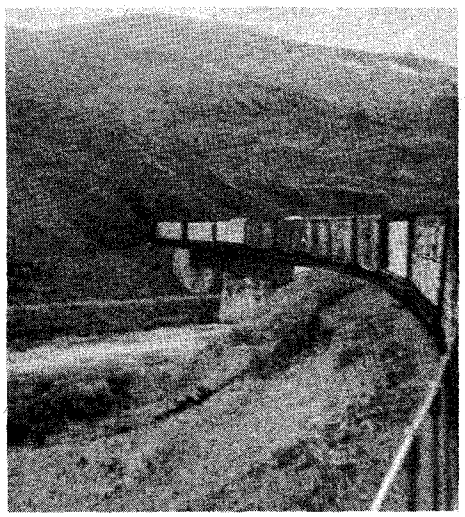
In 1911 construction of the Central Oregon Railroad (later called the Oregon Eastern) from Ontario and Vale upward through the canyon of the Malheur River was begun. It was originally intended to connect the Union Pacific main track at Ontario with the main track of the Southern Pacific near Klamath Falls for the "short haul" to California. Juntura was reached in 1913, Riverside in 1915, and Crane the following year. Although the survey ran nearly two hundred miles beyond, further building was abandoned. The sudden halt in construction was heartbreaking to the people in the upper country, especially the people in Burns. In all probability the increasing possibility of involvement in the great war in Europe was a factor in such abrupt curtailment of the building.

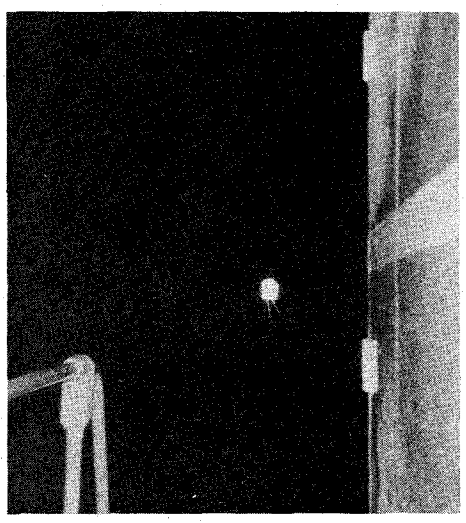
Southwest from Crane to the Steens Mountains lies the Upper Great Basin. Here there are over 200,000 square miles wherein the waters drain within themselves. Westward from Crane lies a great flatland suitable for homesteading. As early as 1913 there were approximately 4,000,000 acres of homestead land in Harney County. Irrigation water was to have been supplied for the anticipated influx of newcomers. Two railroads were promised—one from Ontario by the Union Pacific, the other by the Northern Pacific from Bend.

With the disruption of railroad construction, the hope that thousands of settlers would be coming to this high land were shattered. Those vast acres were to remain as they always had been —great cattle and sheep country. During the 1920s, in addition to many thousands of cattle being raised and pastured within this area, there were also approximately 200,000 sheep. Few good roads existed at that time, and the only outlet for the marketing of these animals was the Oregon Eastern Railroad.

With the steady shipments of cattle and sheep and the promise of a lumber mill being built at Burns, the railroad was finally completed to Burns on December 24, 1924. But it was not until 1930 that this railroad approached its original promise of importance. The Hines Lumber Company completed a mill at Hines, just three miles from Burns, in February 1930. A railroad was built by the lumber company northward to Seneca, fifty-five miles from Burns, where more lumber was milled. Then, after nineteen long years, the Oregon Eastern, with its

Below (left), train emerging from tunnel. (right) A tiny spot of distant daylight, as seen from inside the tunnel.





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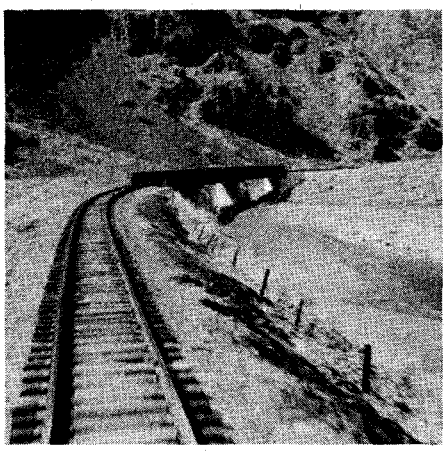
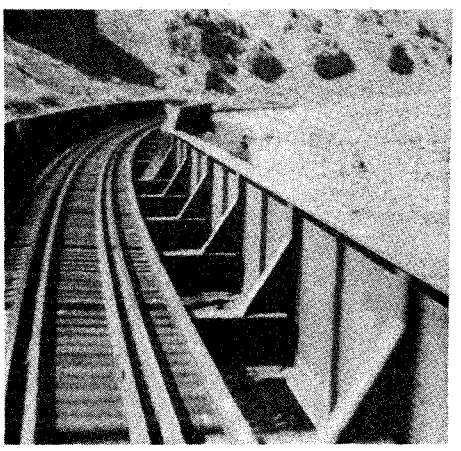




Above (left), approaching the bridge crossing the Malheur River below Riverside. (right) Crossing the same bridge.

stock shipments and mail and passenger service already established, had the traffic of lumber products from the mills at Burns and Seneca for revenue. From fifteen to twenty-five carloads of finished lumber products were transported each week day down to the Union Pacific mainline at Ontario.

THE RAISING of sheep and cattle became a threatened industry when the Taylor Grazing Act was passed in 1934. Very few of the stockmen owned their land and most had to sell out. At the present time the sheep in Harney County are fewer than 10,000 head. Many cattle are still raised on the ranches, but most of the transporting is done by truck. Traffic on the Oregon Eastern is now principally the lumber products from the mills at Hines and Seneca.

BETWEEN VALE and Riverside, a distance of seventy-seven miles, the railroad follows closely the course of the crooked Malheur River. From Riverside to Venator, seventeen miles, the railroad veers to the course of the South Fork of the river, then continues southwest along Crane Creek to the top of the hill at milepost 124. The last thirty miles, from Crane to Burns, is all straight track across a flat mesa of sagebrush and pasture land.

Although small rails were used until later years, huge, high steel bridges were built on solid concrete abutments at points where the railroad had to cross the Malheur River—no less than eighteen times. At milepost 54 an expensive tunnel, one-half mile in length, was bored through a mountain. The railroad grade was maintained at the least per cent rise possible. All this was done in anticipation of constant "through freight" traffic for the short haul to and from California.

The word *malheur* is French; it means "misfortune" or "unhappiness." Two French trappers named the river in early days because of the loss of all their furs and belongings during one of the sudden floods of the river. Railroad engineers respected the reputation of the river and kept their survey well above possible high water.

From Ontario to milepost 124, the road climbs 2,000 feet. Although the grade does not exceed a one per cent rise per mile at any one point, it is a long and tedious ascension. Through parts of the most arid section of Oregon, the railroad winds its way upward, braving rocky canyons and sagebrush hills in its climb.

Other than the small communities of Harper, Juntura, Riverside, and Crane, there are a few cattle ranches near the course of the Malheur River. Bravely green with range grasses for a few months in the spring, this section of the state is uninviting to the eye for the rest of the year. From June until the following spring it is a brown and parched land with a sparse growth of gnarled juniper trees adorning a hillside here and there.

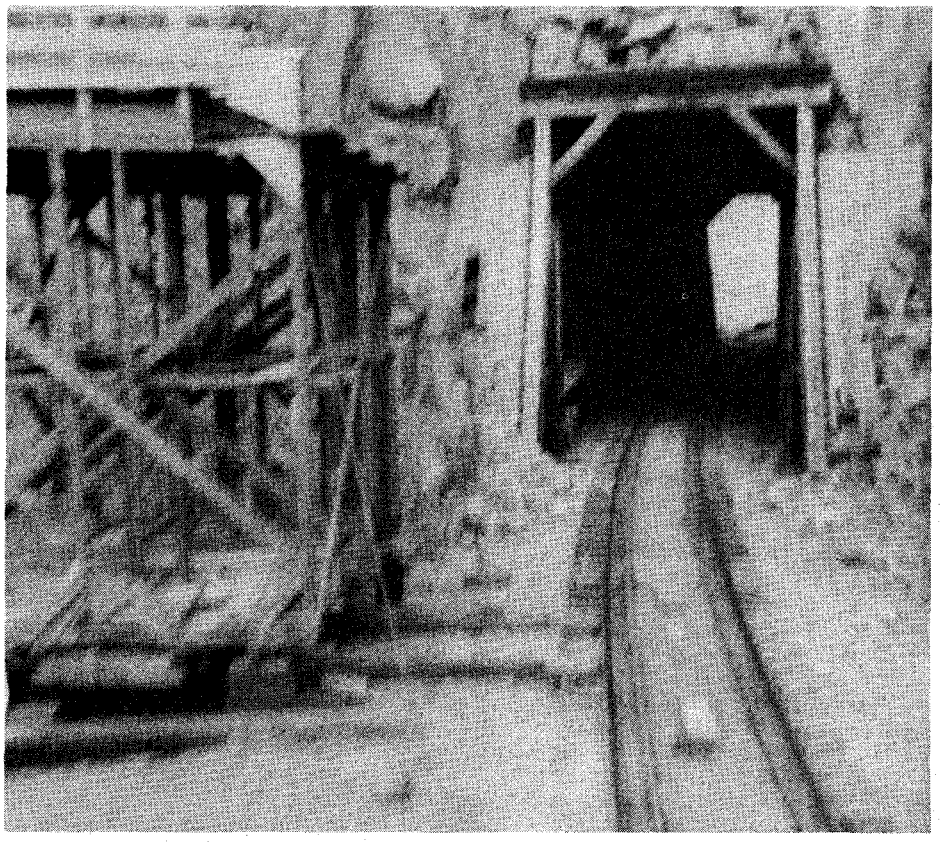
In earlier days a regular passenger train was run each week day over the railroad between Ontario and Burns transporting the mail and passengers to and from the few isolated communities along the way. Poor roads and few automobiles were prevalent, and the people relied upon the railroad for most of their transportation needs.

Until 1944 all freight trains and some of the passenger trains were pulled by small, coal-burning steam engines. These engines were stoked by firemen who had scoop shovels and the might of their muscles for their stokers. Through a small firedoor within the cab of the engine, the fireman fed his charge. During 1944 the railroad introduced oil-burning engines and used them until 1953 when the modern diesel-electric units took over.

During those hand-fired steam engine days, any fireman who was in any way adverse to extremely hard work stayed away from the Oregon Eastern freight runs, particularly during the hot summer months. Using a scoop shovel to fire the small engines pulling trains of cars upward over the "high, dry, and windy" track was not easy work. Slack coal, foamy water, and slow speed over the rough, crooked line separated the men from the boys. Ironically, the "full crew law" of the State of Oregon stipulated that a train of more than thirty-nine cars must have a third brakeman but no help for the fireman!

LEGENDS about the line have been handed down through the years —Disappearing Rock near milepost 88, the graves at Riverside; and many are

Below, the tunnel below Juntura, Oregon.



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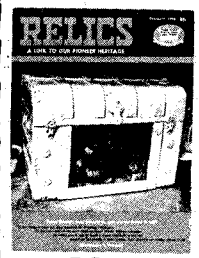
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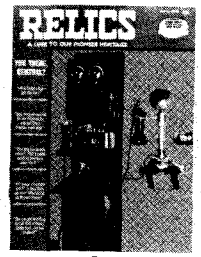
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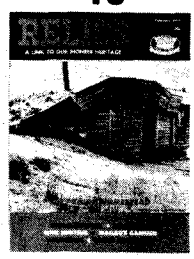
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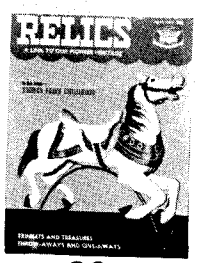
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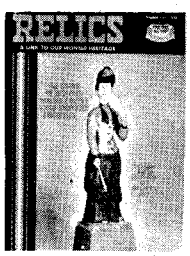
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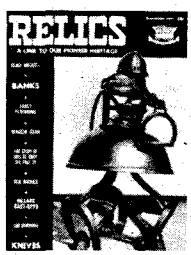
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the tales of men who operated those trains. Another is the story of "Firemen's Tree"—the best loved legend of all.

For over forty years, close to the track and inside the right-of-way, stood a tree. On the last curve before reaching the end of the long, continuous climb from Ontario, this tree held revered ground. It was not a stately pine or fir, nor was it a majestic oak. This was an ageless, gnarled juniper tree which stood by the track on a dry, sagebrush hill all alone. Although unattended, twisted, and unpretentious, this tree was not just any tree—it was the Firemen's Tree.

Down through the years, the "Tree," as it was fondly called, stood there on that hillside beckoning and waving the fireman upward, urging him to greater toil and effort. Beyond the Tree the grade was all downhill and the fireman could sit down and rest his weary muscles for the remainder of the trip across the flat into Burns.

To offset long trains of cars, numerous delays, poor engines, foamy water and slack coal, the Tree was forever waiting there with a promise of relief when at last the top of the hill was reached. To the lifted cap of the fireman as the laboring engine passed by, there was always a wave of a branch in answer as if to say, "Well done—see you next trip!"

With the coming of the oil-burning steam engines and then the diesel-electric units, the work of the fireman was gone. New men were hired who had never been introduced to the scoop shovel and its toil. Although the Firemen's Tree still stood there on the hillside at the end of the long climb, its significance was gone—just as the hand-fired steam engines were gone. Years passed and, except for an occasional wave from an engineer who had been on the line during the old days, the Firemen's Tree was ignored.

In 1955, during the spring "clean up" week, an over-enthusiastic sectionman cut down the Tree. Word of that dastardly deed spread over the railroad district. Passed from engine to engine, this message caused all who heard it to become instantly outraged and indignant toward any ignoramus who would commit such a crime.

To this day, no sprig, no new shoot has thrust itself upward as frequently occurs from the heart of a tree stump. The man who guided that axe blade was thorough, if nothing else.

But the Oregon Eastern rolls on. We still have wash-outs, derailments, and engine failures at times, for there never was a rougher country on which to lay a track. To many of us it's the feeder line connecting today for the short haul to the past.

Old-Time Oil Boom Towns

(Continued from page 25)

The rig on which we worked was about two or three miles out of Wink in the sand dunes. We rode to work in a Model T Ford. There were five men in a drilling crew so that left four of us to push when we stuck in the sand. We always made it out to the rig and back to town, but sometimes after a sandstorm it took lots of pushing.

So the drillers and roughnecks drilled the wells; the pipe-liners laid the pipe lines; the tankers built the tanks; the roustabouts connected up the wells and kept them producing; and the muleskinners moved what needed moving. The bootleggers and gamblers, prostitutes dope-heads and hijackers preyed on the working men; and the Wink oil field was developed.

In 1929 the Depression started and the oil business began to slow down. The Wink oil field was pretty well developed by that time. By the time development started again out in the sand country of West Texas and New Mexico, large four-wheel drive trucks that could go across the sand along with cats and bulldozers had taken the place of the mules and muleskinner. Paved roads and fast cars had eliminated the need for a town like Wink. Kilgore and Gladewater in East Texas and other towns grew fast, but they were already there when the oil was discovered. Wink was the last old-time oil boom town that started from nothing.

As the boom days at Wink began to dwindle, the boomers began leaving for greener pastures and by 1930 Wink had settled down to a town of about 4,000 people. A railroad had been brought in and paved roads were being built and it was becoming a town of good schools and churches and law-abiding citizens.

ON April 15, 1937 while employed as driller for the Mitchell and Sullivan Drilling Company on the Continental Oil Company's 16-C#1 well four miles south of Monument, New Mexico and about fifteen miles southwest of Hobbs, I was involved in an accident that is always supposed to happen to the other fellow.

It was common for a well to get out of control and catch fire. I had seen oil well fires and the results of those fires, but about the worst accident I had experienced on a gas well up to that time was getting my eyes gassed and being blind for about twenty-four hours. We would take the usual precautions to prevent fires, and the one rule we always followed was to have every man working on the well leave his cigarettes and matches out away from the well, as there had been any number of times an oil and gas well had been ignited by someone from force of habit striking a match to light a cigarette. We would take a break every so often and go out away from the well and smoke, and I suppose this practice was what saved me on the well at Monument.

In 1937 there was quite a drilling program in the Eunice-Monument field in New Mexico. They were proven oil and gas fields and no one had drilled a well that could not be handled in the usual way; so we considered the Continental 16-C well just another well to be drilled. We were off-setting a producing well and there were a number of wells producing nearby. We drilled down to the top of the oil formation and set the oil string of casings and were drilling on into the oil pay below 3,800 feet.

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I was drilling along keeping drilling time; the bit was going down at the rate of one foot every four or five minutes. Then the bottom seemed to fall out of the hole, and the bit went down nine feet before it hit solid formation again. We had the well hooked up for drilling under pressure and when the well started making a large volume of gas and oil we just thought we had a good well for Continental, but as sometimes happens we had what was called a freak well. It was estimated to be making 100 million to 150 million cubic feet of gas plus a large amount of oil which was much more than any of the surrounding wells were making. When the bit became so worn that it would not cut the formation and we lacked about twenty feet being down to the contract depth, the Company decided to bring in an Otis Pressure Control crew and change the drill bit and complete the well.

Otis Pressure Control, Inc. was a company that specialized in controlling and working with high pressure gas and oil wells and had special equipment and trained men to do the work. So we felt like pulling that drill out of the well and running it back in with a new bit was routine. Otis Pressure Control usually used a winch truck to handle their equipment, but by using the machinery of the drilling rig it would be faster; so it was decided to use the Otis Pressure Control men and their high pressure equipment to pull the pipe out of the well. All together, in both crews, there were eleven men working on the well.

ON THE 14th of April 1937 we pulled the drill pipe out of the well under pressure and it took about eight hours of careful work; then we shut everything down and went home. On the morning of the fifteenth we started putting the drill pipe back in the well after changing to a new drill bit. Before we started in the hole with the drill pipe I looked at the gas pressure gauge on the well and the gauge registered 2,000 pounds pressure. We knew we were on a dangerous well, but with the Otis Pressure Control's trained men and high pressure equipment we anticipated no trouble. I had in my crew—Alton Robinson, Charley McHugh, Wylie Braden, and Bob Green.

The Otis Pressure Control's main equipment were three special blow-out preventors. Number one was installed on top of the master valve, and its primary purpose was as a safety precaution. It could be used to shut in the well in case of an accident or if repairs needed to be made. Number two blow-out preventor was installed on top of number one under the derrick floor. The number three blow-out preventer was installed on top of the derrick floor. Six trained men were assigned to operate blow-out preventors numbers two and three.

Otis Pressure Control's three men working on number two blow-out preventor under the derrick floor were G. L. Vaughn, Bill Gilbert, and Tom Pierce. The three men on number three on top of the derrick floor were George Barlowe, W. L. Barrett, and Otis Hood. We ran about 500 feet of drill pipe in the well

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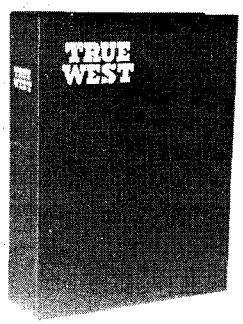

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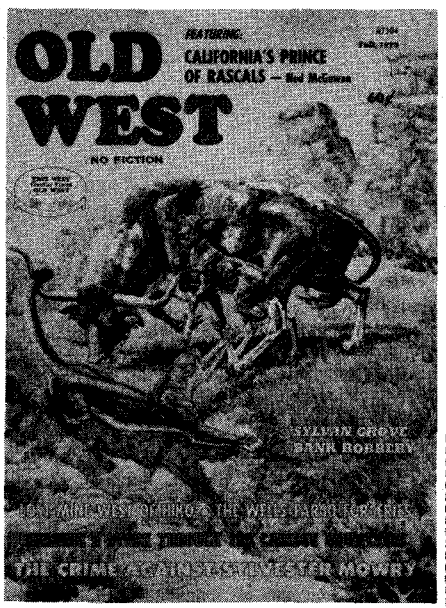

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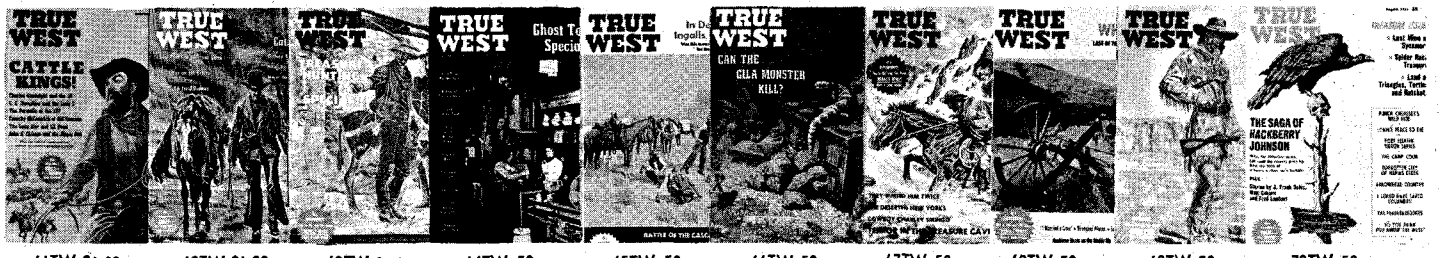

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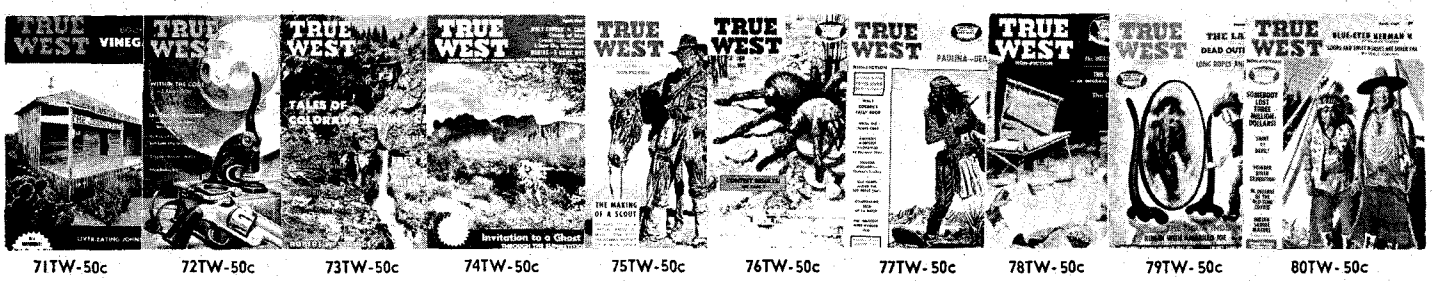

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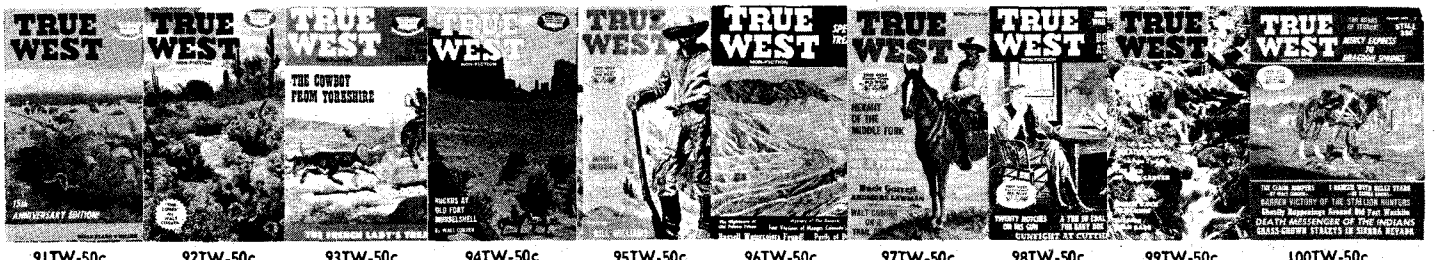

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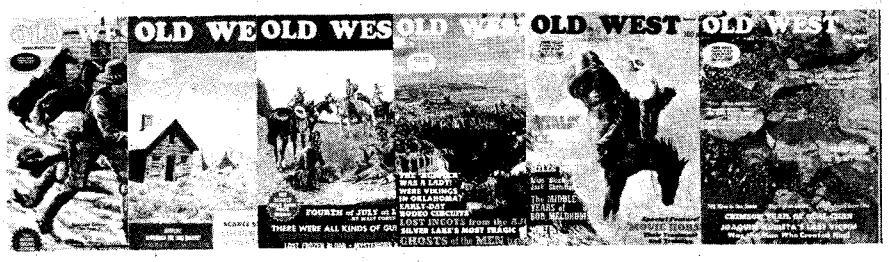

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when the blow-out preventor under the derrick floor developed a leak. Gas began escaping in large volume and force. This was nothing to be alarmed about as the boys working under the floor would close the emergency preventor and repair the one that was leaking. The three men with me on the derrick floor sat down on the rotary to rest while the men under the derrick floor made the necessary repairs.

I shut the motors down and told the boys sitting on the rotary that I was going out to the "dog-house" where I had left my "going to town" clothes and cigarettes and smoke one. But before the boys under the floor could close the emergency preventor, the gas ignited and we were enveloped in flames.

Men who were working a mile and a half away said they heard the explosion, but all I remember was a "swoosh." We were in the center of it. I was going off of the derrick floor down a ramp to the ground when the flames rolled around me, so I ran straight out and had presence of mind not to breathe. When I fell and drew in some much-needed air I was out of the fire, but my clothes were burning off me. I got up and ran, which is the worst thing anyone can do if he is burning, but I found out that under such circumstances you don't know what you are doing. When I came to, I learned that three men had caught me and had torn and cut off my clothes.

George Barlowe, W. L. Barrett, and Otis Hood, who were sitting on the rotary at the time the fire started, had to find their way out of the fire. Barlowe and Barrett finally came to the edge of the derrick floor and tumbled to the ground. Barlowe lay where he fell, unable to get up. Jarve Sullivan, one of the owners of the drilling rig, ran in under the fire and dragged Barlowe out.

Barrett got up and ran about fifty yards before he was caught by some of the other men who were not burned so badly. But both boys died a few hours later in the hospital at Hobbs. Otis Hood was never found; not even his belt buckle or any trace of him. He was completely burned up.

Alton Robinson, the derrick man, was up in the derrick about ninety feet. He was working without his safety belt and when he saw the flash of fire he jumped out on a guy wire that ran down from the derrick and was anchored to the ground out away from the rig, and slid down the guy wire to safety. Wylie Braden and Bob Green were blown out the engine house door and severely burned. Charley McHugh and the other three Otis Pressure men were under the fire and were not so badly burned.

I was in the hospital at Hobbs until I was able to be sent to Baylor Hospital in Dallas, Texas where I received skin grafts and after about eighteen months I was able to go back to drilling at Seagraves, Texas. All the other boys recovered from their burns. As far as I know the only survivors today of the men working on the well are Charley McHugh and me. Charley is production superintendent for Great Western Drill-

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ing Company and lives in Midland, Texas.

THE WELL was blowing wild with an estimated 150 million cubic feet of gas per day and a large volume of oil. As the gas pressure was throwing oil against the rig floor and causing the fire to spread outward it was referred to as "an acre of fire." The Continental Oil Company called for Red Adair and his firefighting crew out of Houston, Texas. Red Adair was in a peculiar business. He had no competitors. A company did not ask him how much he would charge for a job as he did not know how much it would cost to put the fire out. After he successfully completed a job he would present the company with a bill and he had never had an argument over his price. He flew his men and equipment out from Houston and was given a free hand. He could ask for and get what he needed to do the job.

The main thing was plenty of water to cool things down. Pipe lines were laid to bring large quantities of water. Boilers were set up to furnish power for pumps to pump the water. The first order of business in extinguishing an oil well fire is to clear all the metal away from the well site, because red hot metal would set the gas afire again when the flames were blown out, and that is what they do to an oil well fire. It is the same principle as blowing out a match or candle—only it takes a big blow.

The first thing Adair and his crew of trained men did when all preparations were made, was to dress in asbestos suits, looking much like space suits, and with water in large quantities playing on them, they walked into that fire and began hooking winch lines from trucks onto the parts of the drilling rig and derrick and all metal objects, and dragging them away from the wellhead. After they had cleared all the metal away it was necessary to remove the connections, called a "Christmas tree," off the wellhead and get the four or five hundred feet of drill pipe out of the well.

They walked into the fire in the same way, carrying nitroglycerin in asbestos containers and placing them in the proper position. Asbestos-covered wire led from the container to the detonator. They discharged the nitroglycerin and blew the Christmas tree and all of the pipe out of the well. They were then ready to shoot or blow out the flames and cap it.

On April 22 after the well had been burning out of control for seven days they walked into the fire again and placed forty quarts of nitroglycerin around the well-head and blew out the well, but the flames were too strong. Forty quarts were not enough to blow out the fire. On the 23rd they shot it with eighty quarts and failed to blow out the fire. On the 24th Adair and his men walked into the flames and placed 140 quarts of nitroglycerin and succeeded in blowing out the fire.

The explosion of those 140 quarts of nitroglycerin was heard in Hobbs, about fifteen miles away, and canned goods on grocery store shelves were rolled out on the floor and dishes were rattled in the homes. It was something like a small earthquake, but the Continental 16-C well was not burning anymore, and the well was successfully capped and under control by the afternoon of April 24, nine days after it started burning.

A relief well was drilled beside the original one and a high fence with danger signs was built around the number one well. A white cross was erected inside the fence in memory of Otis Hood, twenty-four years old, who was burned up in the fire. Today, 1973, thirty-six years later, the old Continental 16-C#1 is still producing oil, but it is so gentle it has to be pumped.

My Friend, Guy Weadick

(Continued from page 18)

service stations, if any, were few and far between.

I cut the motor and rolled a smoke and got out to stretch my legs and figure things out. It was about then I sighted a thin wisp of chimney smoke a few hundred yards ahead that seemed to be coming from a side hill, for all the world like an Injun smoke signal. No sign of man; nary a horseback rider although I had sighted grazing cattle for many miles.

I got back in the car and headed for the smoke signal that turned out to be from a stove-pipe in a dugout with a log cabin front. As I came to a stop a big shaggy dog charged out and stood there with his hackles bristling. When a short heavy-set man, with whiskers and hair down to his shoulders, stepped from the open door I killed the motor but stayed in the car.

"Mind yore manners, Booger," the bearded man chuckled. "That's no way to welcome a stranger." And speaking gently he quieted the dog. "Who be ye, stranger?" he asked.

I told him my name and explained that I was on my way to visit Guy Weadick at his ranch near High River but that I'd lost my way.

"You ever hear tell of a feller named Guy Weadick, Jonesy?" he asked a deadringer for himself who had stepped out with a double-barreled shotgun held carelessly in the crook of his elbow.

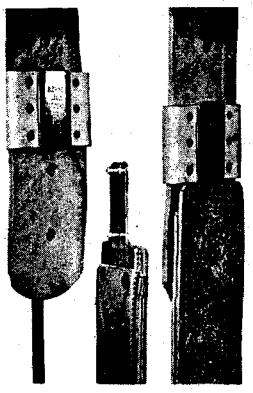
"Nope!" the second man answered.

"Put away that scatter gun, Jonesy. He's lost would be my guess, with a Californy license on his skunk wagon."

I reached for the bottle alongside me and raised it in a token of friendship. "Would you gents join me in a drink?"

"Me'n Jonesy never was known to turn down a drink of likker. Get out and get the kinks outa yore legs. Make the stranger welcome, Booger," he reached down and patted the shaggy dog.

SUCH was my welcome to the dugout cabin and two of the strangest characters I ever hoped to meet. Even a six-year-old could tell the two men who called themselves Jonesy and Smitty were identical twins. They were somewhere in their seventies but strong and active. Both talked with an odd mixture



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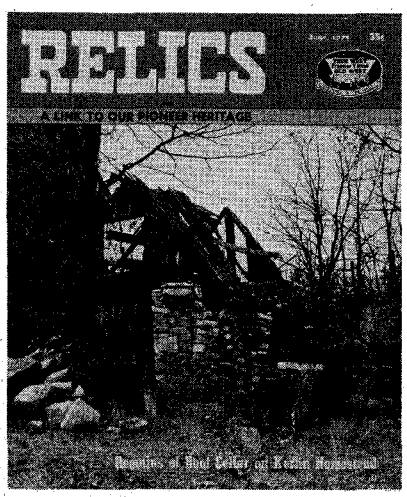

June, 1973 Issue

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of Scotch-Irish brogue. It took a few drinks to break through the shell of their suspicion of a stranger, but when I told them I wrote Western stories and showed them some magazines I had in the car, they loosened up and talked. The friendliness of the dog had something to do with it. When I rubbed him behind his torn ears, he looked up at me with dark brown eyes that told me he was part Malamute and part timber wolf.

During our conversation I learned that the two men had been whalers. They had spent a lot of years before the mast in Alaskan waters, and they had panned gold in the Klondike. They had retired to Alberta about ten years before, content to live a hermit's life. They told me later that, sure, they were well acquainted with Guy Weadick but they were not about to admit it until they found out who I was.

The hard-packed dirt floor of the dugout was clean and covered with Indian-tanned bearskin and wolf hides. Full-sized old harpoons hung on the walls as well as Eskimo-made snowshoes. On the bookcase was a replica of a whaling schooner that had been whittled out of soft pine, small sailboats, rawhide kyacks, and a complete set of buckram-bound Kipling and Robert Service books.

A stovepipe from the four-hole range ran through the dirt ceiling. Shining copper kettles hung on the walls. Whaling lamps furnished light. And I never sat down to a finer supper in my born days. Later we sat around and smoked and drank and before we became aware of it the night was gone. The way I had it figured those two tough old-timers, living self-imposed hermit lives, were lonesome for somebody to talk to.

I pulled out before sunrise and, following their directions, had only about ten miles to go to reach my destination. When I told Guy about spending the night with the two old whalers Guy said their name was McNabb and that they were worth about a hundred thousand dollars, having brought their nuggets and gold dust from Alaska in buckskin bags and traded it at the bank for Canadian money. Guy said the wheat farmers I ran into were Russian Doukhobors who lived in their own colony where strangers were never welcome, but that the Mounties kept an eye on them.

I spent a week at the Weadick TS ranch that was just across the Highwood River from the Prince of Wales EP ranch and close to Spike Hunt's ranch. And I'll tell the world that was a memorable, not to be forgotten week. Guy and his charming wife Flores were the greatest hosts that ever came down the pike.

Theirs was a combination working cattle ranch and dude ranch. The inside walls of the large main lodge were lined with framed photographs of every rodeo contestant Guy had ever known, as well as photos of show people who had worked for the 101 Wild West Show, Western movie stars, and English royalty. There were several small log cabins for guests.

We'd be up at daybreak and after the chores were attended to and breakfast was over, Guy and I would saddle up and ride over to Spike Hunt's ranch Nights we sat around the lodge drinkin Scotch and swapping yarns. Guy was tireless talker and was possessed wit a rare sense of humor, always wort listening to. He told me he was startin to write a book about the cowboy con testants and show people he knew. I gav him all the encouragement I could, know ing it was something that should be re corded by this man who knew them a intimately.

GUY wanted me to stay at the ranc an extra week, but I wasn't about t wear out my welcome. I sensed that Flor es was getting a little fed up with ou drinking. Anyhow it was nearing hayin time, the alfalfa already heading ou with purple bloom, and I had a pictur of Flores shoving a pitchfork in m hand any morning! There was never dull moment at the Weadick ranch.

I said my farewells to Guy and Flor es, picked Pat up in Calgary where sh was visiting friends, and headed fo Banff.

The Storm Mountain Lodge, a few miles from Banff, was owned by th Canadian Pacific Railway. The manage was a gracious English lady named Mrs Kerr (pronounced Carr). After one loo at the lodge at the foot of the glacier topped Storm Mountain, with a larg lake half a mile below the lodge and ou choice of half a dozen guest cabins, Pa and I were sold. We stayed there two an a half months.

I had lost about a month's work travel ing and hitting the high spots, and I wa itchy and rearing to make up for los time. Our log cabin with its front porc that afforded a magnificent panorami view of the breathtaking Canadian Rock ies was truly out of this sordid worl of ours, its lofty silence a writer's para dise.

Some afternoons we would drive th scenic road to Banff to shop and I' stock up with Bass' Ale from the liquo vendors. (I had signed up for an Individ ual Permit that cost two dollars.) Or o a lazy afternoon I'd go down the slantin trail to the lake with Mrs. Kerr's teen aged son Jasper, or an employee at th lodge, a young Englishman we calle Old Stinka (from the Wodehouse charac ter), to go fishing or take a quick di in the cold water.

In Banff we became acquainted with Mr. Simpson, a guide and packer, an made arrangements for a trip to Mt Assiniboine. On the pack trip with u were Mr. Lancaster (Skeeter) and hi daughter Helen from Hinsdale, Nev York, and Georgia Englehart, world-fa mous mountain climber. Helen Lancaste was an expert horsewoman who owne a stable of jumpers in Hinsdale and gav riding lessons. We had two guides wh did all the work and the cooking.

We were in the heart of the Canadia Rockies and no words could begin t describe the sheer beauty of Mt. Assini boine and the surrounding country whic was only accessible by horseback. Th only drawback were the mosquitoes tha came in swarms and all we could do wa grin and bear it, using mosquito nettin

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rigged over our bedrolls at night.

Our last night out it began to rain. There was a log cabin nearby where the guides suggested the girls spread their bedrolls, but when they looked in the open door a big fat porcupine had taken over. The guides said the only way to get rid of porky was to shoot him, but everyone protested so there he stayed.

Of all the small animals that dwelt in the Old West the fat porcupine and the black and white skunk reigned supreme. Each had his own unique weapon of defense against beast or man and it was strictly hands off, as any old-timer would swear to, as well as all tribes of the Plains Indians. The Indians killed an occasional porcupine for the quills to stain with bright colors and sew into their buckskins, and the early-day trappers killed skunks for their pelts—but both animals were highly respected! In the United States, and I presume Canada, it was against the law to kill a porcupine, and probably still is, because a hungry man starving to death could kill a porcupine with a club. The fat meat could save the life of a hungry man who had no gun to kill bigger game.

Our stay at Storm Mountain had to come to an end around the middle of September because the lodge was closing for the winter. We returned home by way of Montana.

THE following winter when Guy and Flores Weadick spent the Christmas holidays with us at our home in Del Mar, California I asked Guy how his book was coming along. He said it was about half done, that he had given the manuscript to Spike Hunt who had promised to help find a publisher when the whole story was finished.

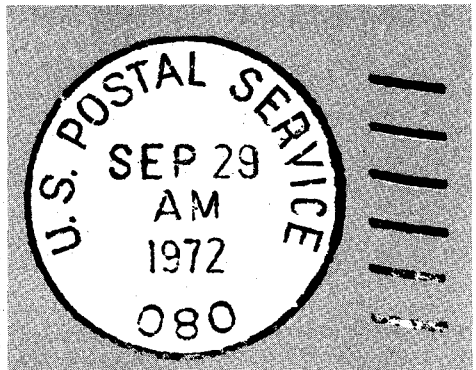
That Christmas week in Del Mar would take up too many pages to tell about so I will skip it. At its close we said a reluctant farewell to the Weadicks who were on their way to Hollywood to visit Hoot Gipson and Tom Mix. As the dealer Fate dealt the cards, that was destined to be the last time we would see Flores Weadick.

On July 23, 1932 Guy wrote me a letter announcing that Pete Knight had won my annual trophy award, a beautiful engraved stop watch, for the North American Champion Bronc Rider. Guy said he was sorry I couldn't make the Calgary Stampede that year, inviting Pat and me to visit him and Flores at the ranch.

In this letter Guy gave no hint of the bitter fact that the Managing Board of the Calgary Exhibition and Stampede had fired him as Stampede Arena Director, which was a gutshot to the founder of Calgary's first Stampede and to his countless friends and admirers.

Guy had long felt that he wasn't being paid enough for services rendered, and the relationship between him and the board had become strained almost to the breaking point. Let it be said that Guy Weadick was a proud and outspoken man and at times difficult to manage. Added to that was the undeniable fact that Guy

(Continued on page 74)



REMEMBER WHEN WE ALL ACTUALLY LIVED SOME PLACE?

By STEPHANIE COOPER SHULSINGER

Part I

CALIFORNIA

Angels Camp (Calaveras Co.)—the site of Mark Twain's famous story of the jumping frog was named for an early miner, George Angel.

Arbuckle (Colusa Co.)—named not for the coffee, but for an early local rancher.

Badwater (Death Valley)—the graphic name of an alkali waterhole in the depths of Death Valley.

Bodie (Mono Co.)—incorrectly spelled, but named after Waterman S. Body, an early miner. Bodie was one of the wildest western mining towns in history.

Breyfogle (Death Valley)—named for Charles Breyfogle and his legendary lost mine.

Calico (San Bernardino Co.)—an old mining town so named for its colorful hills, which contain patches of different minerals.

Crows Landing (Stanislaus Co.)—after an early settler, Walter Crow.

Dinkey Creek (Fresno Co.)—named for a plucky dog injured fighting a grizzly.

Disaster Peak (Alpine Co.)—named for an accident in which a surveyor was injured by falling rock.

Drytown (Amador Co.)—a humorous name for a wild old gold camp which once boasted 26 "thirst emporiums."

Eureka (Humboldt Co.)—in Greek means "I have found it"; also the California state motto.

Fiddletown (Amador Co.)—named for its many fiddle-playing miners.

Homers Nose (Sequoia)—a natural formation named after the prominent nose of surveyor Joseph Homer.

Independence (Inyo Co.)—named after a military post which was established on July 4, 1862.

Inyo (Co.)—an Indian word meaning "spirit home."

Joshua Tree (San Bernardino Co.)—a Mormon name for a native giant yucca.

Likely (Modoc Co.)—an unlikely story is told that when settlers argued about being "likely to find a name and likely not to," Likely became the most likely choice.

Loco (Inyo Co.)—a subtribe of the Mono Indians, the Loko band.

Los Gatos (Santa Clara Co.)—in Spanish means "the cats," named for the native wildcats that used to roam the area.

Mariposa (Co.)—Spanish for "butterfly."

Modoc (Co.)—named after a tribe of fierce Klamath Indians, the "Moatakni" or "southern people."

Muroc (Kern Co.)—the backward spelling of "Corum," the name of some local settlers.

Needles (San Bernardino Co.)—after nearby rock formations.

Ojai (Ventura Co.)—Chumash Indian word for "moon."

Oleum (Contra Costa Co.)—the last five letters of "petroleum."

Peanut (Trinity Co.)—named in 1900 by a postmaster who liked peanuts.

Randsburg (Kern Co.)—named by hopeful miners after the Rand, a rich South African gold region.

Rough and Ready (Nevada Co.)—an old gold mining camp named in honor of Zachary Taylor.

San Quentin (Marin Co.)—named for no saint, but for an Indian renegade captured there. He was "sainted" later by real estate developers!

Signal Hill (Los Angeles Co.)—a coastal signal was erected there circa 1890.

Siskiyou (Co.)—Cree Indian for "bobtailed horse."

Sonoma (Co.)—Wintun Indian word meaning "nose."

Weed (Siskiyou Co.)—named for Abner Weed, a local politician.

Weimar (Placer Co.)—named for an Indian chief, Weimah.

Whiskey Creek (Shasta Co.)—named when a barrel of whiskey fell off a mule and spilled into the creek, to the delight of thirsty miners. Nearby Whiskeytown has since been inundated by a reservoir, known as Whiskeytown Lake (but it's only water).

Yreka (Siskiyou Co.)—despite the old story that this town's name was "bakery" spelled backwards without the "b," it was actually a clumsy spelling of an Indian name for Mt. Shasta.

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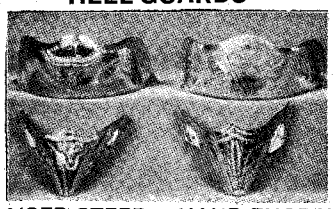

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was beginning to have a drinking problem. But nevertheless his legion of friends were of the unanimous opinion that he had been given a shabby rotten deal and they voiced loudly their criticism of the board of directors.

In spite of the criticism, however, the directors flatly refused to reinstate Guy Weadick as Stampede Arena Director—with the result that Guy brought suit, for which he later received $2,750 in punitive damages and cost of action.

Even after Guy Weadick won his lawsuit, the board of directors still refused to reinstate him. He was replaced by Jack Dillon, one-time cattleman from Montana, and Guy retired to his ranch at High River a saddened and embittered man. (All this information I learned at a much later date—years later, in fact.)

Added to the disappointment of no longer being Arena Director of the Calgary Stampede, which he had founded and of which he was so very proud, was the death of Flores at High River in August 1951. Guy then sold the ranch and later married Dolly Mullens who had won the trick riding trophy at the 1912 Calgary Stampede.

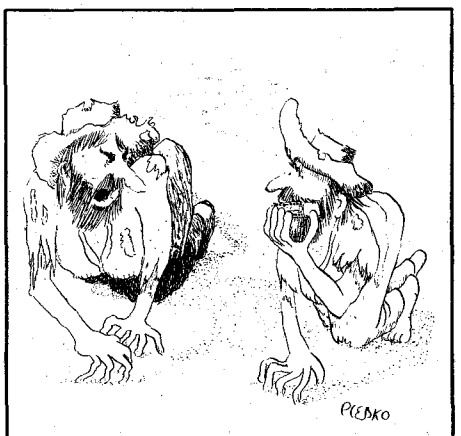
Guy and Dolly paid us a visit at Prescott, Arizona one summer. Guy had aged a little but he was his same old self, still talking a blue streak and still dreaming his big dreams. When I asked Guy about the book he was writing he said it was about finished and that he hoped to get it published shortly. Guy had made records of what he had written about the different rodeo contestants and show people he had known, and he played the records for us all that day; they were excellent.

But whatever happened to the records or Guy's book I have no way of knowing. Guy and Dolly left for California the next day to visit Guy's brother Tom who lived in San Clemente, and that was the last time I saw Guy Weadick. He died in December 1953 in a Los Angeles hospital at the age of sixty-seven.

Guy was buried at High River, Alberta, Canada, with his favorite horse Snip being led behind the funeral carriage, his boots placed backwards in the stirrups, symbolizing long remembrance of the owner among ranching and rodeo groups. The empty saddle on the horse was a gift of the Big Four of the Calgary Stampede, and the bridle a gift of the Prince of Wales.

So Guy Weadick, famous showman and promoter, and the last of the eight men who initiated the Calgary Stampede, was laid to rest beside his first wife.

I know full well the contributing factor of his untimely death was a broken heart. In closing it is my cowhand's belief that somewhere up yonder in the Shadow Hills Guy Weadick is camped among his old friends at the eternal campfire, recounting his vast fund of stories, and when it comes time for this old-timer to cross the Great Divide Guy will be there to welcome me at the Last Roundup.



"Don't you know anything besides 'Cool, Clear Water'?"

"I Ain't Scalped Yet!"

(Continued from page 3)

BACK to the cabin in the beautiful Wind River Mountain foothills of Wyoming—all five of the Small family were there. Jim was a baby; Robert and Joe, Jr. were big enough to explore the wilderness and catch trout from Dell Creek and the beaver ponds farther up the mountain.

This was a working cattle ranch run by Jim and Molly Bosone, and it was only a few miles out of Bondurant. I was publishing *Western Sportsman* then and had come to know Jim and Molly through a mutual friend, Marshall Purvis. There were no cooking facilities in our cabin so we ate with Jim and Molly—ranch food that I will never forget. If you haven't spent at least four weeks on a working cattle ranch—try to, still! It's really an adventure of a lifetime. I was born out where we had more owls than neighbors, and my past few years of schooling and living in a city had been just long enough to make four weeks in the Wyoming ranch country seem all the more wonderful.

When I think of what it would cost today for the five of us to stay at a dude ranch or a working cattle ranch—four weeks, board and room—it makes me laugh out loud to remember those old times. Jim and Molly charged a flat $200 per month for all five of us!

My wife, Elizabeth, typed and corrected the spelling on my writings as well as the stories I edited for *Western Sportsman*. We were really a going outfit in those days—two people putting out a magazine that was at least making us a living, with the help of the two oldest boys. It was rough going but what I would give for just *one year* of that life again. . .

I knew it. I get started thinking about those days and don't know when to quit. Anyhow, we had been publishing a feature in *Western Sportsman* called "Badman" and it had received so much comment that I decided to take the big step. I was going to try to publish a Western Americana magazine that "a man could leave on his desk."

I'm getting way ahead of myself, but years later Dr. Walter Prescott Webb, then president of the American His-

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:orical Association, walked into my office ınd said with a twinkle in his eye, "Joe, ɣou've got it made—I saw TRUE WEST ɔn a bank president's desk!"

Actually, I hadn't planned on publish-ng a magazine that was every word *ɣospel* truth—realizing what a research ɜtaff it would take. I figured that any ımprovement in the format and contents ɔf a magazine that strived to present :he Old West more like it really was would be received with appreciation. "All lies!" I had heard so many ranchers refer to the pulps. The fiction Western (pulps) were beginning to wane.

I worked hard and I dreamed—MAN, HOW I DREAMED!—in that little old cabin during the month of August 1952. Cautiously, I had written a number of authors who were worried about the future of Western fiction, and I already had a number of stories accepted to work on during those weeks of high hope. Naturally I hadn't been able to talk about my plans very much—I was afraid someone might, *plumb accidental like,* wake up and find himself riding my hoss.

ALMOST a year later, in the summer of 1953, the first issue of TRUE WEST made its appearance on the newsstands. I had acquired a "staff" and had a few thousand dollars saved from tight living, my writings, and the profits from *Western Sportsman.* However, I knew that if TRUE WEST didn't sell on the newsstands, I would last only three issues!

It was a close call. Actually, the fact that my creditors let me come out with the fourth issue made the squeaky difference. Readers were taking to the magazine but they were wary and demanding. They didn't agree with Hollywood and New York that the word "Western" was synonymous with "fiction." When we hanged one of his kin an hour too early, a man wrote, "Take the *true* out of TRUE WEST!" It was all right that we printed the story about his uncle being hanged but he wanted to keep the record straight—and one hour's difference made the whole story fiction as far as he was concerned! Thusly, I found out in a hurry that I had bit off a bigger chew than I could swallow!

Something had to be done and we did it in a hurry. We found people who had put in almost a full lifetime, as a hobby, studying the life of one man, one tribe of Indians, one part of the country, etc. and who were just about the last word on some particular subject. We found where we could obtain authentic old pictures if the author didn't have them. Sometimes the cost of having these stories researched and shaped up cost us more than the story itself. Still, we got letters pointing out mistakes. They were run in our letters department to clear up any errors we, or our authors, had made in preceding stories. It became a real game with our readers to see how many mistakes they could find in any one issue. There was always somebody who was either part of the family, kin to, or had known closely the man or subject we were covering. This follow-up made the account much more accurate, even if some of it was delayed action. It was a healthy game we were playing. We were beginning to be known as the "absolute authority" on the Old West. This I really hadn't bargained for but I either had to face up or get out of the game!

The circulation of TRUE WEST climbed steadily. I expected competition at any moment but it was a long time in coming. I well knew that there are publishers galore (just like in any other business) who watch for success and copy it right down almost to the title itself. Actually, I didn't mind competition if my competition tried hard, too, to upgrade the Western.

Dr. Webb had become intensely interested in the project by this time and had thrown in with us. His statement, "You can't sell history books on the newsstands!" still rings in my ears. In other words, you can't be *too* documentary and make enough sales to the general public to pay your bills, but you can combine actual facts and tell what really *did* happen and still make it interesting. Certainly he was not implying that the historical journals and history books did not have their place—but this was a different general public that we were hitting and they wanted to be entertained while they were being instructed.

WE GOT good breaks in that there were stories, with a picture of our first issue, in papers such as the New York *Times,* Chicago *Tribune,* Denver, Los Angeles, Seattle, Houston—well, actually papers galore. We were given credit for "creating a new type of journalism." Then there was the two-column plus story in *Newsweek* showing me holding the big original painting that appeared on Volume 1, Number 1. All of this publicity didn't hurt a bit. We were gaining in "prestige" right along and the letters of criticism regarding facts were few.

There were so many interesting sidelights—like the man who wrote about a hunting trip in the Mogollons of New Mexico. It seemed the hunting party became divided upon certain statements in a TRUE WEST story. They made bets and told the group, "We won't even have to write old Joe. Just wait for the letters department in the next issue." Sure enough, there came the correction in a subsequent issue and the losers paid off their bets!

I was startled once when I was informed that my local police department was calling. Over the telephone came a calm voice saying, "Joe, we've made a little bet here and the boys have decided to let you be the last word in clearing it up." I was quick to point out that I was no absolute last word, die-in-your-boots authority on the Old West, but that I had a whole passel of authorities on just about any subject he could bring up. I was stalling for time. But the voice informed me again that the decision had been made and he was going to ask me the question. He did, and fortunately I knew the answer. "Thank you very much," he said politely, and hung up.

While I was breathing a sigh of re-

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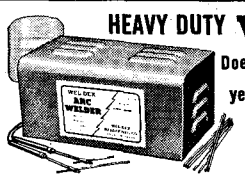

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lief I was also thinking, "We ain't no Bible—and even ministers admit that there are mistakes in the Bible. Lord, what have I gotten into!" It is fascinating, this pursual of true Western fact. Even now (and we *still* don't claim to be *perfect!*) we get letters pointing out certain things that could be improved upon, certain errors, and they inform us that we overwork the words "true, fact, and no fiction" when there *are* errors and biased accounts.

These are hard letters to answer. Practically nobody is able to agree upon events that are ten years old—much less stories that happened a hundred years ago! I have wished so many times that there was some way we could say on the front cover that we are trying as hard as humanly possible, and with every authority that we can find, to make *every* story foolproof and completely accurate. The fact that we do not always succeed has been pointed out by us many times. No human, no newspaper, no history book, no journal of any kind is *entirely* error-free.

Getting back to the title and subtitle deal, maybe it would be better if I would use a title such as "Almost True West." Or maybe, "Danged-Nigh True West" would catch the eye? Perhaps a subtitle like "As close as we can figure it happened without actually having been there" or "Before our time, but this is the way the man wrote it that it happened to" or "Maybe it's not all gospel, but it's no durned lie either!" or "True if it's about *your* grandpa; mudslinging if it's about *mine*" or perhaps, "Everything you read in here can be verified by the participants if you're any good at spiritualism."

By golly, we might just offer a free subscription for a word or phrase that will take the place of "Non-fiction," "The *True* West," or "No Fiction." Your entry may get criticized, whatever it is—but if you can think of something better, let us know. No bad words will be allowed, especially B-S.

Little Jim standing by our wunnerful big Plymouth and cabin on Dell Creek, Hoback country of Wyoming, August 1952.

DOGGONNIT! This is already too long even for an Anniversary Edition. Naturally, I would like to write a book about my twenty years of experience in trying to improve the Western, but maybe only a few people would read it—and I probably wouldn't have all my facts straight at that—and would have to answer a bunch of letters questioning certain statements. You know, it would be a darned hard job to write a *really factual, absolutely true* story of your own life! Some relative or friend would be sure to read it and think, "My Lord, it wasn't that way at all!"

I learned something about truth and accuracy in the writing world at the early age of nineteen. I wrote a story about duck hunting on the Texas Gulf Coast. I combined my experiences on several hunts, as well as those of friends, in order to make this particular hunt a real stinger. I might have gotten by with this but I needed that certain finishing touch. What could be more exotic than an island in a big bay as a setting for this combination hunt? So I decided that "Marsh Island" was where it happened.

The only Gulf Coast outdoors magazine of that time must have been drastically in need of material. They used my article immediately—the lead story. But my joy over a quick check was somewhat dimmed a couple of weeks later when I received a letter from the editor saying that he had received numerous phone calls, letters, and even telegrams asking where Marsh Island was—that it must be a mighty good place to hunt ducks. Since I'd been on a trip and he couldn't get in touch with me, he had chartered a boat and searched for that island for a full day. He talked to fishermen, hunters, bait shack and hunting camp owners, even old-timers who had spent their entire lives on and around that bay. His final restrained admonition was something like: "Joe, there isn't a 'Marsh Island' in Galveston Bay or anywhere close to it. Will you be a little more accurate in your story settings in the future?"

I got the word. It sank in deep. And I'm still trying to keep those details accurate!—Joe "Hosstail" Small

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Truly Western

(Continued from page 63)

All his sons by his first marriage were in the Confederate service. Grandpa served as judge in Arkansas—also Texas. Uncle Bud, Uncle Linn and Papa spoke of this often. I wish I could find records of this. All papers were in Uncle Bud's possession in Oklahoma. They have all passed on now. Papa died in Fresno, California March 2, 1940.—Mrs. Julia Touchstone Stover, 1120 South 13th St., Grover City, California 93433

Railroad Man

I have just finished the February 1973 issue of TRUE WEST. "Fastest Ox Train on the Santa Fe Trail" is really a good story—the best freight wagon story I have read in many a year. It was also gratifying to see, on page 10, a good picture of Watrous with Train 4,

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he California Limited, standing at the epot.

On page 20, in the "Elza Lay" story, s a good picture of the Union Pacific. udging from the number—945—on the ngine tank, I take this to be a picture f the Overland Limited. The 945 and ther engines of the same class were uite famous engines of the time. The 45 is written of more than any other. This class of engine was the most powerul and fastest of that day. A few of hese engines, in fact, kept running ong after the turn of the century.

Ah ha! And what have we got on page 9? The "Rolling Stone." Great day in he morning! How that brings back the ld days. The author says, "I walked leven miles to Willow Ranch where I ook the narrow gauge train for Lakeiew." Lord, yes! That was the old Nevada California & Oregon. I broke out of Alturas on the extra board when I vas a kid boomer. The north end to Willow Ranch and Lakeview was a pretty nice run. There was snow but it wasn't he beast that the south end was. The northbound and southbound night trains usually met at Willow Ranch; Hinie Arkerro and Hugh Partridge worked these trains when I was there.

On the south end we didn't have much snow but it was cold! I don't know how old it actually was but you had to urn the thermometer upside down to ead it. It took four and six engines to oost the train over the mountains and the brakemen had to ride the tops of the rains working the hand brakes and reainers. Mathew Huff and Windy Wilard were the notable characters on this run.

At one time Termo, California was a erminal point. Roundhouse, yards, etc. The last I knew of Termo it was nothing but a signboard on the railroad and a onely house or two on the highway. The road maps still show a dot on U. S. 395 but it certainly can't be the same town of the glory days on the N. C. & O.

The boarding house at Ravendale was he truly bright spot of an otherwise cold and dreary run. A typical breakfast there was pork chops, ham, eggs, biscuits, gravy, hotcakes, pure butter, potatoes, home-made jam and jellies. Fifty cents. Piled high on the table and help yourself. What a feed! But with four trains and engine crews ganged up around that able it didn't take long to depreciate he assets. The most enjoyable part of t was that it was warm in the dining room. Warmth was the key word in that bitter cold windswept country. (You know I'm sitting here starving to death thinking about that place.) There was never a boarding house anywhere to compare with Ravendale—especially nowadays.—L. E. Broadstreet, Box 605, Central, New Mexico 88026

"I Remember Another Time . . ."

(Continued from page 60)

history of it. And so he declared it so positively that nobody could dispute it.

"The State of Texas contracted to the Capital Syndicate Company to give that company three million acres," he said, "and another forty thousand acres to cover the cost of surveying it, in exchange for the Capitol Building—that granite building in Austin right now."

Mister Frank paused, maybe to collect his thoughts, but you knew he had his facts straight anyway; he just wanted to make sure he presented them that way. "Ab Blocker had a story about that X-I-T Ranch," he said then. "Ab Blocker was as thorough a cowman as I've ever known. Ab never wanted to own any cattle; he wanted to boss them for his brother, Johnny. Now Johnny had sold a herd of cows to the X-I-T people while they were still fencing the land. Ab got up there on the plains with those cattle—and I believe Barbecue Campbell was boss—and they had the pens built, but had not yet selected a brand. And Barbecue Campbell told Ab, he said, 'We've got these running irons here so we can make any brand. And we want one that can't be burnt out. What do you suggest?' 'Well,' Ab said, 'I wanted to get these cattle branded and get back and get some more. So I just put my heel on the ground and drew out three letters—X-I-T.' And Ab said, 'It's going to be hard to burn out that brand.' Well, Barbecue Campbell looked at it and said, 'That suits us. That looks good, and we'll use it.' And they did."

Fred Gipson had a story about another famous brand—the 101. He'd written the story in his first book, *Fabulous Empire.*

"I assume the story is true," he said. "It was told to me by Zack Miller of Ponca City, Oklahoma. George Miller, Zack's father, had gone down into Texas and bought a big herd of cattle and then trailed them into Kansas. Well, these boys working for old George Miller had trailed the cattle from South Texas up to San Antonio, and they bedded down the herd out there and left a few men to take care of it, and all the rest of the hands went into San Antonio to kick up their heels that night.

"Well, they went to a little honky-tonk sort of place called the '101.' Before morning they'd just sort of prized up hell and propped it with a chunk in that place, you know, and every policeman in San Antonio was dragging them out of there. And they'd fist-whipped everybody they could, and drunk up all the whiskey, and sampled the women and one thing and another and, well, the cops just had to drag them out of there.

"Well, old Miller was just so damned aggravated at his cowhands that the next year when he originated his own brand he said he'd brand his cattle 101 after the name of this honky-tonk down there, and he said, 'By golly, I'm going to make them remember that night for the rest of their lives!' Well, that, according to Zack Miller, is how the 101 got its name. And it became famous just about everywhere a cow left tracks."

IN ALMOST nine hours of talk, you can believe we spoke of many things—but mostly about the man who tamed the West—the cowboy—the man on the horse who threw his loop over the country and who put his brand on it.

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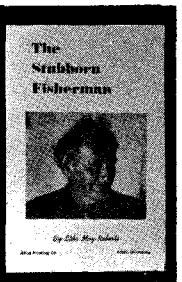

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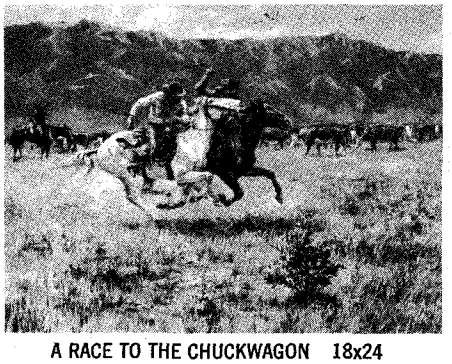

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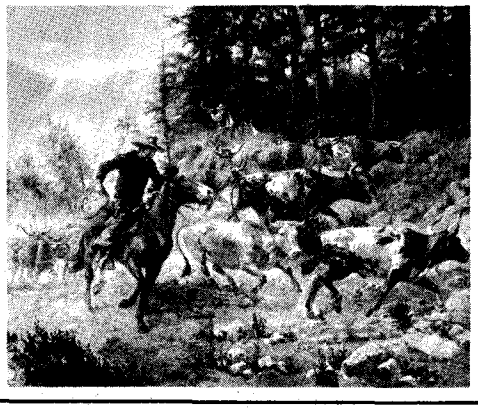

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steer, becoming an extinct breed in his own land?

"Well, I'm sorry to say that I rather think so," Fred Gipson said. "At least in our country. I think he still survives in Mexico, and in Guatemala, and maybe some other places. But in America, what we know as the cowboy is pretty well gone. Here and there you'll find an individual still hanging on—on some of the big ranches, and maybe some of the small ones, too. But it's sort of a lost cause, we'll say."

"Well, he's been mechanized," Mister Frank said. "There was a time when a cowboy wouldn't ride in an automobile, or drive one, without his spurs on. Today you'd have a hard time finding a cowboy in an automobile with his spurs on. He maybe used to ride in a car once in a while, and do his work on horseback. Now he rides a horse once in a while, and he does his work in a car or a jeep, or afoot."

"That's right, Frank. That seems to be exactly right," Fred said. "It's now a matter of economics. The old-time cowboy used to work for what they called 'thirty a month and found,' which meant he got his thirty dollars a month and his food—we'll say his groceries. Maybe he had a shack to sleep in, and maybe not. But in those days, that was maybe not great wages, but it was certainly adequate. Even if a ranch was making money, it still could not pay a whole lot more than that. But who is going to work for that today in our economic setup? You just can't do it, that's all."

"But there will always be cowboys," I said. "There will have to be."

"Well, yes," Fred agreed, "but the cowboy isn't operating from the back of a horse as he used to be."

"It isn't very romantic," Joe Small said, "but the jeep has taken the place of the horse today on the ranches."

He might also have added that light airplanes and helicopters and electric branding tools have also taken their place in modern ranching. And where once it may have taken a cowboy literally days to ride to a ranch house to pass needed information, it now takes only seconds through the use of transistor radios and two-way communication systems in ranch vehicles.

But these are not the stories Mister Frank would ever tell or write. Mister Frank was of an era now past—gone forever. Those old days, old ways are part of history now, and only the memories and stories remain.

Leaving the old Paisano Ranch that evening, and as Mister Frank waved from the back door on the still rainy April day, I remember saying, "This day has been an experience I'll remember all my life. I wonder if I'll ever see Mister Frank again."

I did not. J. Frank Dobie died in September 1964, peacefully, in his sleep one afternoon. But his stories remain. They always will.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 46)

County for some years, as well as Oregon and Nevada. He died in Washington state. He married Alice Rebecca Taylor in Cedarville, California in 1889. They had several children, most of them born in Modoc County.—Mrs. John H. Mortensen, 363 South Park Victoria Drive, Milpitas, California 95035

Wigginton

My grandfather, Lem Wigginton, went to Texas in 1900 or 1901 and was never seen in Alabama again. Lem had a brother, Asbury Wigginton, whose last known address was in Terrell, Texas. I wrote to him there, but the letter was returned.

On some of my letters I have the names Rene and Wilford Lee, Louie or Lovie Kilpatrick, Cone, Texas; and Orville Wigginton and Intha Lee of Eddy, Texas. They lived on L. B. Taylor's place—or that was where they received their mail. I would appreciate hearing from anyone with information about these people.—L. J. Smith, Route 3, Box 98-B, Hamilton, Alabama 35570

Maxon

I would enjoy hearing from the children of Will and Clara Maxon. Will and Clara Maxon and Charlie and Eva Maxon left southern Minnesota in early 1921 or 1922 to go to some island near Vancouver, British Columbia where they were supposedly safe from worldly destruction. Charlie and Eva went to western Washington (they were childless). Will and Clara remained in Canada. In Will's family were several older boys, a crippled girl, a girl Ardena about eleven, and two small boys not of school age. They visited in Wisconsin before they left.

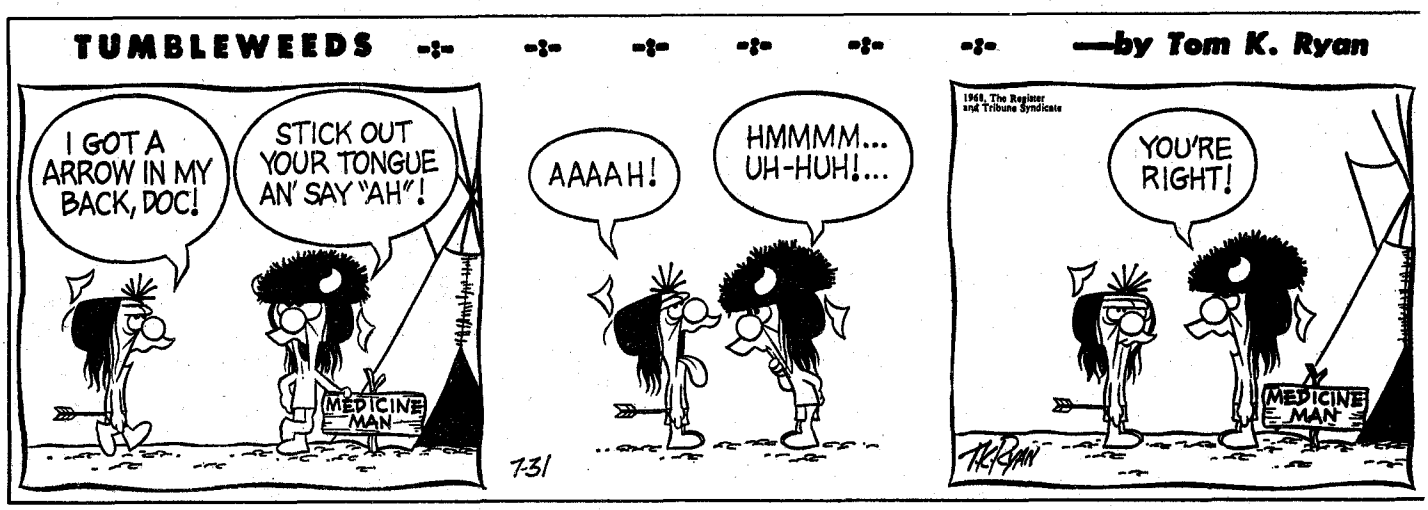
My grandparents were George and Mattie Maxon. Their parents were Warren and Anna Maxon; great-grandparents were Nicholas and Hannah Maxon, formerly Maxson in England.—Mrs. G. A. Rollins, Box 946, Columbia Falls, Montana 49912

England

My great-great-grandfather, John England, was born in South Carolina in 1788. He married Elizabeth Roberts in South Carolina or Georgia about 1810, then moved to Bedford County, Tennessee and raised a family. John and Elizabeth had these sons: Jonathon, Tillman, Martin, Resin (bachelor), Newell, and John Jr. I'm looking for descendants of John and William, sons of Jonathon, and Elizabeth their sister who was sent to Smith County, Texas in 1857 after the death of her parents. Martin England had sons, William Washington, Stephen Camell, Isaac and Peter, living on the Arkansas-Louisiana line from 1861 to the 1890s. They moved westward in the late 1800s. Young Newell was John, Jr.'s son, born 1875 in Alabama. He also moved westward in the 1880s. Related families were Darling, Simons (Simonds), Sapp, Harper, Gibson and others. Will be grateful for any help.—N. M. "Bud" England, 1763 South Darlington, Tulsa, Oklahoma 74112

Hadden

My great-grandfather, Thanos Newton Hadden, and two brothers whose names I do not know, came to Texas from Ireland and started a cattle ranch of several hundred acres. They never married and the last one died around 1900. To my knowledge, the estate was never settled. I would like to hear from anyone who knows about this ranch.—Earl R. Hadden, Oakley, Illinois 62552



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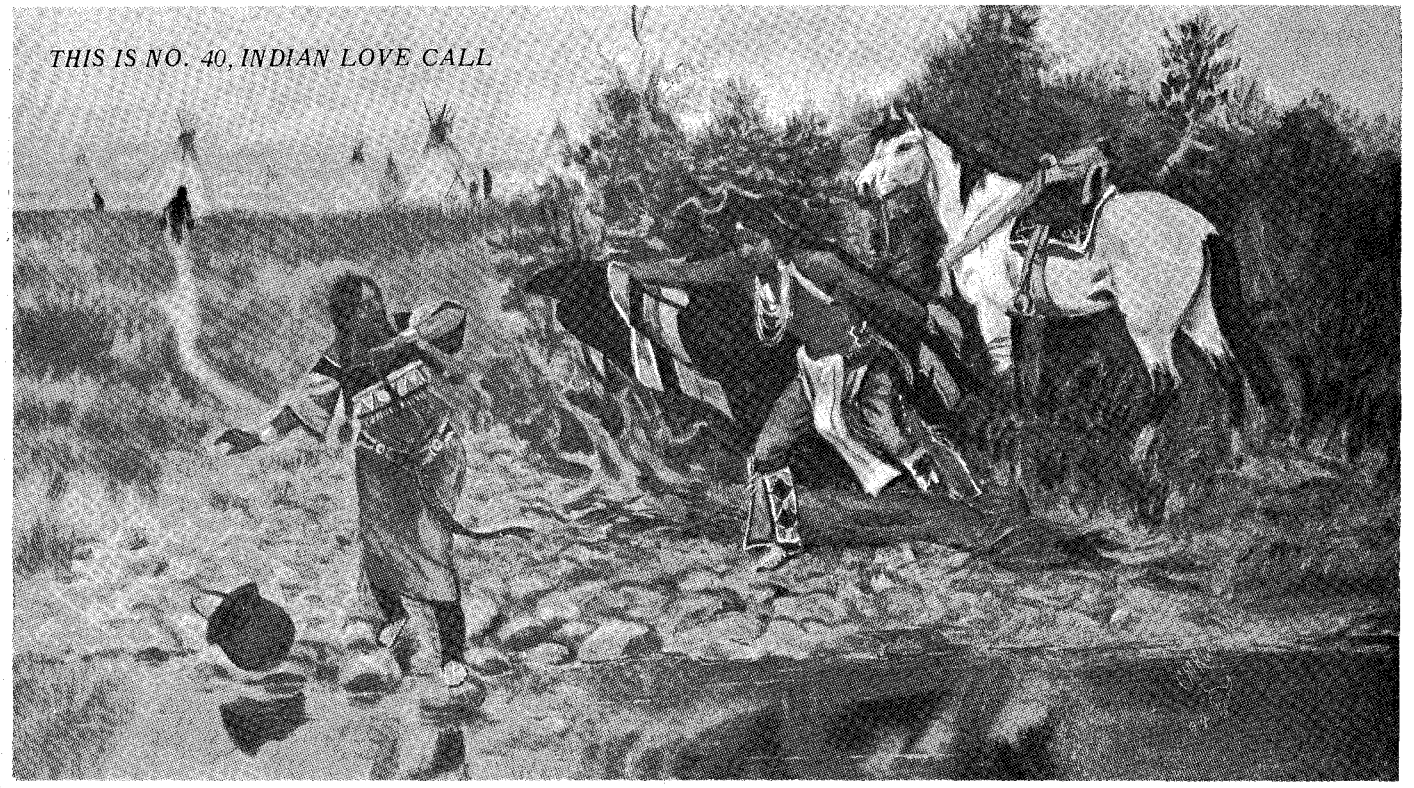

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6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
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9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
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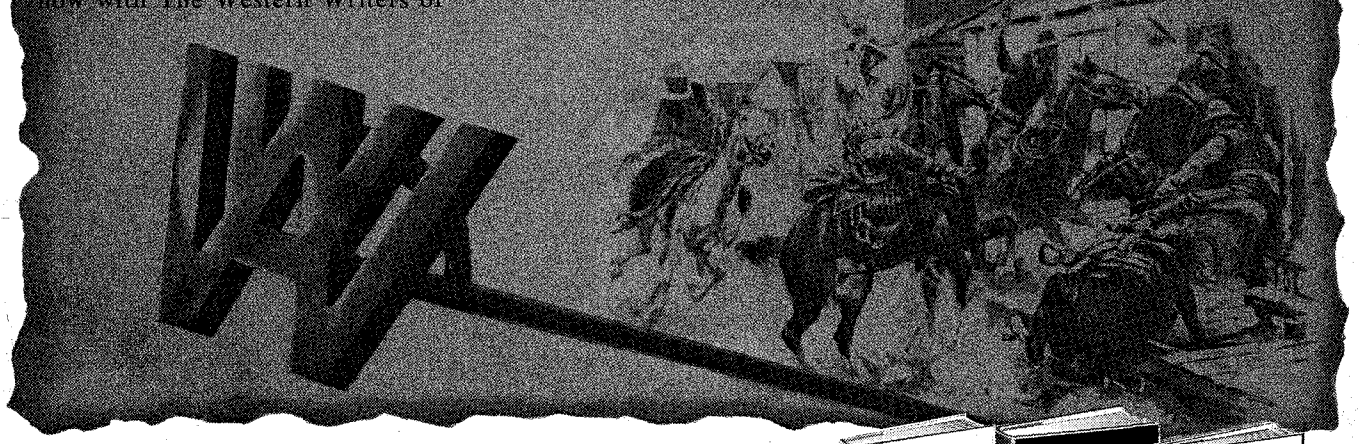

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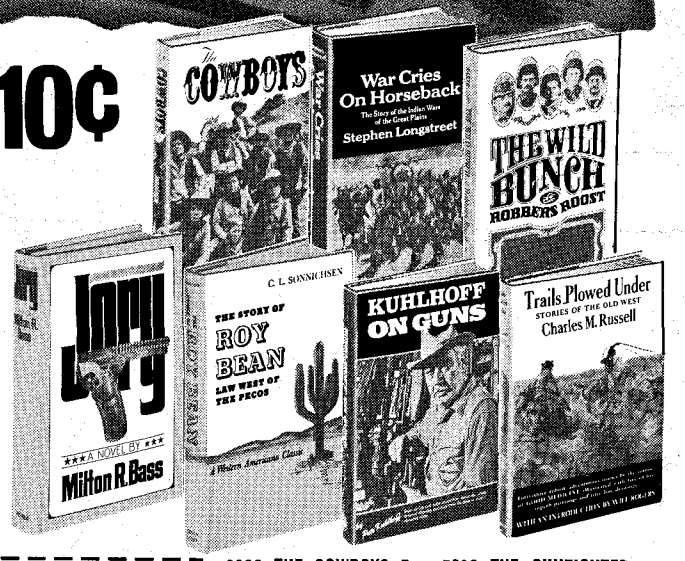

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